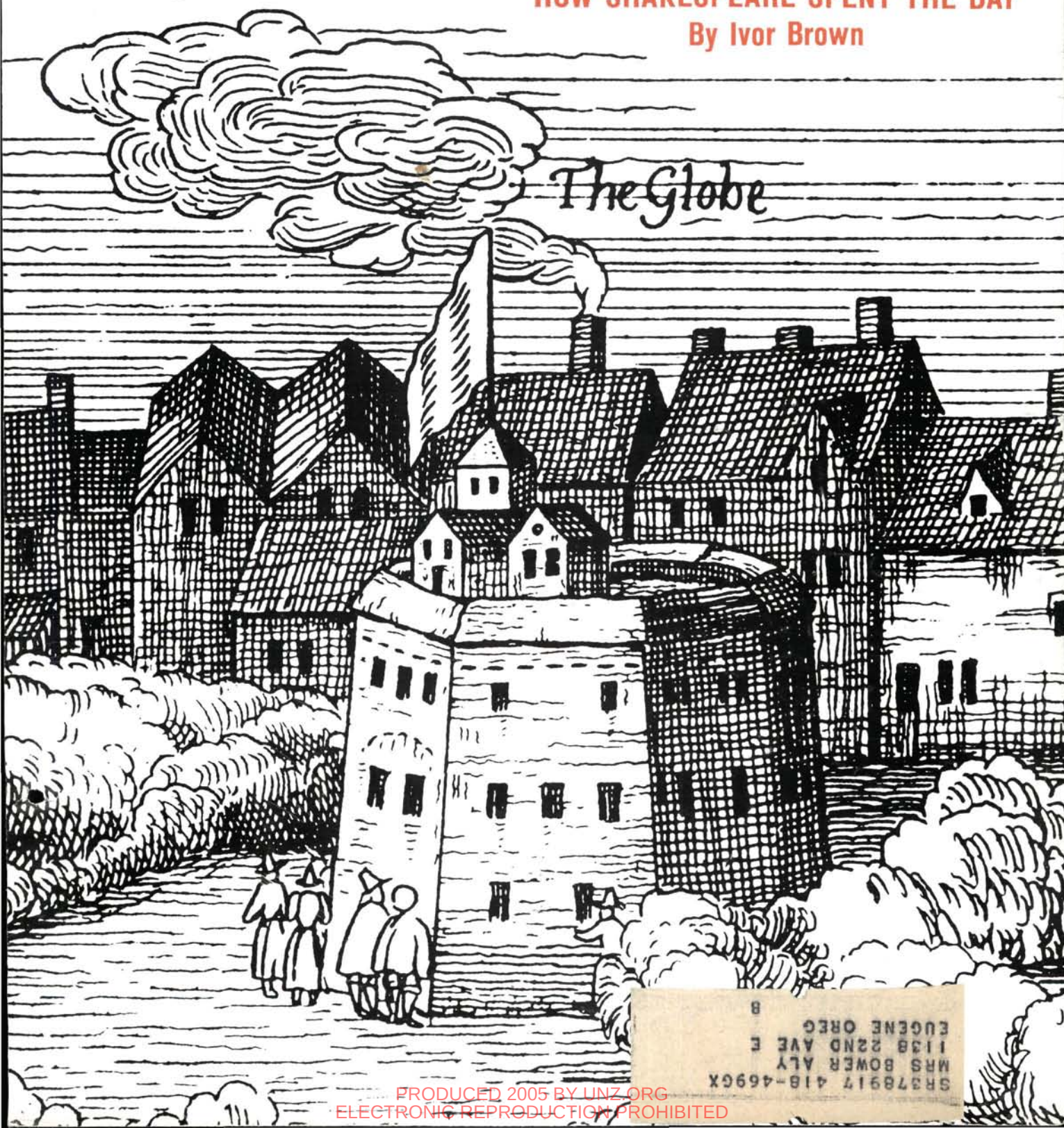
Saturday Review

April 4, 1964 25¢

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

HOW SHAKESPEARE SPENT THE DAY

By Ivor Brown



SR37891? 418-469GX
MRS BOWER ALY
1138 22ND AVE E
EUGENE OREG
8

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chief Purser Gig Marquise invites you to enjoy the outdoor buffets aboard the famous Sunliners.

Why just get there when you can cruise there?

On a Sunlane Cruise in the Mediterranean, you see a new city every day and enjoy American comfort every night.

In the relaxed American atmosphere, you make new friends as you swim, dance and enjoy festive shipboard life. At dinner you choose between Continental cuisine or American sirloin. Your life aboard ship includes all the comforts you're accustomed to—from comfortable American beds to private baths with showers.

In the Mediterranean your ship visits such fascinating ports as Tangier, Naples, Genoa, Cannes, Barcelona, Gibraltar. You can cruise one way or enjoy a three-week round trip; stop over as long as you want and catch a later return cruise (there's one every two weeks). Sunlane Cruises are available in a wide range of prices and accommodations, including First Class, Cabin Class and economical Tourist Class.

Why just get there when you can cruise there? See your Travel Agent or American Export Isbrandtsen Lines, 24 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10004.

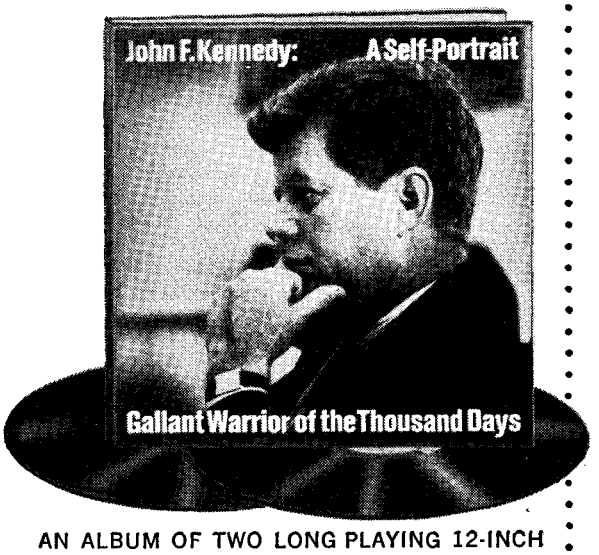
SS INDEPENDENCE SS CONSTITUTION SS ATLANTIC

AMERICAN EXPORT ISBRANDTSEN LINES

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

For everyone who misses the sound of his voice



AN ALBUM OF TWO LONG PLAYING 12-INCH RECORDS WITH A TRIBUTE BY CARL SANDBURG. (THE KENNEDY NATIONAL MEMORIAL RECEIVES A ROYALTY FROM SALE OF THIS ALBUM.)

Now – from Caedmon, the company that has recorded Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Albert Camus and other great men of our time – comes a thoughtfully and affectionately edited memorial album which presents the essence of John F. Kennedy's fresh vision of America in his own voice and words. It is a unique self-portrait, distilled from more than 400 hours of recorded tapes of his conversations, speeches, off the cuff remarks, press conferences and reports to the nation.

Selections were chosen to reveal the young President as statesman, wit, visionary, and human being. There are moments of high drama . . . warmly humorous episodes . . . times of triumph and dedication. It is the kind of album so many people have wanted . . . tracing J.F.K.'s growth and development from the day he announced his candidacy . . . reminding us of the ideals and goals he expressed so eloquently for our generation, our children, and their children.

Available at a special introductory price

Although Caedmon two-record albums regularly sell for $11.90 in better record and book stores, the new Kennedy Memorial Album is currently being offered at the introductory price of only $9.90. Mail the coupon below to receive the complete album "on approval" for 10 days without obligation.

PARTIAL LIST OF THE MEMORABLE EVENTS ON THIS ALBUM:

"My call is to the young in heart, regardless of age – to the stout in spirit, regardless of party."
– Accepting the Democratic nomination.

"Let the word go forth from this time and place to friend and foe alike that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans – born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of their ancient heritage . . ." *– Inaugural Address.*

"We do not intend to be lectured on intervention by those whose character was stamped for all time in the bloody streets of Budapest."
– During the Bay of Pigs crisis.

"Peace is a process – a way of solving problems . . . In the final analysis, our most basic common link is that we all inhabit this small planet; we breathe the same air; we all cherish our children's future; we are all mortal."
– Commencement address at American University.

"I look forward to an America which will not be afraid of grace and beauty; which will reward achievement in the arts as we reward achievement in business and statecraft . . . which commands respect not only for its strength but for its civilization as well."
– Address at Amherst College, honoring Robert Frost.

Plus the complete Inaugural Address and selections from • the West Virginia primary campaign • Kennedy-Nixon debates • Press conferences • Off-the-cuff remarks • Admission of James Meredith to the University of Mississippi • State of the Union Messages • Test Ban Treaty • Fort Worth.

You will also hear: Robert Frost at the Inauguration Ceremony • Jacqueline Kennedy at the dedication of the National Cultural Center • Carl Sandburg delivering his tribute to the late President • Richard Cardinal Cushing • Excerpts from the Requiem Mass, Nov. 25, 1963

"A superb recording. To hear it is a moving experience." – HENRY STEELE COMMAGER, *noted historian*

"This unique album is a mighty testimonial to greatness which should be in every American home."
– Washington Star

"Those of us who were warmed by his presence and inspired by his leadership will treasure this historic album." – CONGRESSMAN FRANK THOMPSON, JR.

"This album represents a public service of the first magnitude."
– NORMAN COUSINS, *Editor, Saturday Review*

"The words capture the vital spirit of the man and his era."–ROWLAND EVANS, JR., *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"The best and most ambitious effort to capture on records the drama in the life of the President."
– Chicago Daily News

AVAILABLE ON 10 DAYS APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The History Recording Society, Inc., 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10020

Please send me the new two-record Caedmon album "John F. Kennedy: A Self-Portrait" and bill me at the special introductory price of $9.90, plus a small postage and handling charge. I may return the album within 10 days and owe nothing if I am not satisfied.

Name.....

Address.....

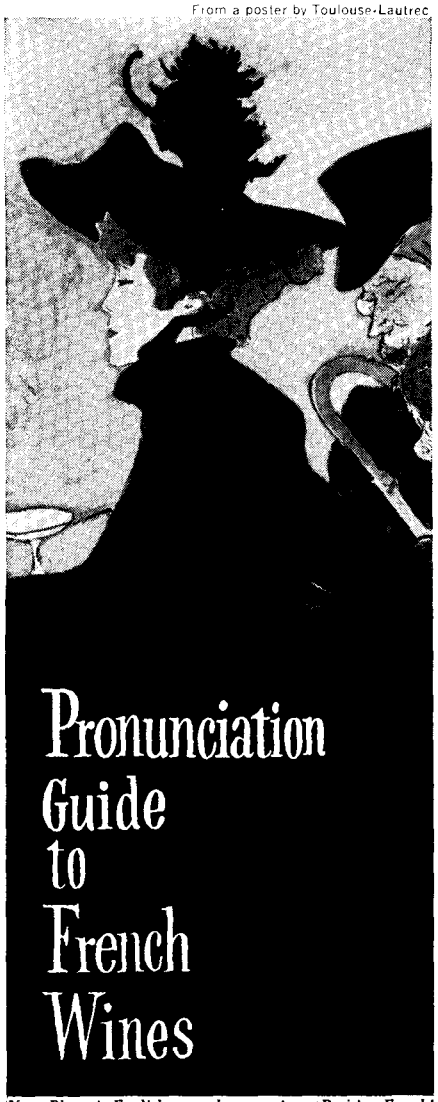
City & Zone.....State.....

INCLUDED FREE IF YOU ENCLOSE PAYMENT NOW

☐ Check here and send $9.90 in full payment; we'll pay postal charges and include *Profiles in Courage*, the Pulitzer Prize winning best-seller by President Kennedy as a gift for saving us clerical and bookkeeping expense. Cardinal edition, gold-embossed flexible Leathercraft cover. Same 10-day return privilege for album with full refund.
SR-4-4-64B

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec



Pronunciation Guide to French Wines

Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais *Bow Joe Lay*
Chablis *Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem *Chateau Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape
Chateau Neff du Pap
Chambertin *Sham bear tan*
Graves *Grahv*
Haut Sauternes *Oh So tairn*
Macon *Mah kon*
Montrachet *Mawn Ray Shay*
Pommard *Poe mahr*
Pouilly Fuisse *Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc *Prance Blahn*
Prince D'Argent *Prance Dar John*
Prince Noir *Prance Nwahr*
Prince Rouge *Prance Rouge*
Sauternes *So tairn*
St. Emilion *Sant Ay Mee Lee on*
St. Julien *San Jeu lee en*

When buying
fine wines, always
look for the name B&G
on the labels—for the *seller*
is as important as the *cellar!*

the finest wines of France **B&G**

BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., N.Y.C., SOLE DIST. FOR THE U.S.A.

Saturday Review

April 4, 1964

Cover from Visscher's View of London—Courtesy Folger Shakespeare Library

SR: Ideas

14 How Shakespeare Spent the Day, by Ivor Brown
18 Shakespeare in the U.S. and Canada—1964
20 Rice, Hope, and IRRI: An Editorial

SR: Science

45 The Anthropology of the Credit Card, by John Lear
48 Navigating the Gravity Wells of Interplanetary Space, by John P. Hagen

SR: Books

23 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
23 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

8 First of the Month, by Cleveland Amory
10 Trade Winds, by John G. Fuller
12 State of Affairs, by Henry Brandon
13 Manner of Speaking, by John Ciardi
22 Letters to the Editor
30 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton in Pátzcuaro, Mexico
36 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert reviews *The Fall of the Roman Empire*, *The Best Man*, and *The World of Henry Orient*
38 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin hails Tito Gobbi at the Met
41 Literary Crypt
44 Literary I. Q.
57 Chess Corner, by Al Horowitz
63 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1565

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Manager of Advertising Sales, Harry T. Morris; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVII, No. 14. April 4, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1964 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.**
BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Midwest Office: Raymond W. Welch, Jr., Mgr., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois; West Coast Offices: Fletcher S. Udall & Company, 1221 Hearst Building, San Francisco 3, California, and 422 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California.

Johnny can think—but often his test score won't show it!

Is your child smarter than his test results indicate? Is he being short-changed on his chances of getting into a good college?

He may very well be. A headache can bring about those disastrous low scores. Or simple nervousness. Worse still, a child can be *too bright—too creative*—for the tests he takes!

Teachers and students, parents and employers—everyone who must rely on the results of "objective" tests—are beginning to wonder: Are the scores reliable? Should one flunked test have the power to wreck a student's life?

Banesh Hoffmann, Professor of Mathematics, former co-worker of Einstein, and test expert, says *No*—and tells why in

THE TYRANNY OF TESTING

by Banesh Hoffmann

"The time is ripe for the full, documented, and reasoned account which Mr. Hoffmann gives in this book of the inadequacies and dangers of mechanical testing." —Jacques Barzun, Columbia University, from the *Foreword*

"College admissions deans, in the last analysis, must refute or accept Dr. Hoffmann's charge that the multiple choice tyranny is keeping talented students out."—Fred M. Hechinger, *The New York Times*

"A book worth careful perusal and discussion by parents and those in education and business who work with the individuals tested."—*Chicago Daily News*

A COLLIER BOOK

Now available in paperback

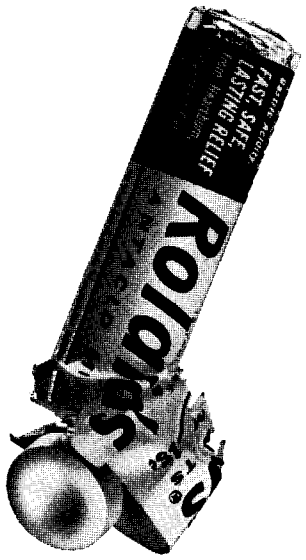
$.95

MACMILLAN

60 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are you working like a dog to get to the top? Shake hands with Avis.



Welcome to the club.

When you're not top dog, you try harder. You work more hours. You worry more. You eat much too fast.

You go through the same thing Avis is going through. We're only No. 2 in rent a cars.

We have to knock ourselves out to please people.

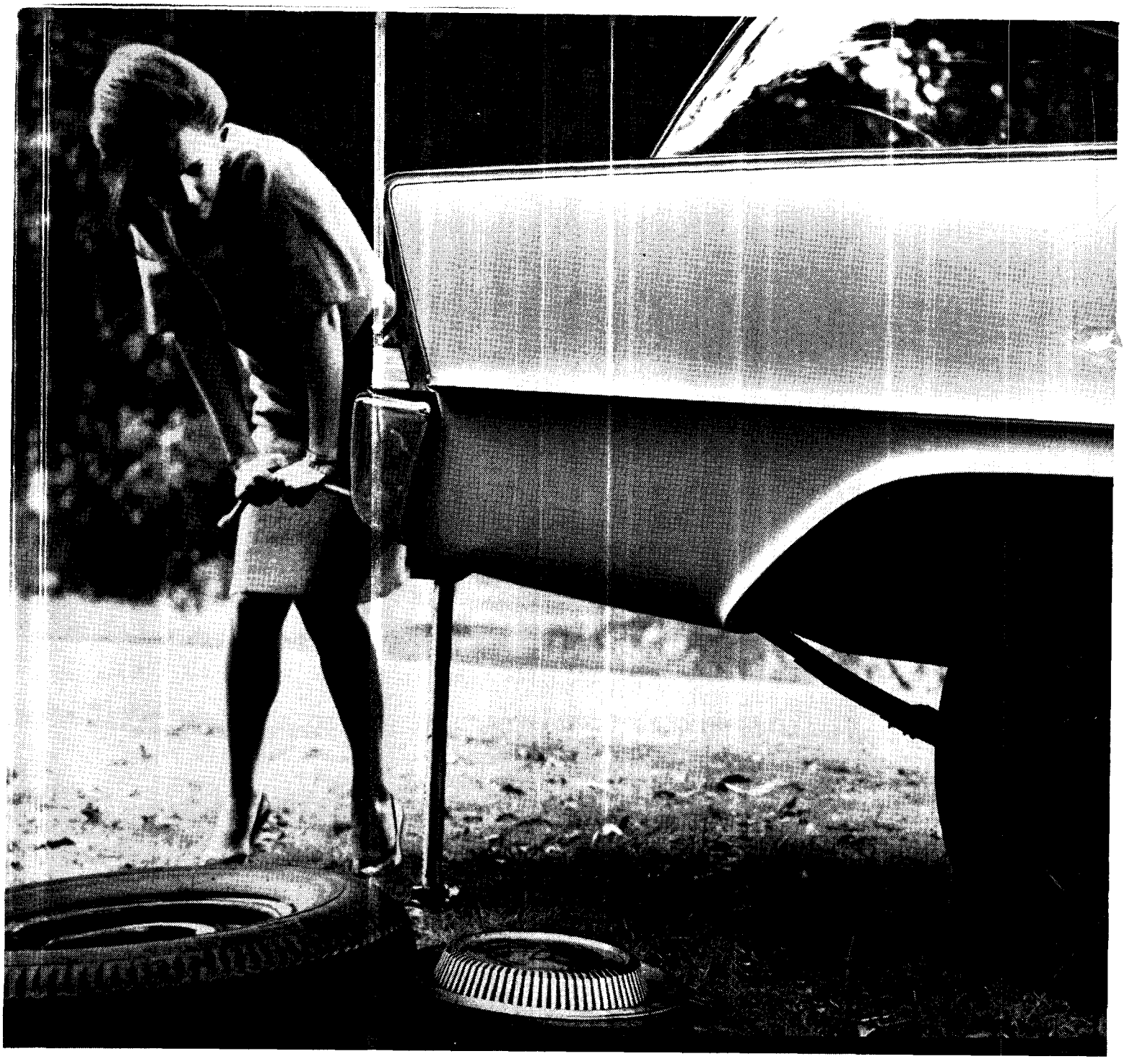
By not giving them anything less than fine cars like lively super-torque Fords. By worrying that one of our people might forget to empty an ashtray. Or clean a windshield. Or fill a gas tank. We try harder. But you'll never know how hard we try until you try us.

Walk up to our counter.

And give us some growing pains to keep our stomach pains company.

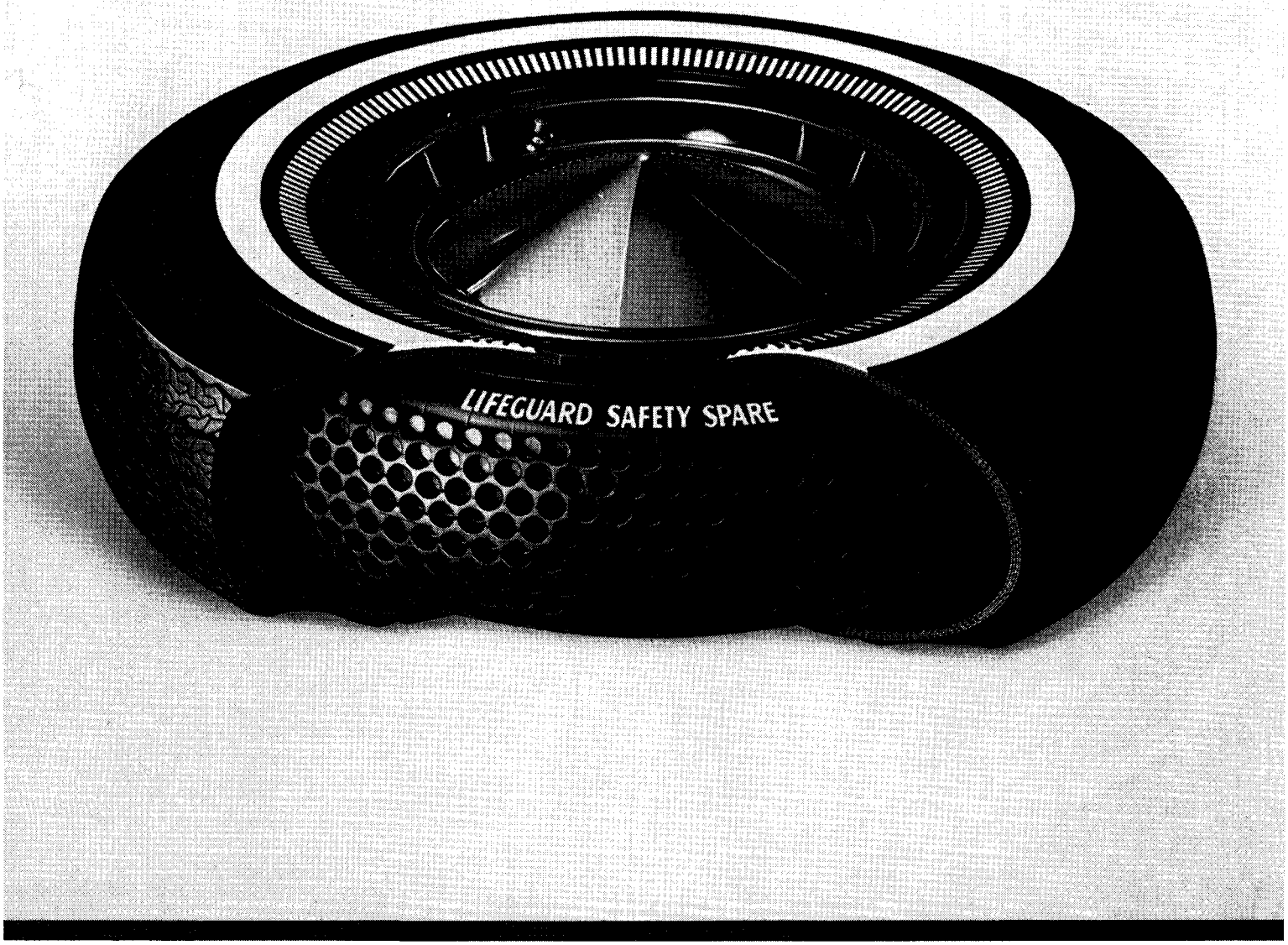
© 1964 AVIS, INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



When there's no man around . . .

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Goodyear should be.

She'll never have to change tires with LifeGuard Safety Spare. You can't be with her every time she drives. Protect her with the safest tire ever built. The new Goodyear Double Eagle with LifeGuard Safety Spare. It's actually two tires—a "tire-within-a-tire."

The outside tire is the new Double Eagle. It's made with Goodyear's exclusive Tufsyn rubber, that's up to 25% more durable. Makes the Goodyear Double Eagle the longest-wearing tire in the world.

When you add the LifeGuard Safety Spare, the Double Eagle becomes the *safest* tire in the world as well. Because the LifeGuard Safety Spare is not just a shield or tube, but a fully-inflated tire, with tread, cord and bead, made especially by Goodyear to fit *inside* the Double Eagle.

If the outside tire is punctured, the LifeGuard Safety Spare takes over—keeps going mile after mile until she's safe. The unique "honeycomb" design enables LifeGuard Safety Spare to ride over puncturing objects without damage. She'll never have to change tires—even with a blowout.

Next best thing to having a man around.

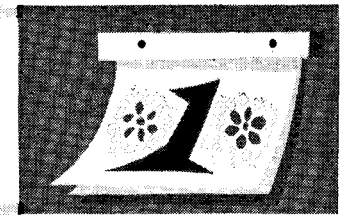
GO GO GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double Eagle, LifeGuard, Tufsyn — T.M.'s
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company,
Akron, Ohio

First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

MARCH was the month of Cassius ("I am not a Christian") Clay and of Henry Cabot ("I am not a candidate") Lodge, of Melvin ("Don't worry, Jack!") Belli and of Elizabeth ("Don't frown, darling") Burton, of Pierre ("I play a very passionate Bach") Salinger and of Huntington ("Intelligent businessmen are the best critics of art") Hartford. And if the public, in getting to see the Eighth Wonder of New York's Seventh Avenue, was somewhat behind the eight ball (there was a solid week of premieres at the Gallery of Modern Art before the public's turn came), the fact remains that, in fairness to Mr. Hartford, nowadays there are an awful lot of premiere people—particularly those who don't get to go to premiere premieres.

• • •

There are also, apparently, a lot of people who want to meet celebrities—and a lot of people who—for a price, of course—are only too happy to arrange it. If, for example, you wanted to accept a March 30 "invitation" from cosmetic queen Helena Rubinstein to meet Noel Coward at a supper party at her Park Avenue penthouse for the benefit of the Spoleto Festival, it would cost you, per couple, $100. On the other hand, if you wanted to wait until April 11 and take advantage of the invitation of paperback publisher George Delacorte to meet Richard Burton at a supper party at the Plaza for the benefit of the New York Shakespeare Festival, it would cost you, again per couple, $500. And the worst of it was that, even at those prices, the couple thing didn't work both ways. There was no guarantee, for example, you would get to meet *Mrs.* Burton.

• • •

"Heart Month" (February) has come and gone, and, strangely, it leaves us heartily weary. For, during March, we had occasion to examine a so-called *Heart Research Newsletter*, a lion's share of which seemed to be devoted to an attack on the laboratory animal bills now pending before Congress. "The bills provide," says the *Newsletter*, "for voluminous record-keeping." (Actually the bills do not, but nowadays, as we have pointed out, many researchers apparently cannot bear the pain of even reasonable record-keeping). And, the *Newsletter* continues, "The bills ignore the fact that state laws already exist under which acts of cruelty can be punished." (The latter is either a deliberate falsehood or one so poorly researched it has managed to be 100 per cent wrong. The fact is that laboratories are specifically exempted from state anti-cruelty laws—which is, of course, the very reason humane groups have had to press for a federal bill). Turning to the magazine *The American Heart* itself, we were amazed to note that they seemed actually proud of their figures for the last fiscal year. These figures, prominently stated, revealed that of the $27,225,997 raised by the Heart Fund, the sum of $3,707,-131 was spent for "Fund Raising," $2,572,167 for "Administration," $1,-044,384 for "Organization and Development," and $4,022, 297 for "Public Education." Perhaps, with such a budget, it isn't too much to hope that this year's "Heart Fund" may include a few dollars for some private education—*i.e.*, independent of the American Medical Association's handouts—on the subject of what might be called the heart of the matter: the case for laboratory animals. We suggest, as a start toward this education, a reading of the *New York Times* editorial of March 18.

• • •

Our least favorite review of the month appeared, of all places, in *SR*, where one Roger B. Dooley, head of the English Department of the City University of New York's Queensborough Branch, devoted three whole pages to condemning one of the country's finest writers, Edwin O'Connor. We are not familiar with Mr. Dooley's work. We are, however, extremely familiar with Mr. O'Connor's *I Was Dancing*—in fact, we're a broken record on the subject. Don't miss it. For our money, it's the No. 1 book on the Easter Parade.

• • •

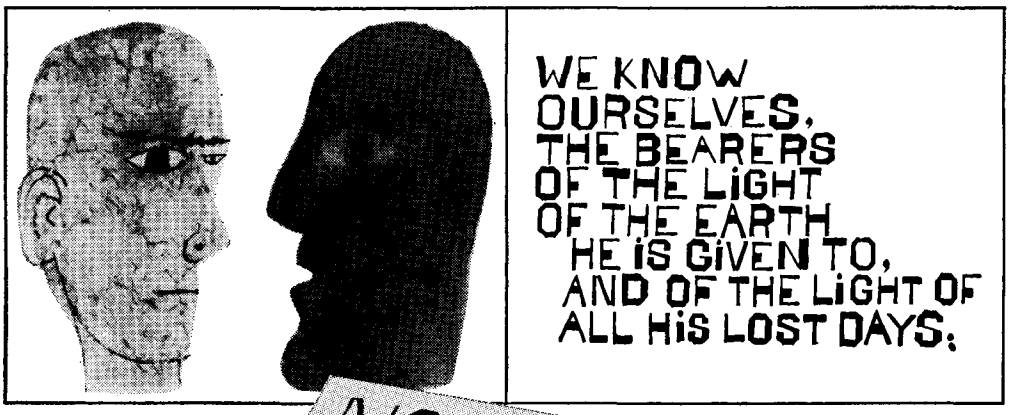
BALANCING THE BOOKS: *Family Story*, by Will Oursler: "So my father had lunch at the Algonquin with Theodore Dreiser. Fulton and Dreiser accepted each other with the mutual respect of men whose modes of travel crossed but whose directions were diametrically opposed. Dreiser couldn't write a good sentence, but he dug deeply into the heart and the hurt of the world. Sharp-pointed, rasping blocks of truth he could mine from the mire of mind and imagination and the depths within himself. Fulton could spin sentences out of nothing, he had moments of high glory and flashes of brilliant illumination to give the world; but truth was sometimes a casualty along the way." . . . *Four Flights Up*, by Margalo Gillmore: "From the first the theater loomed large in our lives. It was our being and our discipline. I learned from it never to be late; when I walked to school I pretended I was on my way to rehearsal; when I learned to read, I conquered the dull drudgery only because someday I might have a part in a play. At night in my bed I would dream of a dressing room I might have one day, the feel of the cold cream on my fingers, the smell of the grease paint, and over and over with a nervous chill I heard those exciting words, Curtain going up." . . . *The Man Who Rode the Tiger: The Life and Times of Judge Samuel Seabury*, by Herbert Mitgang; "I'd have my son know Seabury instead of Cicero."

• • •

Finally, a question. What game has inspired more books than any other? Answer: chess—over 10,000 titles. Furthermore, there are now over 2,000,000 people in the U.S. who know the game, 250,000 who play chess regularly in either clubs or groups. There are also, it should be added, seven girls who can remember the knight's move. In any case, during the month the new boom in chess inspired the country's first general chess magazine—*Chessworld*. We had a talk with the editor and publisher of this, Frank Brady, in his office at 505 Fifth Avenue and found him in high spirits over the fact that he was happily on his way to selling out his entire first issue (over 5,000 copies). "Chess references appear," he told us, "in Dante, Melville, Bacon, Voltaire, Chaucer, Browning, Tennyson, Hardy, Ibsen, and Shakespeare." Mr. Brady was, however, less happy about Edgar Allan Poe. "Poe was very antagonistic toward chess," he told us. "One is led to believe that he was a very poor player." The gambit issue of *Chessworld* runs a fascinating gamut—all the way from "The Ten Greatest Masters in History," by Bobby Fischer, to "Letter to a Young Lady Contemplating Marriage to a Chess Player," by Phyllis Naylor. "Best of all," says the author of the latter, "chess players make excellent lovers. There's bound to be some carry-over when a man calculates each little move so carefully."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Remembering the day after President Kennedy's funeral... November Twenty-Six Nineteen Hundred Sixty-Three! It is the day after "the bugle and the rifles, the mourners turning away." But in our hearts we still grieve, feeling "the winter earth upon the body of the young president," remembering "the young dead body carried in the earth, into the first deep night of its absence." ● In New York, a young poet from Kentucky writes of his loss—of all our loss; his name, Wendell Berry. In New Jersey, a noted artist reads the poet's words and is profoundly moved; his name, Ben Shahn. And from this unpremeditated meeting of hearts and minds, a book is born, entitled simply: NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIX NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTY-THREE. ● This unique, this beautiful book—at the very least a collector's item—is now on the press. Each right hand page contains a stanza of Mr. Berry's memorable poem, in Ben Shahn's own unexcelled calligraphy. And facing each stanza is a new Ben Shahn drawing inspired by the poem, while the book itself, designed by the artist, is enclosed in a lovely slip case.



Drawings and calligraphy by **BEN SHAHN**

Poem by **WENDELL BERRY**

In addition to the trade edition at $5.00, there will be a signed limited edition at $15.00. To make sure that you receive either the first edition, or the signed limited edition—we expect that both will be sold out shortly—may we suggest that you **reserve your copy at your bookseller's now,** or, if you wish, mail this coupon to the publisher. *This coupon offer will not be repeated.*

George Braziller, Inc.
215 Park Avenue South, New York, N. Y. 10003

I want NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIX NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTY-THREE for my library. Please reserve for me:

_____copy(ies) of the first edition @ $5.00 per copy

_____copy(ies) of the signed limited edition @ $15.00 per copy

☐ Check or money order enclosed ☐ Please bill me

NAME _____
(Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY, ZONE, STATE _____

Note: There will be no charge for postage if payment accompanies your order.
(New York City residents add 4% sales tax). N.Y.

George Braziller
PUBLISHER • New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Spring fun and festivity bloom on ALL the Islands of HAWAII

Come soon — our Isles are bright with Springtime color, with lively celebrations, and with Hawaii's own spirit of Aloha.

DISCOVERY DAY
Kauai, April 29 - May 3
Remembering our first visitor to these gentle, happy shores

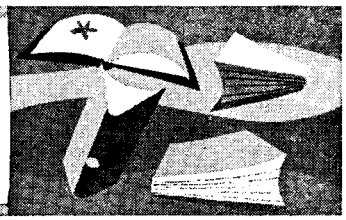
CAPTAIN COOK DAY
Kona, Hawaii, May 7-9
The sunny grace of Old Hawaii in music, song and pageantry

AND MAY DAY IS LEI DAY
on all the Islands, with our own flower-filled Festival of Spring

The warm welcome of our happy land is wonderfully close at hand — just 4½ hours by jet or 4½ days by ship from the Pacific Coast. On all our islands — Oahu, Hawaii, Maui, Kauai — you enjoy modern accommodations, spectacular sightseeing, unrivalled relaxation, plus the gaiety of our Spring. It's a great time to visit.

See Your Travel Agent or Write
HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU
2051 Kalakaua Ave., Dept. K-8, Honolulu, Hawaii
Offices in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

Trade Winds



If something should ever replace words, we're going to be in for a dull world. We wouldn't, for instance, be able to pass along to you the newspaper clipping sent to us by Eugene Stafford from the Atlanta *Constitution*. In it, we learn that a clergyman in Dawsonville, Georgia, lost an election because someone forgot to print his name on the ballot. His statement shows one of the more fascinating uses of words to come our way in a long time.

"I have no comment," the good pastor told the reporter, "and I wouldn't know what to say if I did."

Manufacturers' attempts to assist the consumers of their products often show real ingenuity. From Milan, Ohio, Dorothy Russell writes us that she recently bought some yarn and found these instructions printed on the paper wrapper: "Be Sure to Purchase Enough Yarn to Finish Your Article Before You Start."

Interesting uses of words often pop up in the scientific world, too. Jim Leisy, president of the Wadsworth Publishing Company on the West Coast, advises us that he ran across a new textbook called *Elementary Geometry from an Advanced Standpoint.*

And besides scientificese there is militarese. Gerald Raftery, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, tells us of a British Army sign that has been on his mind for a long time. It reads: "Off Limits to Other Ranks."

Words and English teachers are as inseparable as Castor and Pollux, Romeo and Juliet, and Lord and Taylor. And, through the courtesy of Joseph Donnelly, chairman of the Language Arts Department of the South Plainfield High School in New Jersey, we are able to quote a communication from the National Council of Teachers of English to that school regarding a subscription to a professional journal:

> We have received from Franklin Square Agency an order for *English Journal* to the above address. In our files we have Mr. Joseph Donnelly listed as receiving this magazine thru May, 1964. Are we to enter another subscription—giving you a total—one in Mr. Donnelly's name and one without? If we apply the payment to the present subscription and extend thru May 1965, we cannot enter it as a membership. We do not accept memberships through an agency. The advantages of being a membership is that you receive great discounts on our publications and recordings.

No one seems exempt from trouble with words, whether in arts, sciences, or less heralded activities. Herb Childs, Jr., of Menlo Park, California, is able to furnish us with some bona fide examples of word combinations encountered by members of the buildings and grounds departments of various college campuses throughout the country. These are actual repair orders received over the phone and typed up for campus work crews:

> There is no heat at all, especially on the second floor.
>
> There is a dead in the ash can.
>
> Room 104 is clammy.
>
> Sackett Hall: The toilet in the hostess's office is leaking or something.
>
> Main dorm, third floor, the fire alarm box is all beat to hell.
>
> Something is wrong with the intercom—some little thing you always fix.
>
> Toilet out of order in basement men's. No classes in there until 1:45 this afternoon.

In addition to words, abbreviations have their own fascination. Phil Ressner writes to let us know that Steen's *Dictionary of Abbreviations in Medici and Related Sciences* gives three meanings for the abbreviation "PMS": 1) post-menopausal syndrome; 2) pregnant mare's serum; 3) poor miserable soul.

If words can cause trouble, numbers can do the same thing. E. H. Ketchledge sends us a clipping from the *New York Times,* telling about Princess Irene's conversion to Catholicism in the Netherlands. Speaking of the popula-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of that country, the article says: "About 40 per cent of the Dutch are Roman Catholic, 40 per cent Protestant, and 40 per cent not affiliated with any church."

Says Mr. Ketchledge: "This is what I call a real population explosion."

Numbers often have little significance, however. We talked recently to a sightseeing guide at a Western resort who seemed so packed full of statistical information that his guests were left in stunned reverence when he finished the tour. Speaking to us as a reporter when the tour was over, he said: "If you miss it by 2,000,000, they'll never know the difference."

As peddlers of words, bookstores have a grave responsibility to the public. One such shop that takes this responsibility seriously is Barnes and Noble, the New York book dealers who handle a large local student trade. Katherine Parkes writes from Greenwich Village to tell us that she noticed that the company paid for an extra listing in the New York phone book that reads: "Bonds and Noble—see Barnes and Noble."

Writes Mrs. Parkes: "How considerate of their customers with New York accents they are."

From Coral Gables, Florida, Gene Davis advises us that the paperback bookstore at the local bus station features this title for sale in the Wild West section: *The Guns of August.*

And playwright-author Bill Roos tells us he noticed a charming elderly lady in a bookshop recently. She picked out a copy of the Bible and handed it to the clerk, saying: "Would you put this in a plain wrapper, please?"

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1564)

L(AURENCE) MCKINNEY:
PEOPLE OF NOTE
(The Mixed Chorus)

Sopranos, Altos, Tenors, Basses
Are rarely chosen for their faces,
But for the strength which they employ
In shrieking out *The Hymn of Joy.*

One thing seems definitely certain:
They should perform behind a curtain.

RUSH
RUSH
RUSH

NO NEED TO RUSH—YOUR SEAT IS RESERVED IN ADVANCE...

Travel on the French Railroads has always been eagerly sought, as is evident in this famous caricature drawn by Daumier ninety-eight years ago.

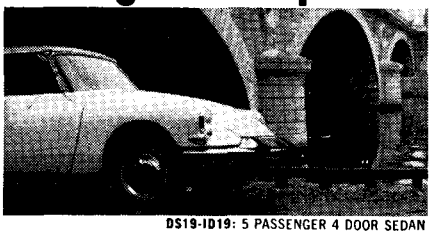
Today it is also eagerly sought for somewhat different reasons. Still exciting...still unique...the Railway in France is an experience in COMFORT, SPEED and PUNCTUALITY. That's why, *For traveling in France "The Railway is the Right Way."*

You can buy your tickets and make reservations for France and Europe before you leave the United States. See your Travel Agent or write us for information about all our services, including "Eurailpass," the Magic Pass.

● ***Please send me illustrated literature on FRANCE. Dept. S4***
610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.
11 E. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. • 323 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal. • 9465 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal. • 1500 Stanley St., Montreal, Canada

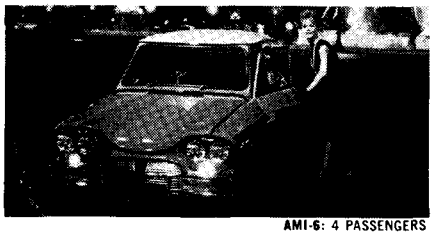
French NATIONAL RAILROADS

Going to Europe? You'll need a Car there!

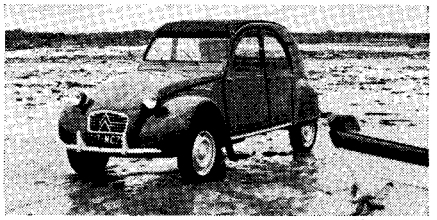


DS19-ID19: 5 PASSENGER 4 DOOR SEDAN

STATION WAGON: 7-10 PASSENGERS



AMI-6: 4 PASSENGERS



2CV: 4 PASSENGERS

Citroen of France is your best choice, with a car and a plan for every budget. Take advantage of a car manufacturer's tax-free delivery. Orders placed in the United States will be delivered in time for your arrival. Bring it home for further savings. See your Citroen dealer today, or for full description of each car in the Citroen line: **Write for FREE Overseas Delivery Brochure.**

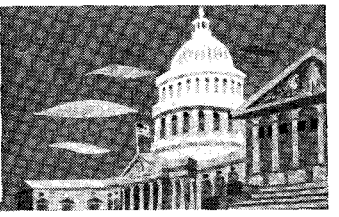
CITROEN CARS CORPORATION SR-4
IN NEW YORK, N.Y. AT: 300 Park Avenue, N.Y. 22
IN BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF. AT: 8423 Wilshire Blvd.
GENTLEMEN: Send me Factory Direct European Delivery Plans and name of nearest Citroen Dealer.

My Name Is _____
Address _____
City _____

CITROËN
THE WORLD'S MOST COMFORTABLE CARS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

State of Affairs



A Talk with Governor Scranton

IF YOU like charming and amusing banter, go to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and ask Governor Scranton whether he is a candidate for the Presidential nomination. You will find him a slight, handsome man with a winning, easy smile, looking a little dwarfed behind an oversize mahogany desk in an office whose atmosphere has an Old World dignity that even the Oval Room in the White House might not easily match.

But that, obviously, is not the reason for Mr. Scranton's hesitations. Nor is it a question of whether he would accept the nomination if it were offered to him. Rather, it is a question of whether he really wants the responsibilities that go with the nomination. It also became clear to me, after using an alternately serious-then-jesting question technique, like a Scottish hot-and-cold shower, that he does not want to fight for the nomination throughout the grueling elimination matches of the primaries. He has a distaste for this sort of sidewalk infighting, and, though he does not say so explicitly, I have a feeling that he not only abhors the physical ordeal, but considers the primaries undignified and humiliating. He even looked into the conditions involved in the withdrawal of his name from the Oregon primary because he simply does not like primaries. But he refrained in the end from writing a letter of withdrawal because it would have also meant pledging himself not to accept the nomination if offered to him at the party convention. This decision also clarifies his position: He is holding himself in reserve should a deadlock arise—in which case he would be prepared to accept the nomination if it were offered to him on a silver platter.

He knows very well that his closest aides would like him to toss his hat into the candidates' ring, and they are gently and shrewdly pushing him in this direction. But there are limits to this private managerial endeavor that he himself imposes. He jousts with them about their ambition, and they joust with him about his lack of it. But he allows them a certain amount of latitude because he is not entirely insensitive to the attention he is getting in gradually becoming a national figure. However, like a true patrician, he may also feel that it is ill-fitting to push oneself forward or to show one's ambitions too openly at this stage.

In many ways he is arousing more curiosity and more interest than the avowed candidates who travel back and forth across the country to make their mark while he reclines comfortably in the swivel chair in his capital office—with the television cameras, columnists, reporters, and foreign correspondents seeking him out in his citadel at Harrisburg. And because he is sparing in his public political appearances, his speeches receive more attention and are more carefully listened to than those of most candidates. Since he is good at the question-and-answer game (something he actually seems to enjoy), he cheerfully accepts invitations to the leading television panel shows. President Kennedy, too, welcomed this medium, not only because he was a first-rate performer, but also because it is one of the best means of getting national coverage and attention. It is likewise something of a test of whether a man knows his stuff, whether he has done his homework, and, above all, whether he has "mass appeal."

Governor Scranton passes all these tests.

I used to know Mr. Scranton when he first came to Washington—Mr. Dulles's "private leak," he was called then. He was a special briefer who occasionally confided to his "clients" some of the more intimate thoughts of the Secretary of State that the latter did not want to convey personally or publicly. Mr. Scranton managed to do this with deftness and with an understanding both of his boss's interest and the press's. It was here in the nation's Capital that he got an insight into foreign affairs, that weird world of diplomatic cables. It is not surprising, therefore, that his views today show traces of the apprenticeship to Dulles.

He feels that it was wrong for Mr. Dulles to have created the impression that "brinkmanship" was a special policy that he invented, since almost every American President, almost every important statesman, has had to resort to it at some point. He recalls, for example, that a good deal of brinkmanship was involved in Mr. Kennedy's handling of the Cuban crisis in October 1962.

Where Governor Scranton differs from President Kennedy and President Johnson is in his belief that preserving the cohesion and inner strength of the Western Alliance is of more importance than an easing of tension between the United States and the Soviet Union; the latter, he feels, is a policy that has led to the current disarray in the West. At the same time he sees an important need for the West to exploit the rift between the Soviet Union and Communist China; this, he says, can only come about if the West pursues a *détente* with Moscow. There is a certain paradox, he admits, in advocating that the West give top priority to unity within the Atlantic Alliance and that it simultaneously make the most of the Sino-Soviet conflict, but he believes it is somehow possible to walk this difficult tightrope.

He holds very decided views about Cuba, which he is convinced will become a serious menace to the entire Western Hemisphere if Communist influence is allowed to flourish. As an initial step, therefore, he would advocate a quarantine of Cuba designed to keep allied ships out of Cuban ports; if that proved of no real value, he would impose a blockade; and if that, too, produced no results, he would says he resort to even graver measures, because he firmly believes that the United States must not tolerate a Communist regime in this hemisphere.

In domestic affairs he advocates giv-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing more responsibility to state governments and feels that to this end states should get a slice of federal tax revenues. But on matters of social welfare and civil rights, he is probably as liberal as President Johnson. Pennsylvania may in fact be ahead of most states in what it is doing to combat poverty and unemployment and to ensure the health of elderly people.

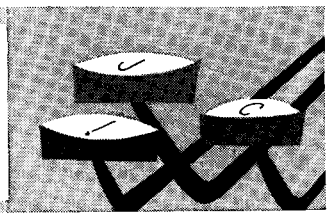
The questions that usually have the political pros at odds when they discuss William Scranton are 1) whether a man who does not want to fight for his nomination can win it and 2) whether he deserves it. The question in my own mind when I left him was whether he really wants the nomination—at least this year. Some of his closest friends think that this is an election year for him to wait out, while using it fully to build himself up as a national figure for 1968. They fear that for various reasons President Johnson is unbeatable this time, and they don't want what they consider their best bet for 1968 to be led to the slaughter this year. It could seriously harm his prospects for 1968, just as Stevenson never recovered from his defeat in 1952.

There are others, of course, who believe that to run now would give him the national stature he needs to run in 1968. If Senator Goldwater were to be decisively beaten in the California primary, I would not be surprised if Governor Scranton would be quite happy to leave the nomination to Governor Rockefeller, whose views are probably closer to his own than any other Republican candidate's.

ALL these uncertainties have one grave drawback for the Republican Party. It is now badly divided, and so, too, is its organization. It is therefore doubtful whether, once the choice is made, the open wounds of intraparty dueling can be healed quickly enough. If Senator Goldwater is eliminated, Governor Rockefeller is the only candidate with something of a national organization behind him. Mr. Nixon, as he has said himself, has considerable popular strength among Republicans in the country, though not among the pros. One of Governor Scranton's disadvantages, too, is that he has no organization, and it is doubtful whether he could build one up in the short time between the convention this summer and the election in November.

As I left Governor Scranton, I suggested that there was a strong dose of fatalism in his attitude toward the nomination. He smiled and looked pensively for a few seconds into the glass top on his desk. "Perhaps," he said, "perhaps there is something of the fatalist in me." —HENRY BRANDON.

Manner of Speaking



The Republic of Confusion: I have been trying to inch my way through some sort of American-English rendering of Dante's *Paradiso* (though "inching" might imply a burst of speed I have yet to achieve), and thereby hang many folders of notes, among which I have just rediscovered a misfiled letter written over a year ago by an instructor at Santa Rosa Junior College who has been using my book *How Does a Poem Mean?* as the text for his poetry class.

That, obviously enough, is a long way from Heaven, and in the descending orders of creation one of the poems in the book—Walter de la Mare's "The Listeners"—seems to have both teacher and students in limbo, and at odds there, and teacher wants my advice (or did want it a year ago, raising a number of questions as pertinently irrelevant then as now, and what dateline is there for a living question?).

Let me assume that there is no need to reproduce the poem here on the simple grounds that any reader who does not know it, or who does not at least own one anthology in which the poem appears, has no real interest in poetry and may, accordingly, be left out of the discussion. Let me, rather, quote the teacher's account of his classroom experience with the poem, which I take to be a fervor of lost causes.

The students, as always, began by demanding a statement of what the poem *means*, and the account, blow by blow, picks up from there:

> TEACHER: Poetry is a means of understanding meaning in a very unusual sense of the word. It is futile to pin everything on a hunt for the message.
> OBDURATE STUDENT: But wouldn't it be nice if we *also* knew what the poem means? Agreed that we can get at the poem in all these different ways —words, images, movement, etc.—isn't it still implied that all of these avenues will, finally, lead us to meaning?
> TEACHER: Yes, of course, but not necessarily to a meaning we can put at the top of a file card.
> OBDURATE STUDENT: We want to know what the damned thing says as well as how it says it.
> TEACHER: Suppose we begin with this poem tomorrow.
> (Interlude: Teacher ransacks various sources all that afternoon and evening —all sorts of things: for example, the suggestions that one must simply reverse the apparent in the poem and consider the Traveler and his horse as being from the phantom world and the Listeners, house, etc., as being the actual world, thus making the poem a little ghost story—the ghost trying to communicate with the living but unable to make anyone hear him. There was also the remark by J. M. Purcell in *The Explicator* that the occasion of "The Listeners" was a reunion that de la Mare's class was to hold but at which only he appeared. Still others—Gwynn, Condee, Lewis—deny any allegorical meaning and any symbolic significance to the Traveler. Teacher, amused, frustrated by his researches, makes next class meeting, hoping obdurate student is home with virus. But no, there he is, just as fat and real as ever, in the front row.)
> TEACHER (suddenly seized by bright idea as student opens his mouth): Now, sir, you wanted meaning, I believe. All right. I trust you have your pencil handy. (Proceeds to give all the interpretations he discovered overnight. Student makes game effort to keep up but through last two or three interpretations loses the stiffening of his spine and takes on the glassy expression that tells teacher of victory. Teacher completes his recital and smiles patronizingly.) Did you have anything else to ask about?
> In fine, teacher escaped with a more or less whole skin, but also with the painful awareness that a more or less whole skin was not his objective in teaching this particular poem. Teacher still likes poem, still welcomes its "meaningless" meaning, but teacher somewhat queasy about bludgeoning student out of his question and very much afraid student will go through life praising "The Listeners" but with that same glassy expression on his face. Teacher thus appeals to writer. Any suggestions?

In sympathy, in the pallors of hope, even in gratitude to a customer, I do have some suggestions, or at least some related fears. I think the teacher has walked into a trap set by the confusion of his own students. They think it is words they think in. They are so bound to forced-draft weekly themes (assuming they are being forced to any exertion) that they can conceive no thought process but the laboriously expository. I am not at all sure men think in words at all, and certainly not primarily in words. They think in pictures and fumble for words. And students inevitably want to fumble every picture, every image, every scene, and every dramat-

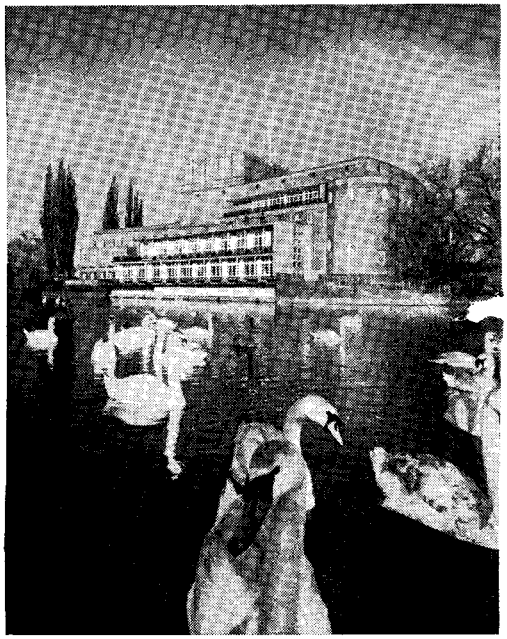
(*Continued on page* 37)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
April 4, 1964

HOW SHAKESPEARE SPENT THE DAY

A British scholar and critic offers evidence that the Bard, whose 400th birthday anniversary is celebrated this month, was a businessman as well as playwright



—*B.T.E.*

Royal Shakespeare Theater—Swans on the Avon near the commemorative playhouse built in the dramatist's native town.

By IVOR BROWN

IT IS remarked by Hamlet that "everyman hath business and desire." That Shakespeare had desire we know from his sonnets. That he had his business in the workaday, money-earning world is sometimes forgotten in the appraisals of his genius. But that he chose to mind, and could successfully mind, the business side of his career is proved by what we know of his life.

People today are apt to think of poets and businessmen as living in far separated worlds. But it was certainly not so in the case of Shakespeare, who was born on the premises of a small-town business. His home was a shop and his neighbors were shopkeepers. There was nothing strange to him in the process of buying, selling, and striving to make a profit.

His father, John Shakespeare, was a glover and had to face the brisk local competition of several others in that trade. A. L. Rowse has told us that there were seven of them. This suggests an astonishingly large demand for gloves in a town of 2,000 inhabitants. Did people wear out their gloves in a week or two? One explanation may be that all rode horses and had gauntlets for doing so, another that Stratford was renowned for its gloves and commanded a good market for its special product in neighboring towns.

Probably "glover" was a term that covered dealing in wool, hides, and leather; some have supposed a business in meat as well, because of a remark in John Aubrey's note on Shakespeare in his volume of *Brief Lives*, written about 1681. This stated that "his father was a Butcher," etc. Aubrey added that the boy "exercised his father's Trade, but when he killed a Calfe he would do it in high style and make a Speech." That so humane a man had this sadistic trait and mixed slaughter with rhetoric is unlikely. Aubrey drew on gossip and liked the picturesque touch. What does matter in trying to understand Shakespeare's life is his familiarity with trade in childhood and his later experience of its hazards in boyhood. His father, who had been an important figure in local government, seems to have lost status in the town and to have been feeling the financial pinch when his son was leaving school to be an earner. Oxford was only forty miles away, but there is no sign that he went to one of its colleges. Business or a profession was calling.

When young William, "being inclined naturally to poetry and acting," as Aubrey put it, broke clear of Stratford, he had been living his formative years in a town of keen, competitive trade and of litigious farmers and shopkeepers, one of whose principal occupations and amusements was taking each other to court. They sometimes brawled; more often they went to law. Those unable to believe that a poet can have a head for business have insisted that the great William of the London theaters, the immortal plays, the two epics, and the sonnets must have been somebody else altogether, preferably a nobleman.

THIS is an argument I cannot follow. The encomiasts of Shakespeare's art have included "myriad-minded" among their adjectives of admiration. That Shakespeare, thus reared in an atmosphere of commerce, could have kept one of those minds on his money is perfectly natural. That he was soon bored by the leather (and possibly carcass) business is likely enough. Some of his other minds, fortunately for the world, were ranging into a much larger air. But the workshop memories remained. Diligent research has discovered nearly fifty references to various kinds of gloves in his plays. Some show a rather specialized knowledge, like Mercutio's reference to the suppleness of cheveril, kid leather "that stretches for an inch narrow to an ell broad."

Upon joining a team of players and going to work in London, a young man with a wife and three children had to put money into his purse somehow. He must soon have realized that, while it was encouraging and even flattering to be accepted as a player and maker of

---

Ivor Brown is the author of some fifty books, among them *Shakespeare* (1949). Publication of this article coincides with the release of Mr. Brown's latest book, *How Shakespeare Spent the Day* (Hill and Wang, $5).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plays, success in that was not going to solve his difficulties. As a minor actor, one of the class known as Hired Players, he could expect not more than ten shillings a week. It is true that on this sum, with the cost of living what it was, a workingman, even a family man, could get by. But with a room to rent and his food and clothes to buy, Shakespeare, however thrifty, would have had little to send to his family. With his precious facility in writing he could in the early years add to a Hired Man's wages by turning out a play or collaborating with another writer. But the sum paid to the authors for all rights in a play (with no royalties to follow) was usually five pounds for five acts. If he managed two a year, therefore, he was adding only about 200 shillings to the 520 that might be earned annually as a minor actor. One has to say "might be"; there would be weeks with no regular work.

There must have been some dismay in his family when he decided to pack up and leave Stratford. The number of legal terms and references in his plays suggests apprenticeship to a lawyer, of whom there were several in the town. If, office-confined, he yawned in boredom over "the statutes, recognisances, fines, and double vouchers" mentioned by Hamlet or grew weary of the wool and the hides at home, he had at least learned the meaning of a lease and a contract and had experienced the way of the tradesman's world. Not that shopkeeping was necessarily a gloomy and unfriendly business. In *Coriolanus* he wrote of

> Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
> About their business friendly.

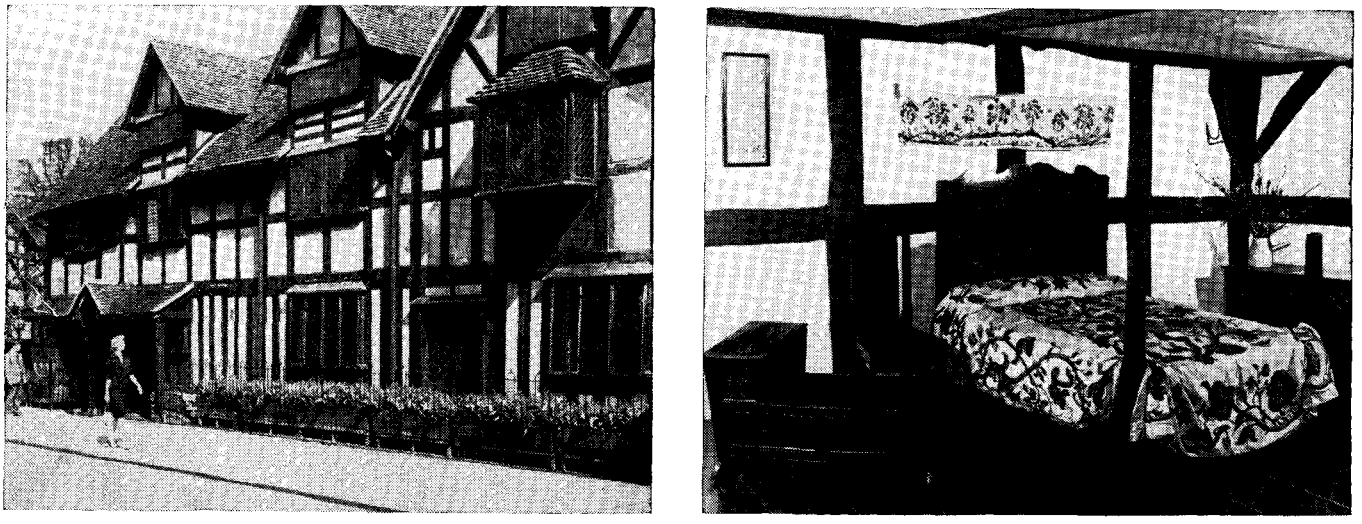
We need not assume that Shakespeare himself had been thus lyrical and vocal at the counter, but he could practice surreptitious rhyming when there was a lull in legal business.

The allusions to shops in the plays are interesting. If, as the anti-Stratfordians argue, only a nobleman could have written knowledgeably about noblemen, it is reasonable to reply that only a small-town businessman could have written sympathetically about retailing. He was likely to be scolded at home for leaving a secure job and seeking a risky career with players. But he could retort, from his knowledge of touring companies in the country (Stratford had them in abundance) and from hearing the news from London, that here was an enlarging as well as an exciting occupation. When he was a boy of twelve, the first professional theater had been opened in London and was soon followed by another. These theaters met a new demand and prospered. The old, amateurish theatricals were being replaced. The theater's new entrepreneurs were men who made plays to make money and had to meet the market with what the public wanted and would pay for.

HERE was a profession of mounting prosperity that offered new openings. It was, as it ever will remain, a chancy business. Hard times are inescapable. Mysteriously and disastrously, the play expected to please fails to do so. A national crisis, extreme heat in summer, or a blizzard of snow in winter can play the devil with reasonable hopes. For the London Elizabethans, the principal hazard was a visitation of the plague, which closed all the theaters and drove the players on hurriedly improvised and sometimes ruinous tours. One company, Lord Pembroke's, was reported to have "pawned their apparel" at this time in order to pay expenses while on the road. But, on the whole, people of all classes were becoming enthralled by the new industry of entertainment. The Puritans denounced it as Satan's work, but the court and the gentry were on Satan's side and the average man with a spare afternoon was eager to buy a pennyworth of standing room while his favorites of the craft declaimed a resounding line and strutted through a tale of passion, blood, and tears.

A youngster of acumen, if he had energy and ambition and an urgent need for an income, could soon see where the money lay. Shakespeare's early *Henry VI* plays had done well for one commercial manager with a keen eye for the fresh opportunities in selling drama. He was the tight-fisted Philip Henslowe, who kept a team of hard-up and hard-worked playwrights in his theater workshop. There were no long runs and the turnover of scripts was rapid. But why go on making money for this clever skinflint? It was obviously more rewarding for a promising recruit to work his way up in a company whose leading members were their own capitalists and drew their own share of the profits. Such fellowships there soon were.

With an expanding demand and a shrewd choice of plays and talent, the prospect was good. But there was little in it for the lower ranks—the Hired Players and the writers. It was essential to become one of the inner ring, the senior actors who owned the plays and the costumes and owned or leased the premises. There was a career, but a thin one, in tramping the boards. It could be a fat one for those who, as Sharers, also sat in the Board Room. These were of two kinds: the House-Sharers, who provided and looked after the building; and the Actor-Sharers, who selected, dressed, mounted, and



Shakespeare's birthplace—Left, his childhood house in Stratford-upon-Avon; right, bedroom in which, according to tradition, he was born (furniture is contemporary, though not Shakespeare's).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

performed the plays. The profits were divided between the two groups, and most of the major actors were Sharers in each kind.

It is made certain by an entry in the Chamberlain's accounts that by the winter of 1594, when Shakespeare was still only thirty, he was one of the leading members of the Lord Chamberlain's Men. This company had the patronage and protection of the Crown and was called by royal command to provide plays for the "revels." This gave it high status and a fair reward. In December of 1594 two such appearances were made before the Queen in her palace at Greenwich. A payment of twenty pounds was made to the company. Ten pounds for a performance, even though they had to wait three months for their money, was a better rate of pay than they would get in their own theater, even with good houses. The recipients were Richard Burbage, the rising tragedian; Will Kempe, the popular clown or comedian; and William Shakespeare, who certainly remained an actor for the next ten years and probably longer and was already a popular playwright who had eminent admirers of his work.

These plainly were the leading Actor-Sharers. The Bard, as posterity was to call him, was already on the Board. And it was paying him to be there. A little over two years later he could go back to Stratford and buy New Place, the best house in the town, for sixty pounds. Those who had derided his departure for a harum-scarum way of life had been triumphantly answered. No place in a glover's shop now for the return of the native, but a considerable establishment and soon a coat of arms for his father and the title of W. Shakespeare, Gentleman, for himself.

THE value of a share went up, along with the general rise in prices, during Shakespeare's lifetime. We know that it later rose to over 100 pounds. A fair amount of capital was needed for production. The Elizabethans were fops themselves and expected a fine show of foppery on the stage; rich costumes were lavishly purchased even by the careful Henslowe. The players had to buy their way into the Board Room by putting up capital for this outlay, and some of them were better able to do so than such playwrights as came down from the universities to live poorly on their wits. The latter could be occasional pamphleteers, but they had no regular profession of journalism to provide steady work. The actors were not college men but might be of tradesmen's stock, perhaps with some family funds behind them. Burbage's father had been a joiner who became a master builder. Another principal member of the Lord Chamberlain's Men, Heminge, is said to have had a grocer's shop. The actors often became men of some property; it was their custom to put their money into suburban or country houses when they had made it in the theater. Their families, which were often large, were safer away from insanitary London and its epidemics. But how could the young Shakespeare find money for investment? Not at home, certainly.

The likeliest explanation of Shakespeare's ability to buy his way in, both as an Actor-Sharer and a Housekeeper-Sharer, lies in his fortunate acquisition of the Earl of Southampton as a patron of his work. Rowe, the first critical editor of Shakespeare's plays, recorded in 1709 that the earl gave the poet 1,000 pounds "to go through with a purchase to which he had a mind." Such information was attributed by Rowe to the actor Betterton (1635-1710), who could draw on the talk of the players and traditions of the stage. The size of the gift is incredibly large. When the first Globe Theater was burned down in 1613, the capital needed to replace it with what was regarded as the finest playhouse of the time was only 1,400 pounds. Southampton, a ready spender, had his own financial troubles. If we guess at a mistaken figure and suppose a present of 100 pounds, that would buy Shakespeare his place among the Sharers. To become one as soon as possible was exactly the purpose an able and sensible young man would have in mind.

Thenceforward Shakespeare's life mingled private sufferings with public successes. His loss could be the world's gain, since poets may use words to best purpose when they are themselves in distress. There was the tragic loss of his only son, Hamnet, at the age of eleven in 1596. In *King John*, a play usually dated in that year, there occurs a most poignant speech of lament for a dead boy: "Grief fills the room up of my absent child." That was one line from a stricken heart. The sonnets reveal an emotional see-saw between "the top of happy hours" and the chagrin caused by breaks in a friendship keenly and even passionately felt. There was also enthraldom, half ecstasy, half agony, to a dark lady. It is a commonplace of Shakespearean biographies that after 1600 the poet began to take a more somber and sometimes misanthropic view of the world and its ways. But it was not caused by personal failure in his profession or pressure of poverty. Occasional disappointments are inevitable in the theater, but on the whole the Chamberlain's Men were moving onward and upward in achievement and esteem.

On the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603 they were accepted as the King's Men by James and his pleasure-loving Danish wife, both constant playgoers who would even take *King Lear* as a Christmas present in 1606 from Shakespeare. If he lost something of his delight in the human comedy, it was not because lack of recognition or income was depressing him. His steady accumulation of property continued. We hear of him always as a buyer, never a seller, in the real estate market. The investments, which had begun with New Place, continued with the purchase of land and tithes in Stratford. His largest outlay on these was 440 pounds, nearly six times what he had paid for his big house. That was in the summer of 1605, in the middle of what is called the Dark Period. The lady of the sonnets may have darkened his life for a while, but creditors did not darken his doors. Ben Jonson, half friend, half rival, knew all about debts, but he was a testy, independent type and never got into the affluent society of the Sharers.

WE have more definite and detailed information about Shakespeare's progress as a man of property than about his advance in the theater. It is a sad loss to us that London of that period had no regular newspapers. Had they existed and contained news and views of the playhouse doings, later scholars would have been spared infinities of calculation and surmise. Had there also been dramatic criticism, some nonsense might have been written by the clever boys and the killers, but it would be fascinating to have their opinions whether they praised or sneered. (That Shakespeare managed to practice his craft well enough without any critical wisdom to guide and admonish him is a point worth notice by those arbiters today). Had there been columnists in those times, they might also have saved us from all our conjectures by some news of successes and failures in the play world and by gossip about theater finance and the value of shares in the various companies.

During Shakespeare's lifetime the attitude toward investment was changing radically. During the Middle Ages the lending of money at interest had been regarded as sinful usury. That still lingering opinion is voiced by Antonio in *The Merchant of Venice*. He hates Shylock for his "usance" before he gets entangled in the pound-of-flesh bond. But that was Old World doctrine. Commerce was expanding rapidly in the second half of the sixteenth century. The argosies of the merchant venturers were

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sailing out in growing numbers and bringing the treasures of the Indies and the Orient to English harbors. Crafts and industries that had been conducted by families now expanded and needed means of development. Capital was wanted for enterprise at home as well on the seas, and capital for risky purposes was not to be had for nothing. Lending at interest ceased to be a sin because it had become a necessity.

Bacon's essay "Of Usury" exemplifies the altered attitude. He knew the condemnations of the old world and the requirements of the new. "It is certain," he wrote, "that the greater part of trade is driven by the young merchants on the borrowing at interest; so, if the usurer either call in or keep back his money, there will presently ensue a great stand of trade." To avoid that "stand" and keep business moving, a form of capitalism had become essential. That was the financial practice and outlook amid which the players were enlarging their own activities. "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," said Polonius. But the actors were both, borrowing to acquire or improve their premises and lending when they had profits to invest.

Inventions were being applied to the service of human needs. The inventors and their backers were known as projectors. Later on, "projector" became a word of contempt because there had been ugly examples of swindling the subscribers to a loan and of greedily exploiting a market gain. But for a while the nobility were as ready as any members of the merchant class to engage in bold projecting. Shortly before Shakespeare's death, King James himself invested in the New River Project, which was to give London its first proper water supply. London's Metropolitan Water Board, successor to the New River Company, still pays an annual sum to the Crown because of this "putting out" of money at interest by the monarch three and a half centuries ago.

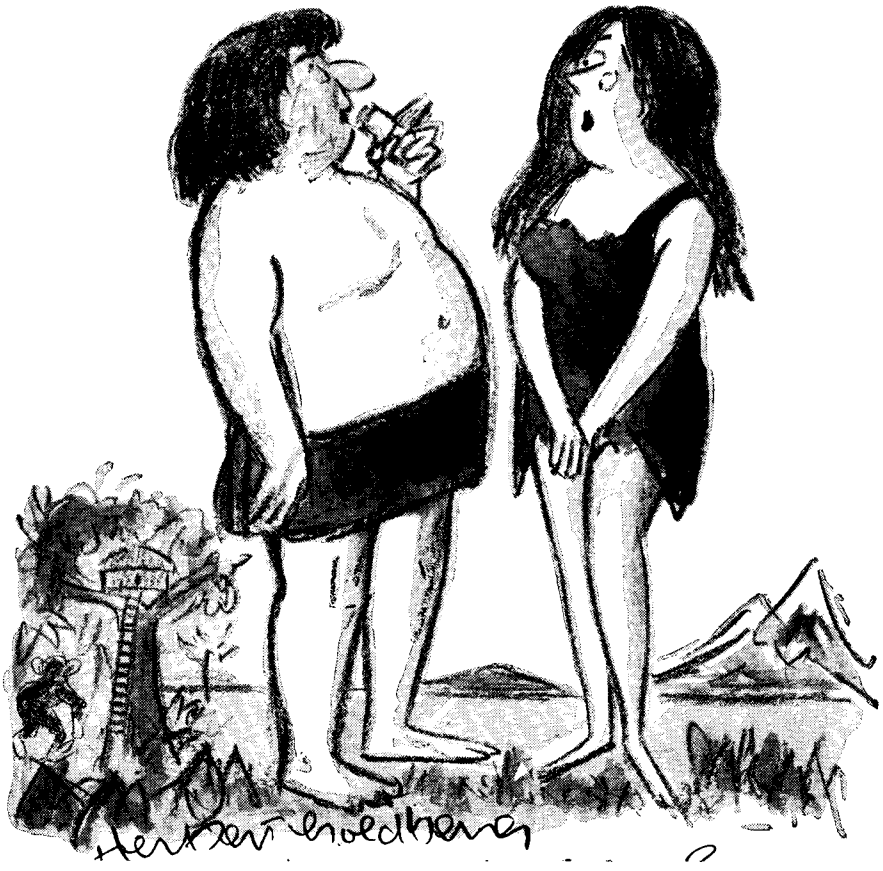
TYPICALLY important and illustrious in its membership was the Virginia Company, founded to explore and develop the eastern shores of America. Shakespeare's former patron, Southampton, was one of its pioneers and the playwright was able to see and make use of its papers. *The Tempest* could not have been written without this advantage. Its story is based on the disastrous voyage of *The Sea Venture*, which was wrecked on Bermuda in 1609 while taking Sir Thomas Gates to Virginia, of which he was Governor. Six lives were lost, but the rest of the travelers managed to keep alive on the island and reached Jamestown in the following year, using two pinnaces made out of the timbers of the wreck. From there, they returned safely to England, and Shakespeare was able to use an account of their adventures for the scene and substance of his play. In it, incidentally, the character Gonzalo mentions "putters-out" who had big profits in mind.

THERE is no evidence of the players speculating in these deep waters. They had their own projects and looked after them. Middle-class men with middle-class incomes, they did not look beyond gains of the kind that would enable them to maintain their considerable families. Heminge and Condell, the editors of the First Folio, had twenty-one children between them, and the former was able to send a son to Oxford. Shakespeare's will makes no reference to any holding in external projects but includes "All my barnes, stables, orchardes, landes, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever." He died no milord of half a county and no speculator of the newly rich class, but a man of fair property, contented with his reasonable possessions. There is no mention of his playhouse shares. These must have been disposed of among his colleagues, since selling to outsiders was much resented and contested at law. That was sensible. Control was rightly to remain with the men who knew their business.

That the members of the fellowship had had their difficulties of finance is shown by the history of the Burbages. In 1630, Cuthbert, an administrator (and not long, if ever, a player), wrote a letter, happily preserved, in which he informed the Lord Chamberlain about the ownership and transfer of playhouse shares. From it we can picture the economic background of the company for which Shakespeare worked so long and so loyally. The first venture was the building of "The Theatre" in 1576 by James, the father of Cuthbert and Richard. This, we are told, was done "with many hundreds of pounds taken up at interest." It was on leased land and this led to a troublesome lawsuit with the landlord. In 1599 they built the Globe on the South Bank of the river "with more sums of money taken up at interest which lay heavy on us many years." Cuthbert added, "To ourselves we joined those deserving men, Shakespeare, Heminge, Condell, Philips, and other partners in the profits of what they call the House."

Nine years later they took over the roofed-in, fashionable, and more profitable theater in Blackfriars, which caused them "great charge and trouble." Shakespeare is again mentioned

(*Continued on page* 57)



"What's happened to us, Tarzan?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shakespeare in the U. S. and Canada—1964

More people will see Shakespeare performed during his 400th anniversary year than saw his plays during his entire lifetime. The chart on this and the following page lists some of this year's festival activity, with descriptions supplied by the festivals themselves. In addition, many universities have arranged Shakespeare events, the most ambitious of which is probably Stanford's seven-week Shakespeare Summer Festival, from June 23 to August 9. There the country's two oldest festivals will present their repertoire, followed by the Actor's Workshop "Volpone" and Stanford's Elizabethan Theater Workshop production of three plays by Shakespeare's contemporaries. Concerts, exhibits, and lectures are also planned.

Already past but worthy of note was Tucson's "Shakespeare on the Desert," which in January imported a company from London to perform "Macbeth" and "As You Like It." And in March the Lincoln Center World's Fair Festival presented Dame Edith Evans, Sir John Gielgud, and Margaret Leighton in "Homage to Shakespeare."

Also noteworthy is the Gielgud production of "Hamlet" with Richard Burton and an all-star cast, which will play on Broadway from April 9 to June 27; Sir Tyrone Guthrie's "Henry V" with George Grizzard, which will play in rotation with "Saint Joan," "The Glass Menagerie," and "Volpone" at Minneapolis beginning May 11; Stuart Vaughan's "King Lear" with Vernon Weddle, which continues at the Seattle Theater Center until June 6; The Cleveland Play House's presentation of "Henry IV, Part I," which will play until April 18; and the Dallas Theater Center's "Comedy of Errors" (April 7-May 2), "Julius Caesar" (matinees on April 18 and 25, and May 2), and "The Tempest," designed by the famous Danish designer Bjorn Winnblad (October 15-November 21). —H.H.

Name	Plays	Where and When	Kind of Company	Policy
THE AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL THEATER 1955—(Founded)	*Hamlet* *Much Ado About Nothing* *Richard III*	Stratford, Conn., May 30 to Sept. 13 in nightly rotation Tues.-Sat.; mat. Wed., Sat., Sun. morning. Mat. student audience—Mar. 30 thru May 29	26 professional actors, 20 students; Lester Rawlins (Hamlet, Philip Bosco (Benedick), Jacqueline Brookes (Beatrice), Douglas Watson (Richard III)	To bring to the American public the plays of Shakespeare and other classic authors produced under the highest possible professional standards with the fine ensemble playing of a continuing repertory company.
BANFF SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL	*As You Like It*	Banff, July 31, Aug. 1, 14, 15; Edmonton, Alta., Aug. 17; Calgary, Alta., Aug. 18, 19	Drama school undergraduates and other non-Broadway professionals	Costumes generally conform to the period and the setting of the play concerned.
CHAMPLAIN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL (1959)	*As You Like It* *Romeo and Juliet* *King John*	Burlington, Vt., in nightly rotation: *As You Like It*—Aug. 1-30	Non-Broadway professionals	To give young actors the opportunity of appearing in major Shakespearean roles over an extended period; to present Shakespeare's plays in an honest, straightforward manner.
CINCINNATI SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL (1961)	*Macbeth* *King Lear* *Othello* *Hamlet*	Cincinnati, O., *Macbeth*—Jan.; *King Lear*—Feb.; *Othello*—Mar.; *Hamlet*—Apr. 16-25	Resident non-Equity professional company	To strive for excellence in the dramatic arts; to raise and hold public interest in them.
COLORADO SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL (1958)	*Troilus and Cressida* *King John* *As You Like It*	Boulder, Col., Aug. 1-15 in nightly rotation	College actors on fellowships	To present a comedy, a history, and a tragedy each season on an open stage and in costumes appropriate to the period in a manner best for the poetry and the drama.
GREAT LAKES SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL (1962)	*The Taming of the Shrew* *Much Ado About Nothing* *Henry VI* *Richard III* *Antony and Cleopatra*	Lakewood, O., June 30 to Sept. 13, Tues. to Sat.; mat. Sat.; school mat. after Labor Day.	Resident repertory; 15 Equity performers, 6 non-Equity advanced directors	To produce the current repertory of Shakespearean plays on a presentational, multi-level platform unit, with a unity of costuming and decorative design not in exact period detail, but in an artistic concept intended to enhance the force of the text.
HOLLYWOOD BOWL ASSOCIATION SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL (1964)	*King Lear*	Schoenberg Auditorium, UCLA, June 8-July 2, nightly exc. Mon. Pilgrimage Theatre, Los Angeles, July 13-Aug. 8	Morris Carnovsky and professional Equity actors of the Theater Group, UCLA, University Extension	To recreate *King Lear* in its original period and style.
HOLLYWOOD SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL (1955)	Shakespeare Gala 400 (scenes, ballet) *The Merry Wives of Windsor* *The Tempest* *Coriolanus* *Henry VI*	Hollywood, Calif., Mar.-May weekends (Gala 400); July-Aug., repertory weekends; Colton, Calif., Aug. 28, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*	Professionals and apprentices	To present the plays of Shakespeare with the fullest universal meaning possible, depicting their inherent humanity through power, beauty, color, warmth, and simplicity based upon the enduring classic arts with creative modern presentation and delineation.
LOEB DRAMA CENTER FESTIVAL (1964)	*Julius Caesar* *King Lear*	Cambridge, Mass. *Julius Caesar*, Apr. 16-18, 20-25, June 3-4, 7-8; *King Lear*, May 7-9, 11-16, June 4-5, 9-10	Undergraduates of the Harvard Dramatic Club	To study the plays of Marlowe and Shakespeare historically and theatrically; and, after concert reading of Marlowe, to stage two Shakespeare plays in the three-quarters Elizabethan arrangement of our stage.
MARIN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL (1964)	*The Taming of the Shrew* *A Midsummer Night's Dream* *The Merry Wives of Windsor*	Ross, California—July 15-Sept. 2, Wed. through Sat. eves.	Nonprofessional	To produce Shakespeare for contemporary theater entertainment.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Name	Plays	Where and When	Kind of Company	Policy
McLarter Theatre of Princeton University (1961)	*Othello* *The Taming of the Shrew* *Romeo and Juliet* *Richard III* *Much Ado About Nothing*	Princeton, N.J., Feb. 22-Apr. 26 Thur. to Sun. in nightly rotation. Mats. daily exc. Sun.	Resident repertory company of 15 Equity performers, 6 non-Equity apprentices	To reveal, as far as the director is able, what Shakespeare was saying and not what a director or main character wants to say.
New York Shakespeare Festival (1954)	*Hamlet* *Othello* *Electra* *A Midsummer Night's Dream*	NYC, Central Park. *Hamlet*—June 10-July 4; *Othello*—July 8-Aug. 1; *Electra*—Aug. 5-Aug. 29; Five-borough parks tour *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—June-Sept.	Professionals; Alfred Ryder (Hamlet), Julie Harris (Ophelia), Howard Da Silva (Claudius), James Earl Jones (Othello), Lee Grant (Electra)	To make the classics psychologically understandable to contemporary audiences within the style of the writing.
Oregon Shakespearean Festival (1935-41, 1947)	*The Merchant of Venice* *King Lear* *Twelfth Night* *Henry VI, Part I* *Knight of the Burning Pestle*	Stanford University, Palo Alto, Calif., June 23-July 4 in nightly rotation; Ashland, Ore., July 11-Sept. 6 in nightly rotation. *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, only Aug. 24, 29, Sept. 3	Gifted actors and technicians selected from university and community theaters, together with occasional professionals	To present Shakespeare's plays in the manner their writer intended, on the type of stage for which he wrote.
Royal Shakespeare Theater Tour (1864)	*King Lear* *The Comedy of Errors*	In nightly rotation exc. Sun. Wash., D.C. (Apr. 13-25), Boston, Mass. (Apr. 27-May 9), Toronto, Ont. (May 11-16), New York State Theater of Lincoln Center (May 18-June 6)	Professional company headed by Paul Scofield, who will play the title role in *King Lear*	To create a company that can express Shakespeare's intentions in contemporary terms, using continuous training of the actors, experiments in technique, and performances of significant non-Shakespearean classics and modern writing as instruments. The work is rooted in Shakespeare and stems from Shakespeare. And the other dramatists in the repertory, whether they be Brecht, Dürrenmatt, Pinter, or Genet, are helping to build a strong bridge between the classical theater and the theater of our time.
San Diego National Shakespeare (1949-52, 1954)	*Much Ado About Nothing* *Macbeth* *Measure for Measure*	Old Globe, San Diego, *Much Ado About Nothing* and *Macbeth*: June 9-July 5, incl. *Measure for Measure*: July 14-Sept. 13. Stanford Univ., July 7-12.	Professionals	To present the finest performances of the plays of William Shakespeare in the world in the only functioning replica of the original Globe Playhouse.
Shakespeare at Antioch (1964)	*Macbeth* *As You Like It* *The Tempest* *Henry IV, Part I* *Hamlet*	Antioch Amphitheater, Yellow Springs, O. Individual two-week runs, July 1-Sept. 6. Nightly except Mon. and the Tue. before each Wed. opening.	A core of professional actors supported by advanced drama students	To celebrate the bard's 400th anniversary, but not to try to live up to the romantic fantasies people have of the previous Antioch festival (1952-56) when all thirty-eight of Shakespeare's plays were presented over a five-summer period.
Shakespeare at Ravinia	*Henry V* *Twelfth Night* *Hamlet*	Ravinia Park, Chicago, Aug. 14 - Sept. 27. Nightly exc. Sun & Mon. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Sun.	Professional actors; Britain's Robert Hardy, will head the company.	To present Shakespeare's plays on a multi-level apron stage with a minimum of scenery.
Southeastern Shakespeare Festival (1961)	*Hamlet* *A Midsummer Night's Dream* *Henry IV, Part II* *The Alchemist*	Atlanta, Ga., July 6-Aug. 29 in nightly rotation exc. Sun. Mat. Sun.	Drama school graduates and an experienced non-Broadway professional	To bring the works of Shakespeare to life in as direct and honest a manner as possible, and to use the festival as a further broadening and developmental experience for our year-round acting ensemble.
Southern Shakespeare Repertory Theater (1961)	*Much Ado About Nothing* *Othello* *The Merry Wives of Windsor* *King Lear*	Univ. of Miami, Coral Gables, Fla., July 7-Aug. 6 in nightly rotation exc. Mon.	Professionals, non-Broadway professionals, drama school graduates and undergraduates	Produces plays of Shakespeare with greatest possible fidelity to the script and to the conventions of the Elizabethan Theater. We try to retain the quality of the original production within the conventions of contemporary theatre.
Stratford Shakespearean Festival of Canada (1953)	*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* *The Country Wife* *Richard II* *King Lear*	Stratford, Ont., June 5-Oct. 3 in nightly rotation Mon-Sat.; mats. Wed., Sat.	Professionals; John Colicos (Lear), Helen Burns, Bruno Gerussi, Martha Henry, William Hutt, Frances Hyland, Douglas Rain, Tony Van Bridge	To advance knowledge and appreciation of and to stimulate interest in Shakespearean culture and tradition by theatrical performances; to provide improved opportunities for Canadian artistic talent; to advance the development of the arts of the theater in Canada.
University of Victoria Campus Players (1964)	*Richard III* *A Midsummer Night's Dream* *The Alchemist*	Victoria, B.C., July 16-Aug. 8 exc. Sun., Mon., Tues.	Experienced amateurs and drama students with professional directors	To celebrate Shakespeare's 400th anniversary and to break the ground from which a full-scale annual drama festival may grow.
Wayne State University Classic Theater (1964)	*Julius Caesar* *Antony and Cleopatra* *As You Like It* *Romeo and Juliet*	Wayne State U. Theater, Detroit, Mich., in nightly rotation Jan. 15-June 7	33 performers from university and professional drama schools, on fellowships	To develop a company to perform plays in the classic tradition.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN, HORACE SUTTON

Associate Publisher
W. D. PATTERSON

Managing Editor
RICHARD L. TOBIN

Science Editor
JOHN LEAR

Poetry Editor
JOHN CIARDI

Education Editor
PAUL WOODRING

Production Manager
PEARL S. SULLIVAN

Book Review Editor
ROCHELLE GIRSON

General Editor
HALLOWELL BOWSER

Feature Editor
JAMES F. FIXX

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
FRANK G. JENNINGS
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
T. S. MATTHEWS
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK

Contributing Editors
HOLLIS ALPERT
ALICE DALGLIESH
HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS
ARTHUR KNIGHT
KATHARINE KUH
MARTIN LEVIN
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
MARGARET R. WEISS
JOHN T. WINTERICH

Rice, Hope, and IRRI

LOS BANOS, PHILIPPINES.

RICE is a four-letter word spelling life to more than a billion earth-dwellers. In many places, it is more than the principal food; it is often the only food. But there is a grim inversion. The crops are poorest where people need rice the most.

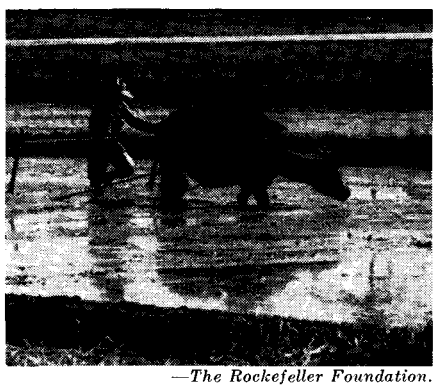
Countries such as Australia, Italy, Spain, and the United States, with a relatively low per capita consumption of rice, manage to grow from three to four times as much rice per hectare as India, Burma, Thailand, Laos, and the Philippines, where per capita consumption of rice is the highest in the world. In fact, throughout the dense population belt of Southeast Asia the gap between available rice and empty bellies is growing wider all the time.

Another deadly paradox is that the food value of rice tends to be lowest where the need for nourishment is greatest. The rice of Cambodia and Laos, for example, has far less protein than the rice of Australia, where protein is abundantly available from other sources.

Any genuine improvement in the human condition on this planet, therefore, must be concerned with rice. If rice yields can be increased in the hot countries and if the protein content can be stepped up, the benefits would be among the most far-reaching in human history.

This is the background of what is literally one of the most exciting and revolutionary undertakings in the world. It goes by the name of the International Rice Research Institute, located in the hills of Los Baños in the Philippines, less than two hours by car from Manila. IRRA was organized four years ago this month as a joint project of the Ford and Rockefeller foundations in association with the Philippine government and the University of the Philippines. Director of the Institute is Robert F. Chandler, Jr., former President of the University of New Hampshire and now Associate Director of Agricultural Sciences for the Rockefeller Foundation.

Working with Dr. Chandler are agronomists, microbiologists, biochemists, plant physiologists, entomologists, virologists, plant breeders, geneticists, statisticians, agricultural economists, and agricultural engineers. They come from more than a dozen countries and constitute one of the most remarkable teams ever to be recruited for the purpose of prying into the secrets of rice.



—*The Rockefeller Foundation.*

Experiment in agriculture--Cultivating rice in front of IRRI headquarters.

The main goal of IRRI is to prod nature into breeding a new strain of rice that will withstand tropical hazards. Storms and high winds take a terrific toll of the tall, weak-strawed plants characteristic of rice in hot climates. Another defect of tropical rice is that it tends to produce heavy foliage at the expense of the grain. These two defects—lodging and shading—can be reduced by cutting down on the fertilizer, but this would lead to even greater liabilities.

IT might be supposed that the simplest way of meeting these problems would be to import a strain of rice with short, stiff straw. Unfortunately, the taste characteristics of such rice are not congenial to the palates of tropical peoples. IRRI's assignment, therefore, is to give birth to a new breed of rice, one that is suitable to the growing conditions of hot countries and is also palatable. For good measure, IRRI would like its new breed to have maximum protein advantages.

The survival features of such a new breed of rice would enable farmers of countries like India, Burma, and the Philippines to double and even quadruple their annual production. And augmented protein would mean better health for human beings.

In pursuit of these objectives, Dr. Chandler and his team have collected 10,000 different kinds of rice from all over the world. The desirable and undesirable characteristics of each strain are observed and recorded as the basis for crossing and recrossing. The IRRI has its own experimental rice fields in the valley just below its research laboratories. Each rice strain has its own clearly marked plot and furnishes the vital raw materials.

IRRI has not yet found the precise combination for producing its new breed, but it is well on the way. Dr. Chandler is making no public predictions, but he reflects the quiet confidence of IRRI that the main objective will be met within a decade. Already, IRRI's scientists have accumulated abundant data on the variability of growth factors in rice. They have charted numberless correlations involving water and sunlight requirements, condition of soil, fertilizer, and insect repellents. Among the many significant findings is a way of fortifying rice systemically against pest invasion. Of high significance, too, is the training program of specialists from rice-growing areas throughout the world. The kind of knowledge they have helped to create at IRRI enables them to put

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Old methods, new breeds—Field crew at Los Baños working in experimental plot. —*The Rockefeller Foundation.*

programs for improving rice into local and regional operation. IRRI has also compiled the *International Bibliography of Rice Research*, which includes all significant literature about rice throughout the world.

It should be said that IRRI is not without critics. No one has taxed IRRI with inadequacy or incompetence. The objections are raised for exactly the opposite reasons—that it is apt to be all too successful in its program, resulting in an intensification of the world's No. 1 problem: overpopulation. Fortunately, neither the sponsoring foundations nor the Philippine government have been persuaded by these objections. The way to ease population pressure is not by indifference to hunger and disease. The mark of a civilized society is represented by the value it places on human life and its insistence that the human creature be provided with the conditions for maximum health of body and spirit.

There is a curious sense of self-Olympianism about those who deplore health programs for the peoples of heavily crowded countries on the grounds that this would only intensify the world's population pressure problems. If such critics, or members of their families, were ill, it is doubtful that they would spurn medical attention out of fear that their survival might contribute to the population surplus. Why is there any difference in principle between taking care of the health needs, say, of an art dealer in New York and a street vendor in New Delhi? Or fighting an epidemic in Connecticut and a famine in Korea? The moment a child is born anywhere in the world he has an equal claim on survival and on the compassionate response of the entire human community. Ideas about natural rights, so basic in the American historical experience, must stand on a universal base, or they fall apart completely.

It is a mistake to suppose that human misery, left unattended, results in population reduction. A low birth rate is the result not of poor conditions but of improving standards of living and widespread education. Problems of population pressure are met not by ignoring disease and hunger but by mounting an entirely different kind of offensive—one that educates people, whatever their condition, in the methods by which the size of their families can be limited. In the meantime, the job of the scientist, like that of the doctor, is to put all his knowledge to work in bettering the human situation.

By any yardstick, IRRI is already a success. But the achievement of its main goal could change the course of human history. For if rice means life, then IRRI spells hope. It is the kind of hope that justifies the dream that the inventive and scientific genius of man can be used primarily for his own good. —N.C.

—*N.C.*

Robert Chandler, of IRRI, inspecting one of the 10,000 kinds of rice plants at Los Baños.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Three-Dimensional Toothache

SEYMOUR LIPTON'S sculptured *Archangel* in Lincoln Center [*SR*, Feb. 22] is obviously incomprehensible, not expressive of any basic idea (any more than, say, some gargantuan piece of machinery might be), and a meaningless potpourri of metallic surfaces, Katharine Kuh's remarks notwithstanding.

Mr. Lipton is apparently one of those "artistic" individuals who think that all they have to do is *say* a thing to make it so, and to make the public believe it. He would, I believe, have done much more for humanity—and probably for art—had he stayed in dentistry. . . .

K. B. GERMAINE.

Berkeley, Calif.

SEYMOUR LIPTON'S *Archangel* reminds me of a cuspid that got ahead of both toothpaste and dentist. Such an irreparable *cavity at gum level braced by two im*pounded cashew nuts might be appropriate in the foyer of a college of dentistry, but to come face to face with this monstrosity as one enters the Lincoln Center Philharmonic Hall gives me a toothache. Surely Katharine Kuh could not have been serious when she wrote so glowingly about the "extraction"?

LLOYD R. YOH.

Haddonfield, N.J.

Why No Wye

I SHOULD LIKE TO inform H. Allen Smith [PHOENIX NEST, Feb. 22] that he might just as well give up his efforts to substitute w-y-e for w-h-y. I *know*, because I have been stuck with W-y-e for a little more than seventy years.

We all know that b-y-e, d-y-e, l-y-e, r-y-e, and even e-y-e all rhyme with high or cry. But if he had my last name, he would find that almost everybody, when stumbling on that name for the first time, will pronounce it "Van Wee."

Some years ago I was in Dublin, about to board a plane for Glasgow. The airline attendant looked at my passport and said, "Good morning, Mr. Van Wye" (like dye). And I said, "*Well*, I had to to come all the way over here to find someone who knows how to pronounce W-y-e. How did you do it?" "Well," he said, "we have a river by that name not too far away from here." But then, he looked at my first name and said, "Your first name is Rayff."

So, you see, I can't win. I am Rayff Van Wee. Mr. Smith will find that his crusade is more difficult than he suspects.

RALPH A. VAN WYE.

Cincinnati, O.

Who's Happy?

JOHN CIARDI'S THESIS to the contrary [*SR*, Mar. 14], happiness is where you find it. I found it in the electric toothbrush. All these years I'd been using the primitive, manually operated toothbrush. After years of up and down, in and out, this and thataway motions, I wore out not only the bristles, but also my right arm. Now, with automatic toothbrushing, I'm never tired. . . .

Thoreau, I am certain, would have used an electric toothbrush. But unluckily for him, electricity was not in use then. . . .

I don't contend that I am completely happy—yet. But if our society continues to pursue happiness—as I am certain it will—someone will come up with an automatic face-washer and dryer.

Let's face it. Happiness is closer than we think. It's only our intellectuals who are washed up.

MARTIN ISAACS.

New York, N.Y.

MY GUESS IS THAT when John Ciardi prepares to publish his columns in book form and separates the best from the next best, "Is Everybody Happy?" [*SR*, Mar. 14] will be left on the cutting room floor. He will have concluded that without advertising and commercialism he could not possibly be living nearly so well as he does today. . . .

No reflection on the man. What writer could, for fifty-two weeks running, hold to the high standard of wit and insight he has set?

E. L. MCFALLS.

La Jolla, Calif.

Deeds of De Bosis

HALLOWELL BOWSER'S discerning editorial about Lauro De Bosis [*SR*, Mar. 14] was of special interest to me. In 1924 or 1925 the Italy-America Society of Chicago was host to this young man at a dinner. My husband, president of the society, introduced him as speaker of the evening. I remember vividly the impact he made upon me, not only for his eloquence but for some mysterious emanation of his personality. He spoke of the surge below the surface of Italian thought and feeling, which one could discern plainly in his own spirit.

The next night we met again at a small dinner at the home of an Italian friend. Afterward my husband and I drove him to his train. As he left, he kissed my hand and thanked us so warmly that I was amazed next day to have him send me a letter with further delightful and poetic expressions of pleasure in the brief encounter with us.

Before the year was out, my young husband had made his own last journey. I know he would have been deeply grieved, as I was, if he had been here in '31 to hear of De Bosis's tragic gesture of the flight into the sunset. It is a further sadness that never since his death have I heard anyone *mention his name or seen it in print*. . . .

I am happy that a scholar has arisen to "resurrect" Lauro De Bosis and hail his accomplishments. I wish Mr. Bowser would do a book on his life.

MRS. JACQUETTE W. EATON.

Chicago, Ill.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"What's for lunch?"

Letters of C. S. Lewis

I AM COLLECTING materials from which to write a memoir on my brother, the late Professor C. S. Lewis, and I should be very grateful to anyone who would lend me any letters received from him. They would be carefully handled and, if desired, returned as soon as they had been copied, and for any of them incorporated in the memoir acknowledgement would be made unless the recipient required otherwise. Materials may be sent to me at: The Kilns, Kiln Lane, Headington Quarry, Oxford, England.

W. H. LEWIS.

Oxford, England

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

23 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "A Place of Stone," by Jim Hunter, and "Come Back, Dr. Caligari," by Donald Barthelme
24 On the Fringe, by Haskel Frankel
25 A Piece of Lettuce, by George P. Elliott
26 James, Seumas and Jacques: Unpublished Writings of James Stephens, edited by Lloyd Frankenberg
27 Tsars, Mandarins, and Commissars, by Harry Schwartz
28 De Gaulle and the French Army, by Edgar S. Furniss, Jr.
29 The Letters of Wyndham Lewis, edited by W. K. Rose
39 Jubb, by Keith Waterhouse
39 The Crossing, by Alain Albert
40 Convention, by Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II; '68, by Peter Scaevola; The Big Man, by Henry J. Taylor
41 The Politics of Hysteria, by Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff
42 Propaganda, by John B. Whitton and Arthur Larson
43 The Times I've Seen: Oliver St. John Gogarty, by Ulick O'Connor
44. *SR*'s Checklist of the Week's New Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Sad Secrets and Absurdities

ALTHOUGH Jim Hunter is only twenty-four, he has had three novels published in England; and now the third, *A Place of Stone* (Pantheon, $3.95), is being published in this country. Hunter is clearly a gifted writer, though in a somewhat old-fashioned way. He builds solidly, carefully describing both settings and people. He does not hesitate to use exposition when it serves his purpose, and he freely enters the mind of each of the four principal characters. Yet, in spite of the traditional technique, the book is fresh and original.

It is the story of a family. Bill Stock, "a painter by inclination, a teacher by obligation," was once a young man of promise, but at sixty he is forgotten, and he paints mostly for himself. Over the years he and his wife, Freda, have grown apart, although on the surface they get along well enough. They have two children, both out of the home: Sheila, a nurse in a mental hospital, and Christopher, who is interested in literature and women. Christopher is devoted to his mother, who is equally devoted to him, and he has never got on well with his father. Sheila, on the other hand, is closer to her father than to her mother.

The story begins in England, moves to Brittany, then returns to England. At the outset Bill is told that his wife has less than a year to live, and he has to impart the news to the children. It is for her sake that they go to Brittany, where all of them had spent more or less happy summers in the past, and here the situation works itself out, though many decisions remain to be made after her death.

Hunter takes his title from a poem by W. B. Yeats, "To a Friend Whose Work Has Come to Nothing." In the novel, of course, it is Bill Stock whose work has come to nothing and who may or may not have learned "amid a place of stone" to "be secret and exult." But the name also applies to the settings of the story. Much is made of the ruggedness of the countryside in which the Stocks live, and even more of the rockiness of the Brittany coast:

> Deafening, the crashing and pouring of massed water, the dark rocks giving nothing, solidily resisting, but whorled and channeled by hundreds of years of such attack; eventually disciplined by the sea. Above the black tideline differently formed, still jagged, in fierce planes, ochre and sienna, the blasted edge of the land. This hardness, the sharp striking into sea and sky, was what he was trying to paint; it was like a sculpture of hostility and tension, in a way brutal. He stared and absorbed it, almost wincing. It was the first time he had really seen what he was trying to do.

It may also be said that Bill is himself something like the rocks he paints, "whorled and channeled" by his disappointments as a painter and by the abrasions of his domestic life. Hunter does well with Bill and, indeed, with all four members of the family. Each character is firmly achieved, and Hunter shows with strong insight how they affect one another and how they are all affected by external events.

Donald Barthelme is a Texan, a few years older than Hunter. Although short stories by him have appeared in *The New Yorker* and other magazines, *Come Back, Dr. Caligari* (Little, Brown, $4.95), in which fourteen of his stories are collected, is his first book. If Jim Hunter may be described as essentially conservative in his techniques, Barthelme is a member of the advance guard, and he is very far out indeed.

Barthelme's stories belong to what I have described from time to time as the literature of absurdity. His book might almost be subtitled, "Fourteen Ways of Being Absurd." There is, for example, the device of taking a completely incredible situation and developing it logically. In "Me and Miss Mandible" the narrator knows

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that he is thirty-five years old, more than six feet tall, and in all respects an adult. Yet he is treated as if he were eleven and is enrolled in grammar school. The consequences of this strange situation are funny, and Barthelme makes a point: "The distinction between children and adults, while probably useful for some purposes, is at bottom a specious one, I feel. There are only individual egos, crazy for love."

One persistent theme is the difficulty of communication between human beings, with a consequent emphasis on the humor of the non sequitur:

> "Do you look at a lot of girls?"
> "Not a *lot*," he said, "but quite a number."
> "Is it fun?"
> "Not *fun*," he said, "but better than nothing."
> "Do you have affairs?"
> "Not *affairs*," he said, "but sometimes a little flutter."
> "Well," she said, "I have feelings too."
> "I think it's very possible," he said. "A great big girl like you."

Barthelme loves to play games with words, including the game of word-association: "Surely the very kidneys of wisdom, Florence Green has only one kidney, I have a kidney stone, Baskerville was stoned by the massed faculty of the Famous Writers School . . ." He can do a sharp parody, describe abnormal states of mind, introduce sly satire. One of the characters says: "In this kind of a world, absurd if you will, possibilities nevertheless proliferate and escalate all around us and there are opportunities for beginning again." It is the same character, appearing on a television show, who thinks: "I was wrong, the world is absurd. The absurdity is punishing me for not believing it. I affirm the absurdity. On the other hand, absurdity is itself absurd."

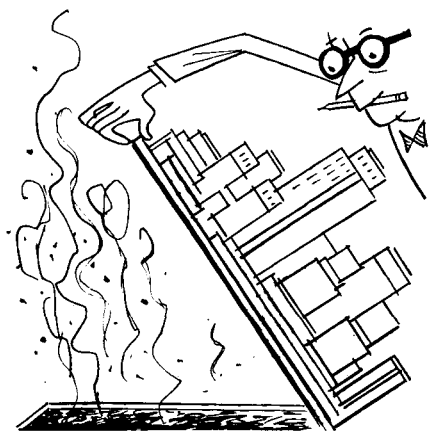
By no means all of Barthelme's stories are successful. The absurd can be recognized only if one has some standard of the rational and normal. When Barthelme fails to convince the reader that there is such a thing as relevance, his reliance on irrelevance achieves neither amusement nor significance. But a good deal of the time Barthelme manages to evoke the kind of thoughtful laughter he is looking for, the kind of astonishment that is a stimulant. He has created certain effects that seem to be new in the literature of the absurd, and this gives him importance as an experimentalist. Hunter's book is, to my taste, the more satisfying; but Barthelme's kind of controlled craziness may be showing literature a new path to follow. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

On the Fringe

THIS hodge-podge column is the result of two deadlines coming on the same day. The first is from my editor on this magazine; the second, and more important, is from my maid, who threatens to quit me for the third and last time unless I get all that scrap paper off my desk. In meeting the demands of my maid, who frightens me more than my editor, I have discovered bits and pieces of interview notes, memoranda on books I've liked, a stick of petrified Spearmint gum, and a pair of celluloid glasses for 3-D movies. I pass on all but the last two to you.

The best European guidebook I've come across in ages is a slim paperback from Barnes & Noble, entitled *Your Guide to 32 European Cities*, compiled by J. H. N. Mason. It fits easily into a pocket or a purse and it contains the information you really need as you move around a city—street map, transportation map, location of major attractions, business hours, etc.

Of the many books published concerning the late President Kennedy, there are three that I most cherish. The first is *Four Days* (Simon & Schuster), a text-and-picture recounting of the tragedy, done with dignity throughout. Second is *November Twenty-Six Nineteen Hundred Sixty-Three* (Braziller), to be published in early May. Each right-hand page of this beautifully produced, slipcased book contains one stanza of Wendell Berry's poem concerning the assassination. Each left-hand page features an illustration by Ben Shahn, who also did the caligraphy for the poem. Third



is *The John F. Kennedys: A Family Album* (Farrar, Straus), by photographer Mark Shaw. The album, to be published later this month, contains 125 black-and-white photographs and a log explaining the circumstances of the taking of each picture between 1959 and 1963.

A few months back (*SR*, Nov. 2, 1963), I had the luck to be the first columnist to make a fuss over the then unpublished exposé of Las Vegas, *The Green Felt Jungle*, by Ed Reid and Ovid Demaris. Since the book is now a best-seller, I'm feeling pretty cocky. Therefore, let me go out on another limb and say that the next book to cause discomfort throughout the land will be *Dallas, Public and Private* (Grossman) by Warren Leslie, a former vice president of Neiman-Marcus. The author makes a complete dissection of the Texas city; his findings will be published on April 15.

Meanwhile, the team that lifted the lid from Las Vegas is performing the same function for Chicago. "It's called *1,000 Murders*," Mr. Reid said, "and we hope to finish it within the next two months. It will be a fall book if we live."

Very hazy notes from a luncheon in the private hotel suite of *How I Made $2,000,000 in the Stock Market* Nicolas Darvas: he talks too quickly and continuously. He paces. It was like eating while watching a match at Forest Hills. Nearly stabbed myself in the cheek with the fork. Know he has a new book out called *Wall Street: The Other Las Vegas*. This one elaborates on the Darvas "box method," by which he

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made his millions. There was a great deal of criticism, according to the author, of the first book's explanation of the magic system, so it is more fully explained this time around. Author was once half of famous dance team of Darvas and Julia. Hard to believe he could have earned his living mutely. He's planning a musical comedy based on his first book. He has never seen a stock certificate outside of the first one he bought. Asked about his having been a crossword puzzle expert. He grabbed my pad and started making a crossword puzzle. Abandoned it halfway. I finished lunch and left. Borrowed carfare home.

GOING from the Nicolas to the sublime (sorry!), the publication of *Delights and Prejudices* (Atheneum), autobiography *cum* cookbook, led to a visit with the renowned James Beard at his cooking school ("I have one student who studies by long-distance telephone from Texas"). In speaking of restaurants abroad, Mr. Beard said: "I'm against the Michelin starring system. It's a pet hate of mine. A good restaurant may get one star because it's not elegant enough. What the hell must you have elegance for? I'll tell you a wonderful restaurant in Paris. It's called *A L'Ami Louis*. It's in the second or third *arrondissement* on the *rue Vertbois*. I'd recommend anything served there." And there's a tip that repays your having read this far.

Quote from a letter sent by Jessica Mitford, author of *The American Way of Death*, to her publishers: "In the current *Casket and Sunnyside*, Practical Burial Footwear reports an enormous increase in business since ten million viewers saw footwear on the CBS program. Also, one of the topics at a forthcoming conference is billed as 'Is Jessica Mitford Writing Another Book?' Wish I could go, as I do long to find out if she is."

Richard Kluger is the editor of *Book Week*, an important review publication carried weekly by major newspapers in New York City, Washington, D.C., and San Francisco. Richard Kluger is also the author of a novel, *When the Bough Breaks*, to be published this summer by Doubleday—and therein lies the problem. Will the author risk having his book panned in his own publication, or will the editor let his novel suffer by going unmentioned in three major cities? Assuming that Mr. Kluger does take a chance on assigning his book for review—and it is a safe assumption that he will—what starving book critic in his right mind will accept the assignment? Tune in this summer and find out.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

The Critic Selects His Own Society

A Piece of Lettuce, *by George P. Elliott (Random House. 270 pp. $4.95), pummels, in its fifteen critical and biographical essays, a few of the author's aversions, among them Ezra Pound and the New York literary scene. Emile Capouya writes SR's monthly column "The Real Thing."*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

IF MEMORY serves, the essay that appears in this collection under the title "Home Again" was first published as "They're Driving Me Crazy." The earlier name better represents the essay, which tells how the author, the once sane and charming George P. Elliott, is being turned into a spiritual Odd Fellow—not so much by the malevolence and madness of the age of nuclear war as by its good-natured countenance, air of sweet reason, and flow of cheerful talk. Of course, to be driven crazy, one has to have been sane. No born games theorist (if such a thing exists in nature) can properly be said to *have gone* mad; hence the quiet, workaday tone of the pronouncements emanating from the Rand Corporation. It is the Elliotts of this world, rather, who are likely to take on the hunted look, the tell-tale note of hysteria in the voice.

Since that is so, and Mr. Elliott sees it is so, I wonder at his lack of sympathy for Ezra Pound, and even more at his writing about a man for whom he feels so little sympathy. That man was driven crazy by much the same world that is making Mr. Elliott lose his sense of which way is up. In his youth Pound was generous and brave; Mr. Elliott cites examples of his courage and generosity. Later he turned nasty. In such cases we want to use gentleness in inquiring into our brother's fall. But Mr. Elliott's essay has all the air of a polemic.

Against what, pray? Has any considerable person offered to justify Pound's fascism and anti-Semitism? Surely Mr. Elliott does not regret that the poet was not hanged by his countrymen? There is ample evidence, the body of Mr. Elliott's work is ample evidence, that he knows the state can be trusted to carry out its prudential murders without the collaboration of literary men. One would trust him to know, as a writer, as a man professionally concerned with a transcendent morality, that the state is likely to be wrong most of the time, and never more than when it proposes to take a life. Then is it the Bollingen Prize that sticks in his craw? That prize was awarded for poetry, not for civic virtue.

For poetry, ay, there's the rub. Mr. Elliott denies that Pound is a prizable poet. Mastery of meters he allows him and, though he doesn't mention it, I imagine he would admit that, in a more general way, Pound has the mastery of language. Is it all sound and fury? Do the fine words add up to nothing? Poetry is the art in which the factitious attractions of pleasant surface count for least, and words by their very nature represent appetitive leanings, moral strivings, preferences, values, choices. A competent painter can please us with little more than color, which is morally neutral, but when a poet is out of his apprenticeship, he speaks not to the ear but to the conscience. Rightly considered, therefore, to grant Ezra Pound unusual skill in metrics, and to imply that he possesses the higher linguistic tact as well, is to concede the argument in his favor. Of course, Pound need not appeal equally to every well-disposed and educated man. In these matters, too, the soul selects its own society. I cannot myself read Wallace Stevens with pleasure—but I imagine that fact tells more about me than about Stevens. Not nec-

—Dorothea Lange.

George P. Elliott—"an inability to let anyone else do his thinking for him."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

essarily something to my discredit, but something in any case that determines me to make no pronouncement on the art of a man good judges have called a poet.

Well, Mr. Elliott dislikes and disprizes Pound's poetry, give or take a few verses. His dislike of the poetry reverberates off his dislike of the politics, and ultimately of the person. He tells us that Pound favored social credit and was ignorant of economics. Henry George favored the single tax. Silvio Gesell favored perishable money. Were they ignorant of economics? No, but Mr. Elliott's assumption that an unorthodox economic philosophy must be a foolish one suggests that economics may not, after all, be his strong point. Then he mentions, with an air of Q.E.D., that Pound was so shy as a young collegian that he had never picked up a girl. Shall I lose all credit with Mr. Elliott by confessing that, for all my dash and daring, I am in the same case with Pound? That kind of criticism is not merely below the belt; it is out of the ring entirely, in some other boxing match than that of literature and politics.

Mr. Elliott also thinks that Raymond Chandler is an author worth writing about, for he will be read "as long . . . as the taste for violent thrillers endures. . . ." And that is the tale of Mr. Elliott's sins. Or nearly. To my mind, he underestimates and patronizes Orwell. He regards the New York literary scene with well-feigned provincial indignation, naming the names of persons rendered odious by success; a man of the world should not get so exercised, in Paul Goodman's phrase, "attending to these things of little worth."

But if there are matters upon which one wants to take issue with Mr. Elliott, it is chiefly for the sake of that greater portion of his work, as a novelist, poet, and essayist, for which one is honestly grateful. Of the fifteen essays in the present collection, at least ten strike me as first-rate—by which I don't mean to suggest that they are unexceptionable, but rather that they are illuminating. Mr. Elliott's peculiar virtue is an inability to let anyone else do his thinking for him. The defects of that pre-industrial bent are obvious. The advantage is that mostly we get from Mr. Elliott his own opinions, and mostly they have the quality of something made by hand, for a specific purpose, and incorporating the vital force of the man who made them. That is particularly true of the autobiographical essays in this book, six of which figure in my private list of the ten elect. They further persuade me of something suggested already by Mr. Elliott's verse and by his fiction, that he is less interesting as a critic of literature than as the poet of his own experience.

Sitting on Top of the Morning

James, Seumas and Jacques: Unpublished Writings of James Stephens, *edited by Lloyd Frankenberg (Macmillan. 288 pp. $6.95), comprising selections from the Irish poet's BBC broadcasts, testify further to his love affair with language. Edward Callan, Irish by birth, is a professor of English at Western Michigan University in Kalamazoo.*

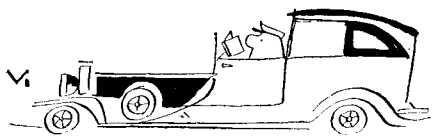
By EDWARD CALLAN

FOLLOWING a hint that the Irish poet James Stephens had taken part with Dylan Thomas in a radio discussion, "Poets on Poetry," Lloyd Frankenberg found that the leprechaun in James Stephens had indeed left buried treasure; not, as in *The Crock of Gold*, in the field of Cloca Mora, but in the files and lumber-rooms of the BBC. A selection of some forty of Stephens's broadcasts from London during the twenty years before his death in 1950 make up this book.

James, Seumas and Jacques is filled with as lively a company of characters as ever walked abroad. You can choose, if you will, the companionship of a man "inclined to sit on the top of the morning all day," or of a lady with "a Boozalum you could graze a cow on." You can listen to a Gentleman Jim Corbett more eloquent than Cassius Clay; or you can see G. B. Shaw rendered speechless. You can laugh at W. B. Yeats's cunning remedy for cold feet. Or, sadly, you can stand by the deathbed of Synge.

About one-third of the pieces in this collection—set anywhere from Dublin to Kentucky—are examples of that oldest and most refined of Irish arts: the art of storytelling that leads through delightful byways to surprising revelations. Only a prince of storytellers like James Stephens could set the stage so cleverly for the unexpected appearance of Gentleman Jim Corbett at a literary dinner in Cincinnati, and then cap this performance by eliciting from Corbett the tallest story ever told.

Talks about literary men who were Stephens's friends in Dublin and Paris outnumber the stories. Six are on Yeats, three on Joyce, two each on Æ and Stephen MacKenna. There are others on Synge, Shaw, and George Moore, as well as on Stephens's own poetry. As critic, Stephens sounds remarkably like Robert Frost at his gamiest, combating pedantry with humor and sanity. He can treat a poem with the respect he accords all living things, even to the ultimate compliment of Irish friendship: "Every now and again," he says, "I have found myself wishing I could stand a poem a drink."



Whatever his subject, James Stephens's language always delights. He writes in rhythmic cadences, with every phrase at once musical and aphoristic; and he can find apt and simple words for the most complex things. His account of *Finnegans Wake* captures the essence of Joyce's method in half a page. It is, he says, all speech: "Now it is soliloquy; now it is dialogue; it becomes at times oration and tittle-tattle and scandal. . . ." It has meaning, too, "but it isn't meaning as the crow flies; 'tis rather meaning as the bee bumbles: honey here and honey there and heather honey on the mountain."

James Joyce, fearing that death or failing eyesight might prevent his finishing *Finnegans Wake*, sought a promise from James Stephens to complete the work. Joyce half convinced himself, and others, that he had chosen Stephens on the basis of some mystic birthday lore. But readers of *James, Seumas and Jacques* will recognize that Joyce chose shrewdly; for, in a generation of eloquent Dubliners, only James Stephens had the necessary musical eloquence, as well as the gaiety, the wisdom, and the love affair with language.

Lloyd Frankenberg, a poet in his own right, has already written well of James Stephens in *Pleasure Dome* and *A James Stephens Reader*. In editing this collection, he has respected Stephens's artistic integrity by including only what he was reasonably certain Stephens would have passed for printing. The resulting book is rich in the gaiety that permeates everything James Stephens wrote. This isn't a trivial gaiety dancing on the surface of life; it's a gaiety going hand in hand with profound acceptance. As Stephens puts it: "The top of being, or of art, isn't high seriousness, it is gaiety."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sibling Rivalry in Marxist Family

Tsars, Mandarins, and Commissars: A History of Chinese-Russian Relations, *by Harry Schwartz (Lippincott. 252 pp. $5), examines the mounting curve of a conflict that has ruptured the ideological alliance between the two major communist powers. Philip E. Mosely wrote "The Kremlin and World Politics."*

By PHILIP E. MOSELY

IN HIS new book Harry Schwartz has provided a brief, up-to-date, and well-written analysis of both long-range and immediate origins of the rift that has turned the two major centers of communist power into bitter enemies. Drawing on many years of experience as an analyst of Soviet developments and policies, he concludes that ". . . the Cold War, . . . as we have known it since 1945, was ended by the Soviet-Chinese split," and calls urgently for a new look at American attitudes toward China.

Unlike many commentators who so often begin the study of Russian-Chinese relations with 1949 or 1950, Dr. Schwartz traces in broad strokes the historical and geographical factors that have shaped the contacts and competition between them from the 1650s to the 1960s. In its dealings with all other modern powers, China has faced traders and conquerors who, coming from the sea, represented an element of cultural discontinuity and intrusion. Russia, on the other hand, advanced over a long and difficult land route, but in its advance it planted settlements and absorbed new territories. No matter how advanced in military and economic technology the sea-borne invaders might be, there was always the expectation in China that they would some day be thrust back into that same element. The Russians, over the same span of time, toiling forward painfully, held the new-won lands in a strong grip.

Would Russia ally itself with China against the other invaders? Or would it join the outside powers in dividing up China and exploiting its resources? This historic vacillation in Russia's policy, which has not been sufficiently emphasized in this study, helps explain why the rulers of China threw themselves into Russia's embrace in the 1890s, and again in the 1920s and 1950s, only to discover that Russia, too, had its specific territorial and other hegemonic ambitions. In part, Peking's mounting bitterness since 1957, the high point of Sino-Soviet cooperation, doubtless reflects the bitter historic lesson that China can rely only on its own strength, not on the benevolence of outsiders, even of supposed brothers in the communist faith.

A major and engrossing part of *Tsars, Mandarins, and Commissars* traces the long history of ambiguity and conflict in Moscow's dealings with the Chinese communists. Perhaps the author should have stressed even more sharply the paradox that Stalin, who treated the new regime in Peking harshly, was successful in upholding Russia's primacy, whereas Khrushchev, who did so much to raise Peking's stature and assuage its grievances, has borne the full brunt of its enmity.

Some of the most telling passages recount the vivid exchanges of hostilities that have marked the passage from concealed struggle and fraternal blackmail, veiled in the Aesopian language of communist controversy, to outright denunciation as "cowards," "war-mongers," "renegades," "racists," "revisionists," and "Trotskyites." "So long as both Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung are alive," Dr. Schwartz concludes, "a genuine reconciliation seems unlikely." Moreover, even a partial or formal reconciliation seems unlikely if, as he forecasts ". . . the two Communist parties will head [in the immediate future] what may be equivalent to separate and competing international Communist movements." Once embarked on this competition—and it is already acute in many countries—the rivals may not be able to reverse or contain it, for the conflict has acquired a momentum of its own, and both national and ideological prestige are engaged. Dr. Schwartz concludes that ". . . it is in the American interest to help sustain Chinese independence of the Soviet Union." Going beyond this general suggestion, he asks whether the United States might not also be able to discourage Chinese aggression in Southeast Asia through diplomacy and trade, or even through extending economic aid. By the 1970s, he points out, it may be important to have a stronger China as a counterweight to Russia.

There are many sound reasons for reviewing American policies toward China. For one thing, we face imminent defeat in our insistence on maintaining the exclusion of Communist China from the United Nations. Yet any such proposal for a "reversal of alliances" must be examined in far greater detail and its implications must be carefully spelled out in public debate. One merit of *Tsars, Mandarins, and Commissars* lies in its having stated, however briefly, the necessity for re-examining the basic posture of United States policy in Asia. Whether the leaders of Communist China would be similarly willing or able to review their own ideological commitments and political ambitions is far from certain. Yet Peking has been notably cautious, in deeds if not in words, in engaging directly the power of the United States.

"Read it back? If I could read it back do you think I'd be working for a crummy $65 a week!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Uniform of the Fifth Republic

De Gaulle and the French Army: A Crisis in Civil-Military Relations, *by Edgar S. Furniss, Jr. (Twentieth Century Fund. 331 pp. $4), asserts that France's worst enemy is her own soldiery. Hal Lehrman, foreign correspondent and author, has often reported from France and North Africa.*

By HAL LEHRMAN

WE SEEM to be at the start of an open season all over against the military. First Hollywood (*Dr. Strangelove* and *Seven Days in May*); now the halls of ivy, decked with foundation dollars. Professor Edgar S. Furniss, Jr., of Ohio State out of Princeton, has written for the Twentieth Century Fund (with its director, August Heckscher, brooding in a foreword about "civil-military" stresses and "man's precarious control over destructive weapons") a broth of a book asserting in effect that France's worst enemy is the French Army.

No civilian in his right, liberty-loving mind will contest the axiom that the military mind is peculiar, and that the higher the rank, the more peculiar. But there is a big leap from this to the position that one's own soldiers (outside of uncouth places like Syria, Zanzibar, or South America) are the most unnerving things around in our perilous world. Yet such is the doctrine in the current spate of antimilitary works. The result, I suggest, is to distract our mass eye from the ball of real danger.

In *Strangelove*, for example, the Soviets are bumbling, comically malicious chaps not to be taken seriously; the bad boys are all quartered in our Pentagon, and *they* will blow up the earth and moon if we don't watch out. *Seven Days* shows how other cinematic tenants in that military house of ill fame nearly capture the government of the United States. For what purpose? Why, to prevent a nasty American President from committing some sort of nuclear-ban treaty with Moscow, said treaty being a sure-fire blow for peace, of course.

In the ostensibly nonfiction department we have Mr. Furniss, a prolific analyst-historian of French affairs. His book congratulates President Charles de Gaulle on his triumphs over Army commanders who tried to frustrate his policy of "peace" by surrender in Algeria. It also explains, for good measure, that de Gaulle's drive toward an independent French nuclear capacity is mainly to give the quarrelsome military something to keep them quiet.

Once again, the villains are in uniform. De Gaulle, swathed in the sacred mufti of government, has some frailties, but these are the usual blemishes of greatness, and the author suffers them without alarm. In fact he advises his readers—and will presumably so advise his students at Columbus, O.—that de Gaulle's ambitions in France, Europe, and the whole wide world basically concur with long-range American interests. (Students from the eighth grade up who glance at headlines may have trouble squaring this with de Gaulle's current pursuit of "grandeur" in friendly Vietminh, Red China, Soviet Russia, and Cuba.)

Assessing the de Gaulle-Army struggle over Algeria, Mr. Furniss knits himself into a box with two skeins of woolly reasoning. First, he would have us believe that an army, by definition steeped in the principle of obedience, must *always* obey a constitutionally formed government, no matter how far the latter strays from constitutionalism. (Mr. Furniss sometimes admits, sometimes denies that de Gaulle has violated his own democratic constitution, though the fact of Gaullist authoritarianism should be obvious from the screaming record.) The French Army disobeyed the French Government on Algeria, hence the Army was wrong. Mr. Furniss intimates, with casual slyness, that there are similar seeds of potential military interference with civilian rule—and with libertarian values—planted along the bonny Potomac, too. If an army can defy its civilian chiefs, he implies, where are we?

But where is Mr. Furniss? Following his line, the German generals who tried to blow up Hitler (a constitutional civilian chief) must be condemned as vile mutineers against holy government, and the Nazi worthies condemned at Nuremberg should be reinstated as innocents who merely carried out orders.

Second, and this is his clincher, Mr. Furniss argues that the Army was doubly wrong because what de Gaulle sought and achieved in Algeria—native independence under a Paris-anointed regime identical with the rebel FLN—was good for Algeria, good for France, good for the U.S., good for everyone; and yet the Army resisted.

Perhaps those observers, including Mr. Furniss, who predicted that Algerian "liberation" would sprout all these goodies should not be blamed for faulty crystal-gazing (though their myopia hastened the disasters that some other observers clearly foresaw). But Mr. Furniss is insisting today that de Gaulle (and all the Furniss-type prophets) were right. Thereby he shrugs off the overwhelming evidence to the contrary in "free" Algeria: internal misery and domestic tyranny harsher than ever, one-party state and one-party civil war, foreign war (with Morocco), anti-Western postures (with Arab League, Nasser, Khrushchev, Mao, Castro). It is a bizarre brand of scholarly research that cannot even find the morning mail.

If the reader suspects that the reviewer is bearing down rather hard on the author, the reader is correct. One can overlook the book's repetitious and meandering structure. One can forgive cutely esoteric chapter-headings (*"Politique et Politique"*), an upside-down style ("Most in need of justification remained the use of torture"), a thesaurus of trite words and phrases ("the last hurrah," "he read the message loud and clear"). One can note the merit in some of the secondary discussions, such as the pros and cons of de Gaulle's *force de frappe*. But there can be no charity for Furniss's self-contradictions from one passage to the next wherever it helps his argument of the moment, and for his systematic tailoring of the material to fit the shape of his prejudices.

THUS we are told on certain pages that the Army opposed de Gaulle despite his mandate from the French people, his dedication to individual liberty and dignity, his determination to let Algeria freely choose its own form of Government—all of which makes the Army look wicked. But on other pages we learn that de Gaulle reversed his mandate, gulled the French people, reduced their liberty and dignity, and allowed Algeria no choice but his own. The Army gets no credit for having been the first to anticipate and resist all these betrayals.

The sober contentions of the military leaders that they were fighting against de Gaulle's bad faith and for an honorable, workable solution in Algeria are cited by Furniss with an air of contemptuous disbelief; he quotes as gospel, however, all assertions, without proof, that the military wanted only to make policy and keep their power for power's sake. He scornfully dismisses the Army's arsenal of "psychological

(*Continued on page* 44)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Good Artist But a Bad Friend

The Letters of Wyndham Lewis, *edited by W. K. Rose (New Directions. 580 pp. $8.50), reveals an artist who, though embattled and bitter, was nevertheless significant. Sir Herbert Read has published numerous volumes of criticism.*

By HERBERT READ

PERHAPS I should declare my personal bias. I first met Wyndham Lewis in 1917, when I was twenty-four and unknown and he was eleven years my senior and already established as the leader of the *avant-garde* in London. We became good friends and remained friends for more than thirty years (as the letters written to me and published in this volume show). But Lewis, who was born with a chip on his shoulder (pathologically speaking, a persecution complex), gradually turned against me and finally cast me for the role of The Demon of Progress. That he misrepresented both my character and my ideals does not seem to matter greatly now. Lewis was a sick man when he wrote his diatribe and, in so far as it concerns me personally, I have long ago consigned it to oblivion.

What lives on is the man I knew intimately in the Twenties, a man who generously helped me with his advice (he once advised me to take all the adjectives out of a poem, which I did, greatly to its improvement), a man who strongly influenced me at a critical stage of my development, a man whom I acknowledged as a great artist, a great moralist, and as potentially a great leader of the modern movement. But just at this point Lewis failed us: he was incapable of leadership, not from any innate sense of modesty (far from that!) and not from any lack of sympathy or enthusiasm. He was simply incapable of cooperation and, as these letters reveal, again and again broke his promises or betrayed his friends.

W. K. Rose, in his preface to this volume, is frank enough to recognize these imperfections of character, chief of which was the persecution mania already mentioned. "Covering such a long period, the letters provide a definitive history of the rise and fall of the affliction. They do not, I think, make a reader more charitable towards it; at times its destructiveness is all too apparent." The reader is comparatively lucky, and his charity is gratuitous. The friends of Lewis, however, had to live with his mania, and that called for more than charity—for what might be called an almost masochistic submission. Only on that supposition can one explain the enduring friendship of so many of those he scorned and rejected.

—*Self-portrait (c. 1913)*

Wyndham Lewis—"born with a chip on his shoulder."

With all his anger and bitterness, his contemptuousness and treacherousness, he was nevertheless a fascinating person. "He presents an image by turns lowering and hearty, but always energized," says Professor Rose, and that was true. Human energy did "radiate from him in awesome quantities," but the sad thing is that it never led to any permanent achievement. I do not altogether discount Lewis's satirical writings and certainly not his early paintings, but there is a sense in which all great art depends on the quality Lewis so conspicuously lacked: I have called it cooperation but that is only the active aspect of a love of humanity. In a revealing letter written in 1940 to Leonard Amster, at that time a New York publisher, Lewis confessed that his life had been a failure, and he puts the blame on society. "Society is not organized properly. The money-value everywhere usurps the place that belongs to the values of greater importance." He then proceeds to explain how he had reacted to this situation:

> I started life as what is called a "revolutionary" (in art and letters): a man of the *tabula rasa*. I thought everything could be wiped out in a day, and rebuilt nearer to the heart's desire. . . . It took me a long time to discover that men never change. . . . I am often today called a *reactionary*. I am not that at all. But I at times have accepted the conservative viewpoint, for conservative action seemed to me all that people were capable of, and that more could be got out of them by indulging their conservatism than by whipping them up into novel efforts.

Lewis is, of course, indulging in the well-known process of rationalization. His conservatism, as he preferred to call it (it was properly to be called reactionary because it involved an attack on his own earlier ideals, and even a disavowal of his own earlier work), proceeded from his deep sense of failure as an artist. He confesses as much in this same letter. "My trade is painting. Many of my books are merely a protest against Anglo-Saxon civilization, which puts so many obstacles in the way of the artist. I really do believe in music, pictures, and books; that is a completely authentic obsession of mine. The politician and religionist mean very little to me, except in relation to those activities—which are the instruments of men, to make life bearable and independent of systems just as much as science."

WITH this *cri de coeur* we can all sympathize. The life of the artist in modern society is all but impossible, but it is made possible, or at least tolerable, by what Lewis lacked—the sense of a common purpose. It is significant that the various periodicals Lewis founded and edited—*Blast*, *The Tyro*, *The Enemy*—were written almost entirely by himself. It is true that he did invite contributions from his friends, but these were either rejected or subordinated to his own blasting. He was invited to contribute to periodicals like *Art & Letters* and *The Criterion*, but these letters show with what difficulty this was achieved. Lewis was a lone wolf and preferred to howl from his own point of vantage.

Whatever may be the final view of Lewis as an artist (and an artist of variety as well as vitality) there can be no question of his historical significance. He was not a catalyst, and in any case that metaphor is overworked. He was, rather, a torpedo—one of those fish with an electric apparatus for numbing or

(*Continued on page* 43)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Lake in the Clouds

WHEN I was a boy in New York I used to spend my Saturday afternoons—times when I should have been playing stickball with the other kids—at the movies watching Fitzpatrick's celluloid chronicles about far places. I came to have a rather intimate knowledge of the butterfly nets of Pátzcuaro, and I can still, almost on call, summon the background music that accompanied the soft, gliding canoes of the natives.

My excursions in the years that followed—I did eventually, of course, as my parents knew I would, find gainful employment—took me to many romantic dells, but never to Pátzcuaro. En route, recently, to determine just what fateful attraction lay in Puerto Vallarta, a recent discovery of the Bohemians and the romantics (*SR*, March 14), I found myself on the main highway between Mexico City and Guadalajara. Just past Morelia a short diversion leads to Pátzcuaro, and I decided to take it.

The night was wet and cold, so damp and so chilly, in fact, that a fire crackled in the dining room of the Posada de Don Vasco. It made that salon about the only cheery part of a hotel that had been billed in *Terry's Guide to Mexico* as "old, colonial-style inn, 55 large, comfortably furnished rooms, fair dining room, casino, bowling, billiards, poor cocktail arrangements." My room was anything but large and comfortably furnished. It was, as a matter of fact, small and freezing, and since it had no window, it seemed to me more like a cell than a suite. The parlor, a room of doubtful attraction, was decorated with ancient magazines and cheerless plush furniture. The casino, a large and barren hall, looked to me to be a playground for the local teens rather than a resort for travelers.

I left it all, after a disappointing tour, for the dining room, where waitresses with sharp Indian features, their hair in long single pigtails and their ample girth tied with white aprons, rustled back and forth over the lacy Spanish rugs that had been laid over the tile floors. The favorite dish, one to be found every waking day at the Posada de Don Vasco, is a fried fish from Lake Pátzcuaro, a repast in which one is supposed to recognize the outline of the *Virgen de la Salud* in the bones of the head.

All good tourists, on the morrow, flock to the lake to see the butterfly net fishing and the island of Janitzio, a curious round green mound with an oversized statue of Morelos, the Mexican revolutionary, on top. I recognized all the people I had seen the night before in the dining room at the Posada making their arrangements, through their guides, for the boats that would take them across the placid waters. Lake Pátzcuaro is the highest navigable lake in Mexico. It has five islands, of which Janitzio, which is inhabited by pure Tarascan Indians, is the most celebrated.

The fishermen are out with their nets during the early morning hours, paddling their dugout canoes to corners of the lake where the *pescado blanco*, or whitefish, can be netted. The boats, a small armada of them by now, all chugged off in the same direction. In the middle of the lake were a group of fishermen, and when the boats approached they agreeably began to dip their long-handled nets into the water. They came up with nothing, mainly because this group was in fact a decoy arranged to keep the tourists away from the main body of fishermen who were dipping in earnest a good mile and a half across the water.

The lake, which is 6,717 feet above sea level, is the centerpiece for at least fifteen Indian villages strung along it. The dugout canoes have hardly changed with the centuries. Nor, for that matter, have the butterfly nets, which are huge oval rims bent in the center and then fitted with a long handle that forms a spine. Besides fishing, the Indians are also eager hunters after duck, which they attack with a sort of javelin fitted on the end with three prongs.

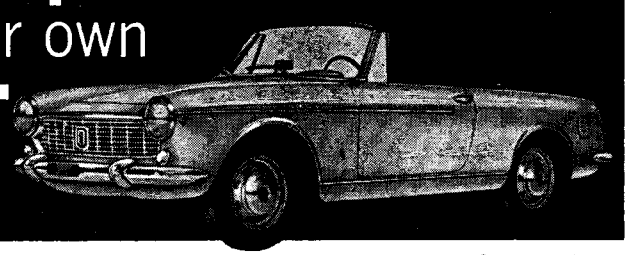
No matter where one goes on the lake, the huge hulking statue of Morelos seems to look on. It is a massive concrete figure taller than the Statue of Liberty and, like it, hollowed out and fitted with a stairway. Murals of the life of Morelos, a priest and professor who became a leader of the fight against Spain, decorate the interior walls. As for the rest of the island, it is a hilly and rather morose place in spite of the presence of barefoot Indian girls who wear fetching pigtails and bright aprons, and even in spite of the blaring radios that are turned perpetually to top volume but seem somehow to go unheard.

Women wash on the rocks near the wharf where the boats come in, and along the village paths pigs nudge tourists out of the way in their quest for loose garbage. A camera pointed at a madonna and child is likely to produce the sudden cry of "*Un peso!*" The hand is outstretched and the look is hard and determined. Nor is there any particular feeling of charity in the courtyard of the church, where my preparations to photograph an assembly of calla lillies and gladioli, collected for an upcoming fete, produced a rumble of discontent among the women gathered there.

All along the grubby byways of the island men and women were mending and making nets. And those who didn't minister to the needs of the fishing fleet were making straw figures of fishermen and butterfly nets for the pleasure of the tourists. Corn hung on racks from the ceilings, stored for future meals; straw mats woven from lake reeds hung over the balconies to be aired; and the radio music blared on and on.

I walked uphill to the archway that marked the entrance to the cemetery. The net menders worked at the very gates. Far below them, on the flat blue lake, I could see the fishing canoes at work. There were no monuments in the cemetery, only squares of rocks. Once a year, on the second of November, all Janitzio celebrates the Day of the Dead. The entire village flocks to the hilltop and spreads tablecloths and napkins on the graves. Thousands of candles are lighted and offerings are laid, particularly effigies and skulls made of sugar, along with corn and fruit. In that ma-

see **Europe**
in your own
FIAT
...AND SAVE



For free brochure on money-saving Fiat Overseas Delivery Plans contact your FIAT Dealer, your Travel Agent or write

FIAT MOTOR COMPANY, INC. OVERSEAS ASSISTANCE 500 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEE MORE OF BRITAIN . . . PAY LESS

on a BritRail tour planned just for you!

See *more* of Britain on a BritRail tour. You travel by train quickly and in comfort. And as you take your ease, you see everything — the green fields, the English villages, the busy towns.

Pay *less,* because BritRail prices are remarkably low. You stay at some of Britain's finest hotels, and live like a lord wherever you go.

Just tell us the places you wish to visit and we'll do the rest. To help you decide, here are three suggested tours . . .

9-day Journey into History.

See Cambridge, York, Chester, Stratford-upon-Avon, Bath and London — a living panorama of England's colorful history. Only $130 inclusive.

9-day Scenic tour of Scotland.

From London to Edinburgh, then to Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness and through the glorious Highlands. Back from Glasgow to London. Just $160, and every hotel a delight.

9-day Four Capitals tour.

See the majesty of London, the dignity of Edinburgh, the charms of Dublin and Belfast. $150, including first-class sea crossings.

Here are some more bargains! British Railways "Thrift Coupons" can give you up to 1,100 miles of travel for only $30. And with a "Guest Pass," you can travel anywhere in England, Scotland and Wales for just $4.20 a day.

Just mail this coupon for details of travel bargains in beautiful Britain, to:—

British & Irish Railways, Inc.,
630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.

Please send me details of:

- ☐ An independent BritRail tour of the British Isles
- ☐ Thrift Coupons
- ☐ Guest Pass
- ☐ Please send, too, free 24-page full-color brochure, "See More of Britain by Train"

Arm yourself with this information and see your Travel Agent.

NAME .....
please print

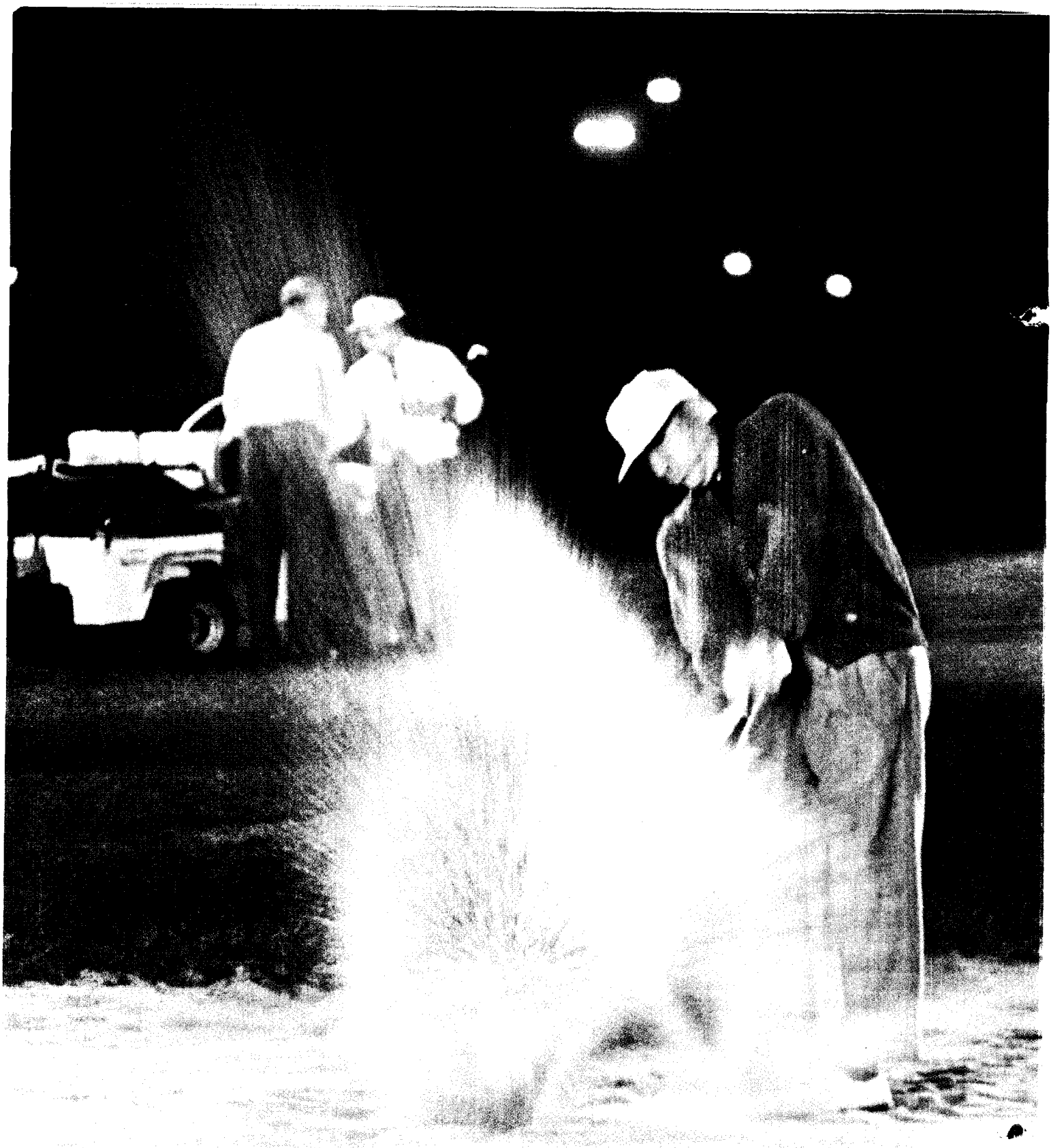
ADDRESS .....

CITY/ZONE ..... STATE .....

British Railways

SR 4/4

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How General Electric is helping add an extra day of fun to your week

If you're tired of getting up at dawn to get on a course, try night golf—one of many ways we're trying to extend the time America's sports enthusiasts can enjoy their favorite activity

There are 6,000,000 golfers in America, and half a million more are attacking par (and the fairway turf) every year.

Bowlers are increasing at an even faster pace. New tennis players descend on the courts at the rate of 250,000 a year, and it seems as though anyone within a hundred miles of water has a boat.

Keeping all the sports enthusiasts happy puts a strain on facilities, and General Electric is trying to help. Lighted golf courses now welcome the foursomes until midnight; lighted marinas let more sailors enjoy the water for more hours.

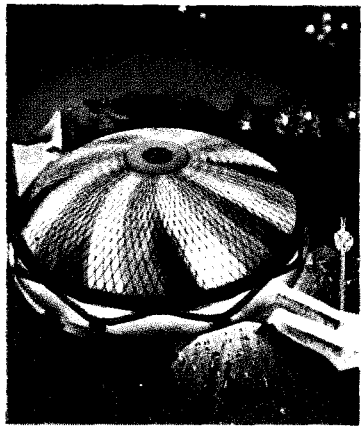
We're helping to speed up play, too. General Electric-powered ski tows give skiers more runs on the slopes. Automatic pin machines, powered and controlled by General Electric equipment, make it possible for more bowlers to bowl more often.

Helping you enjoy longer hours of recreation is just one of the ways General Electric is trying to meet the needs of people. Many of us are golfers, bowlers and boating buffs, too. Day *and* night.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

New light on entertainment. See General Electric Progressland at the New York World's Fair. Day and night, it sparkles with enjoyment for the whole family.



Boating at night. Sailors can enjoy extra hours on the water and be sure of having plenty of light to dock at Los Angeles' new well-lighted marina.

Time to spare. Bowling is much faster when pins are placed and the ball returned automatically—with equipment using General Electric motors and controls.

Climbing made quicker. At New Hampshire's Mt. Cranmore, the Skimobile whisks skiers 5,000 feet to the summit in minutes. Powered by General Electric.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you've planned a trip to Europe, this ad will ruin your plans.

Look at the price of any trip you might be considering.

Then look at ours for one like it. Now look at what you almost went and did. Spent more money than you had to. It's much better spent on vin or vino or wein. Or at the rate you're going, champagne.

Not because we skimped anywhere. Every tour includes air, land and/or sea transportation and sightseeing. Fine hotels and meals. Plus guides to help you with the unfamiliar details of foreign travel. (Passports, insurance and vino are on you.)

There are two ways for you to tour Europe with EL AL. You can take any of the tours that are outlined on the coupons below.

(The last coupon will get you information on 32 other tours that we just didn't have room for here. Pity.)

Or you can have an unescorted tour put together in any way you choose. Don't worry about the price. It gets put together with the same inexpensive pieces.

So pick a trip, clip it out, fill it in, send it along. And pack.

If you can't find a stamp, call your travel agent. He knows as much about what we have to offer as we do. And that way you get to ask questions.

Oh, sorry about your other plans. But we'd be sorrier to have us both lose money.

EL AL Israel Airlines, New York • Philadelphia • Chicago • Washington, D.C. • Cleveland • Miami • Beverly Hills • Detroit.

EL AL

EUROPEAN TABLEAU

$505*

Tour #G87: 21 days to *London, Brussels, Amsterdam, Cologne, Heidelberg, Innsbruck, Lucerne, Strasbourg, Rheims, Paris.*

EL AL, DEPT B., 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
NAME OF TRAVEL AGENT (IF ANY) _____

INVITATION TO SPAIN, PARIS & RIVIERA

(plus 6 day Mediterranean Cruise)

$898*

Tour #757: 21 days to *Paris, Madrid, Granada, Malaga, Algeciras, Seville, Cordova, Barcelona, Palma de Majorca, Tunis, Palermo, Naples, Genoa, Bastia, Cannes.*

EL AL, DEPT B., 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
NAME OF TRAVEL AGENT (IF ANY) _____

ECSTASY TOUR

$757*

21 days to *Paris, Lyon, Nice, Pisa, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Lausanne, London.*

EL AL, DEPT B., 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
NAME OF TRAVEL AGENT (IF ANY) _____

ODYSSEY TOUR

$1,197*

21 days to *Athens, Piraeus, (plus 1 week Greek Islands cruise to Crete–Rhodes–Ephesus–Istanbul –Delos–Myconos) return to Piraeus, Rome, Nice, Paris, London.*

EL AL, DEPT B., 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
NAME OF TRAVEL AGENT (IF ANY) _____

HEART OF EUROPE

$529*

Tour #G83: 21 days to *London, Brussels, Konigswinter, Regensburg, Vienna, Budapest, Graz, Venice, Innsbruck, Basle, Troyes, Paris.*

EL AL, DEPT B., 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
NAME OF TRAVEL AGENT (IF ANY) _____

TOUR E

$874‡

30 days–8 countries. *Paris, Dijon, Lucerne, Lausanne, Grenoble, Nice, Rapallo, Siena, Sorrento, Rome, Florence, Venice, Innsbruck, Salzburg, Rothenburg, Coblenz, Amsterdam, London.*

EL AL, DEPT B., 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
NAME OF TRAVEL AGENT (IF ANY) _____

MEDITERRANEAN OF THE NORTH

$579*

Tour #G85: 21 days to *London, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Jonkoping, Stockholm, Karlstad, Oslo, Goteborg, Flensburg, Bremen, Maastricht, London.*

EL AL, DEPT B., 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
NAME OF TRAVEL AGENT (IF ANY) _____

EUROPEAN SCENIC HOLIDAYS

by Rail

$965*

21 days to *London, Paris, Amsterdam, Lucerne, Venice, Rome, Capri, Florence, Nice, Menton, Monte Carlo.*

EL AL, DEPT B., 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
NAME OF TRAVEL AGENT (IF ANY) _____

Don't hold out on me. I'm intrigued by those 32 tours you didn't have room for. Send me a booklet describing all 40 tours. Even if I never go anywhere.

EL AL, DEPT B., 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 20, N.Y.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
NAME OF TRAVEL AGENT (IF ANY) _____

*BASED ON 21 DAY JET ECONOMY EXCURSION AIR FARE, ROUND TRIP FROM NEW YORK. ‡ BASED ON JET ECONOMY AIR FARE, OFF-SEASON, ROUND TRIP FROM NEW YORK.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cabre setting the Tarascans begin to sing their sad folk music and the bells toll into the night.

It cannot be said that the outside world does not penetrate the Tarascan cultures. Nor do the Indians necessarily pattern themselves after the tourists they see. We gave an islander a ride back to the mainland. He wore a cowboy hat, blue jeans, a huge brass belt buckle embossed with a bronco buster, cowboy boots, and an expandable watchband of gilded gold on his wrist.

Very little of this mutation of cultures can be seen in Pátzcuaro itself, where horsemen still trot into town sitting tall in an elegant saddle of fancy silver. I have watched them with wonder as they come easily along the cobbled street, dismount, open a door, and then lead the horse into some mysterious patio that remains, once the door closes, unseen from the street and perhaps even unknown.

There is said to be a continuing distrust of foreigners that is traceable all the way back to the Conquistadores, who visited unspeakable tortures on the Tarascans. The Indians were so isolated that they were not, at the outset, in the path of the oncoming Spaniards. They had heard of the advances against the Aztecs, against whom they had also fought, and sent emissaries to meet Cortez. A lieutenant, sent at the head of an expedition, plundered the villages and tortured the inhabitants. Franciscan priests who followed tried to mollify the populace, but another party, this time headed by Nuño de Guzmán, was worse than the first and, seizing the chief of the Tarascans, barbecued him to an agonizing death. Later came Don Vasco, a lawyer who became a bishop and led the Indians to an ultimate (and perhaps tentative) conversion to Christianity.

The two squares of Pátzcuaro, the Plaza Grande and the Plaza Chica, still provide the greatest repository of Tarascan life, especially on Fridays when a lively market comes to town. Indian women, wearing their huge pleated skirts and their hammered silver pendants hung from rosary beads, shuffle into town to sell pottery, carvings, fruit and vegetables, huge ponchos with a center hole for the head, trim little triangular sweaters without sleeves, and horror masks for folk dances.

The library in the Plaza Chica is a gem of colonial decor. The white walls that support the vaulted ceiling are hung with ironwork lamps and lined with old, dark wood desks. At one end of the room stands a brilliant mural by Juan O'Gorman. The library is named for Gertrudis Bocanegra, a martyr of the Independence whose statue decorates the square.

I drove out along the main road where the jackpines line the highway, their trunks painted white and their feathery

branches covering the byway in shade. Handicraft shops and small factories line the road, making pottery and dying wool in a way that I suspect is not very Tarascan at all. In fact, one of the most interesting dens of all is the factory of Luis G. Salinas, who makes the wonderful lacy Spanish rope rugs that one sees in Barcelona and along the Costa Brava. Señor Salinas, as it turns out, imported himself and his family from Spain a few years ago and is now weaving the very same rugs right in Pátzcuaro. A seven-by-five-foot rug costs about $42 at the factory, a 10-by-14-foot expanse, your choice of colors, about $122.

After a last lunch of *pescado blanco* in the Don Vasco—I must say I became, before I left, more fond of *him* than I did of the hotel that honors his memory—I drove out of town in search of the main Mexico-Guadalajara road I had left. On the way I stopped at Tzintzuntzan, the old regal seat of the kingdom of the Tarascans. The name means "Place of the Hummingbirds," for it was the hummingbirds who were the spokesmen of the Tarascan gods. Forty thousand citizens lived here before the conquest. Five pyramids, running along a ridge line, still exist, and so do the gnarled old olive trees that were planted by Don Vasco. Olives might have become an important product for Mexico, had it not been for the edict handed down from Spain that decreed that no olive trees were to be planted in the colony for 400 years. The specified time was considered enough to give Spain's olive growers a good head start. And, even though the viceroys left in 1821, the truth of it is that it did. —HORACE SUTTON.

Now — lighter in weight • Flexible binding to fit your pocket • Tips for the budgeteer • And more information than ever . . .

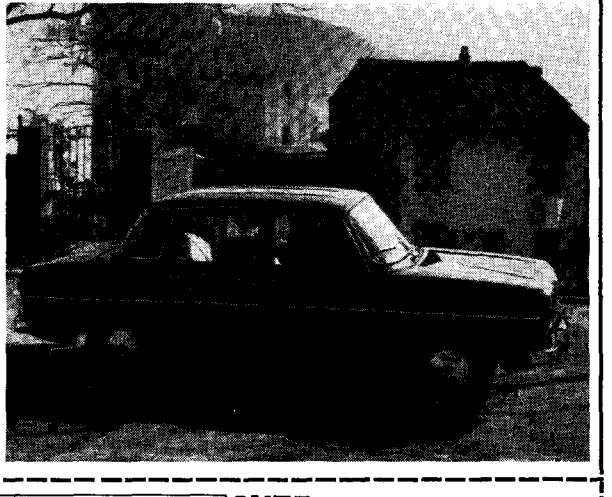
Fielding's
TRAVEL GUIDE TO EUROPE: 1964 Edition
$6.95

The Temple Fieldings' Selective Shopping Guide to Europe
1964 Edition $1.95

IT'S SMART TO GO FIELDING!
SLOANE-MORROW

Europe at your fingertips...

in your own new Renault Dauphine or R-8 with push-button automatic transmission. Up to 64 kilometers per gallon (40 miles of Europe!). All this driving comfort and economy for as little as $1,250 f.o.b. Paris. • Over 5,500 Renault dealers throughout Europe are ready and equipped to help you should the occasion arise. Learn more about the car geared for American driving that knows its way around Europe. Visit your Renault dealer or mail this coupon today, and we'll see that you get the full story on the Renault Overseas Plan.



RENAULT OVERSEAS SALES
RENAULT, INC., 750 THIRD AVE.
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017

S 5

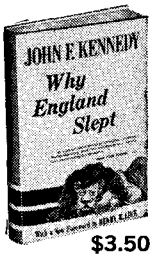
NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why England Slept
by John F. Kennedy

Written by the late John F. Kennedy when he was a senior at Harvard. **Why England Slept** is a brilliant appraisal of events that led to World War II. Reissued by popular demand, this is a special collector's edition — with a foreword by Henry R. Luce.



At all bookstores $3.50
WILFRED FUNK, INC.
360 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. 10017

THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY

JUST PUBLISHED
FIFTH EDITION
REVISED AND COMPLETELY RESET
More than 32,000 entries.
1,584 pages. $5.50
With thumb index, $7.50

"It is not only without a superior, it is literally without a rival."
—The Times (London)

17th Annual
WRITERS' CONFERENCE
June 8 - June 19
Conference leaders: WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK (short story); ANDREW LYTLE (novel); HOWARD NEMEROV (poetry). Conference Director: BREWSTER GHISELIN. Request brochure from Professor Brewster Ghiselin, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah 84112.
University of Utah Summer School

CASH CONTEST
The Fifth National REBEL Writing Contest offers $250 in cash prizes. $100 for the best poem; $100 for the best prose (essay, drama, or short story); $25 for the second-best in each category. No word limit. Typed manuscripts must be postmarked no later than April 24, 1964. Send to REBEL Writing Contest, Box 2486, Greenville, N.C. Winners will be notified in May. The REBEL assumes no responsibility for the return of manuscripts unaccompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

SAILING VACATION
NEW WINDJAMMER "MARY DAY"
Accommodations and Meals
$125 per week, tax included
No extras or tips
FOR RESERVATIONS OR FOLDER WRITE:
Capt. H. S. Hawkins
Sedgwick, Maine

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

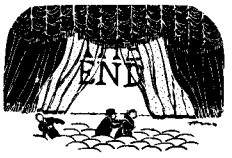
Politics and Puppy Love

IT TAKES about three hours and ten minutes (exclusive of intermission) for Rome to crumble in Samuel Bronston's screen spectacle *The Fall of the Roman Empire*, but even at this accelerated pace the process seems to occur in slow motion. The Ultra-Panavision Technicolor account focuses on the death of Emperor Marcus Aurelius (enacted and meditated by Alec Guinness) and the twelve-year reign of his dissolute son, Commodus (acted with an evil smirk by Christopher Plummer). It is implied that Rome might have survived if a good, brave Roman general named Livius (Stephen Boyd) had been named Emperor instead of Commodus, because Livius believed in a liberal, enlightened policy toward the messy-looking barbarians led by John Ireland. Livius and Commodus are both friends and enemies. When they are being friends they grin at each other, squirt wine down their throats, and slam each other on the back, and when they are being enemies they do much the same thing. This creates a mild suspense as to which they are being.

More suspense is created by the love affair between Livius and Lucilla, daughter of Marcus Aurelius (played with monumental dignity and total lack of emotion by Sophia Loren). The suspense comes from wondering when Mr. Boyd or Miss Loren will do or say anything that has any meaning. Never before have script writers (there were three involved) written a screenplay like this one, in which the two main parts are complete voids. One must assume that when Mr. Bronston offered Mr. Boyd and Miss Loren huge sums to journey to Spain for the movie, they took time only to read the contract and not the script. Several others also appear to great disadvantage in the film, among them James Mason, Omar Sharif, Mel Ferrer, and Anthony Quayle. Anthony Mann, the director, has staged some confusing battle scenes, and toward the end he masses huge crowds in a reconstruction of the Roman Forum.

This set of the Forum steals what picture there is left to steal. It was built full-size, cost almost as much as the stars, and is most handsome and impressive until the end, when suddenly Commodus, for reasons that may have been clear to him but aren't to me, is seen coming out of a huge stone hand smack in the middle of the Forum. After this movie has ground its way through the world's theater circuits, it might be worthwhile excerpting some of the Forum footage and using it for educational purposes. But anyone who wants to learn anything about the fall of Rome had better go back to Gibbon.

Contemporary American politics, and specifically the behind-the-scenes maneuvering of a political convention, are explored in *The Best Man*, adapted by Gore Vidal from his own Broadway play. The political party is not identified in the film, but there is a flavoring of references to certain figures of both major parties, and Franklin Schaffner, the director, has worked hard at capturing a lively, sometimes frantic mood and atmosphere. The two major candidates are played by Henry Fonda (liberal, decent, slightly vacillating) and Cliff Robertson (conservative, aggressive, unscrupulous), and of the two Mr. Robertson takes the acting honors. I didn't find much profundity in this picturing of political infighting, if only because Mr.



Vidal seems less concerned with the strengths and weaknesses of the democratic process than with vivifying the kind of scandalous undercurrents that sometimes accompany elections.

Now, with the "important" movies out of the way, I can feel free to turn to *The World of Henry Orient*, which stars Peter Sellers at the top of his form, and introduces a fifteen-year-old actress whose name is Tippy Walker and who steals the movie from Mr. Sellers. Miss Walker wears teeth braces, grins horribly, smiles meltingly, and runs around in her mother's old too-big-for-her mink coat. She's developed a terrible case of puppy love for the well-known concert pianist Henry Orient. She follows him around, keeps a scrapbook on his activities, and frightens the guilt-ridden fellow, who is in the habit of seducing every woman he meets, to the point of palpitations. In fact, she's just too much for everyone in the cast, and they include such acting experts as Angela Lansbury, Tom Bosley, and Paula Prentiss. The script was written by Nora and Nunnally Johnson from Mrs. Johnson's book, and its a good one until it gets sort of mushy and Radio City Music Hall at the end. But if you can remain immune to Tippy Walker's charm you're stronger than I am.

—Hollis Alpert.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manner of Speaking

Continued from page 13

ic sequence back into their own dull words.

I put "The Listeners" in my anthology as a powerful dream-sequence presented in words that are far more important for their connotations than for their denotations. Almost nothing is specified by the words and therefore suggestion must take over. Allegory can be ruled out on the assumption that had de la Mare intended any set allegory he would have had simple ways to make it apparent. What he created was a dramatic image full of emotional possibilities. The image may have arisen, as alleged, from that solitary session that was supposed to have been a class reunion. But if so, it was certainly transmuted beyond recognition.

Students, obdurate or otherwise, will find few better images to think in and to think into. Teacher must not let them get away with their effort to translate the poetry of the thing into their own tawdry terms. They must stretch to the poem's terms, which are most truly their own terms when they have grown enough to know it. A poem, to be sure, seems to be made of words, for words are its medium. But a poem is not a number of words: it is a thing, an existence, as a painting is an existence. The teacher walks into the trap of his students' own ignorance when he lets them talk it down to campus-talk.

The thing—the existence—that a poem is need imply no supernatural wonders, though its essence is mystery. A poem, if it is a poem at all, is an experience; and if it is a good poem it is a profound experience, the sort of experience that will not be told all at once, but that must be lived into. Is, let us say, "Kubla Khan" a meaning? Is a dream—a mysterious, unparaphrasable, but recurring and compelling dream—a meaning? It hints at our lives and makes us know, from some living center, that it does. Perhaps we cannot say what center that is, but we know it is one of which we must be reminded lest we shallow ourselves in forgetting.

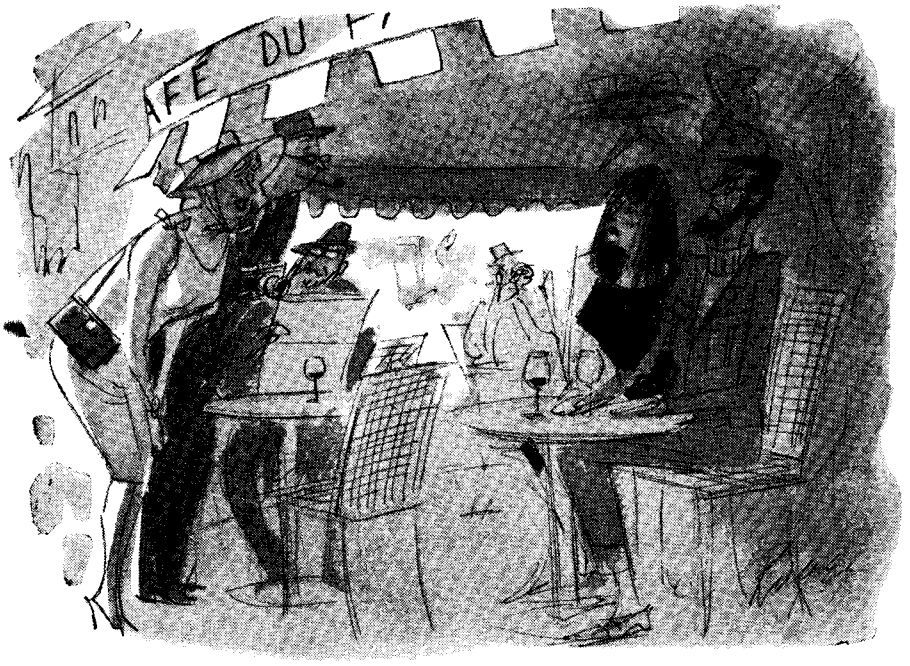
There is no way of stating the meaning of "Kubla Khan," but it has survived as a masterpiece. It is, in fact, a place in the memory of English-speaking people that can be visited as surely as one may visit, say, the Taj Mahal.

Who can say what it means to stand in front of the Taj Mahal? But who can fail to see that if the questions a man asks are deep to his life, then the Taj Mahal is a fruitful presence in which to feel them. "Who am I?" is one such question. I suggest that it is more askable, more feelingfully and sentiently invocable, in front of the Taj Mahal (or in the presence of "The Listeners") than in Penn Station (or in the presence of a Walter Winchell column).

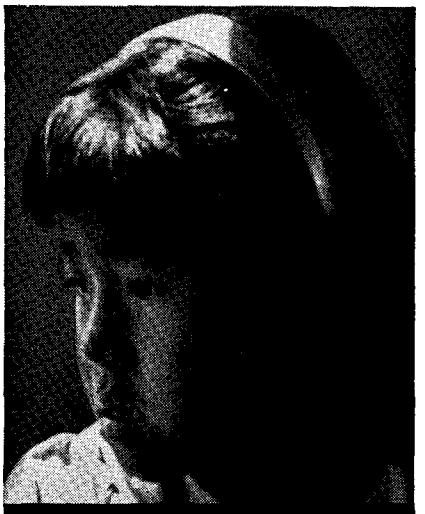
And to return to Paradise, let me quote three lines from the Tenth Canto, as I have (alas) mangled them into American:

> I set out food, but you yourself must feed!
> For matters I must yet record demand
> all my attention, and I must proceed.

—John Ciardi.



"Harry! Isn't that Freda Shultzheimer's talented little boy 'Chickie'?"



The loneliness of a little girl

Her name is Patricia Bright Eagle, a forgotten child with a proud tradition. Patricia's home is made of mud and sticks; her food consists mainly of fried bread and corn.

Like other six-year-old children, Patricia started school this year. It was a frightening experience for her. Unable to speak but a few words of English, Patricia suddenly found herself in a world where she became self-conscious and ashamed of her clothes, of her name, of her appearance...of herself. She stays apart, bewildered and lonely.

Patricia will soon learn to speak English, but there are some things school cannot give her, things that the other children have. She needs new shoes, decent clothes, money for school activities and school supplies—and for an occasional luxury such as a bracelet or a small toy. She needs the help of someone who cares... someone to give her the confidence and assurance she needs so desperately to participate in voluntary school and community services.

If not you...who?

You—or your club or office group—can give these things to Patricia or another needy Indian child through SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION. Your contribution of just $10.00 a month, $120.00 a year, will provide a child with funds to buy suitable clothing, books and a cash allowance for school activities.

You will receive a photograph, a case history, and progress reports on the child you sponsor. You may also correspond with the child, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship. Won't you please help?

save the children

Serving Children for 31 Years
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $120.00 annually to help an American Indian Girl ☐ Boy ☐
Enclosed is my first payment:
$10.00 a month ☐ $60.00 semi-annually ☐
$30.00 a quarter ☐ $120.00 annually ☐
I cannot sponsor a child; enclosed is a contribution of $_____

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____
Contributions are tax deductible. SR-4-4-4

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Tebaldi-Gobbi-Corelli *Tosca*—Nilsson, Szell

THE KIND of operatic performance that revives hopes and rekindles standards rewarded those who were fortunate enough to attend the Metropolitan's first *Tosca* in two years. Present as promised were Renata Tebaldi, undertaking the second role of her resumed career, and Tito Gobbi in his first Metropolitan appearance in much too long. Present though not promised was Franco Corelli, who became a party to the proceedings in consequence of Barry Morell's indisposition.

The air of excitement was communicated first to, and by, Fausto Cleva, whose opening orchestral proclamation had a solidity and thrust prophetic of things to come. What came not only justified the excitement but rendered a sermon on the values that make opera an art and rejoiced those who esteem it in all its forms, from the sophisticated to the primitive. The text is, in all simplicity, that neither man nor woman can live by voice alone: for Corelli, who had the most of it, finished a distanced third to Tebaldi and Gobbi, who were, in one form or another, working with all professionalism against the need to protect and preserve.

As Gobbi's Scarpia is internationally esteemed, it should be sufficient to say that it is today even more a paragon than ever before—sinister, polished, suave, as much a gentleman as a villain. However, this would award him less than his due in artistry, both dramatic and vocal, in making every sound the counterpart of a theatrical purpose. For Scarpia is a role that is all theater, and the more so the better it is played. In an achievement that flowed from one moment to the next with never a break of concentration, one might single out the revealing detail in which he flicked the feather of his quill pen against Tosca's arm as he prepared to write her safe conduct pass—a charming touch of character, both humorous and sadistic. Those who miss his further appearances have only themselves to blame.

As Tosca, Tebaldi took a long stride ahead from the Mimi in *Bohème* which she had sung the week before. This was not so much a by-product of replenished vocal strength as of greater abandon in the use of what she currently possesses. The sound was more pointed, less abundant than in times past, but she manipulated it, in Act I, with a greater emphasis on word values and dramatic purpose. In Act II, she drove without stint to the high C (on "Non è ver") and put her emotional reserve to the test of a "Vissi d'arte" that was more meaningful than some she has sung in times of greater vocal abundance. The clamorous response of the audience probably melted any inner blocks (vocal or otherwise) that remained. There was, indeed, a suggestion of faith renewed and confidence restored in her response to the tempest of applause at the act's end, earned, merited, and accorded.

Amid these highly conscious acts of operatic artistry, Corelli's loud and assertive Cavaradossi made him less a participant than a contestant, striving to equalize by volume what he lacked in artistic resource. Doubtless the day will come when he, too, will know how and where to apply what he commands in masculine vitality, but it will be, one fears, at the expense of many overstressed "Vittorias" and a plethora of other vocal excesses. For all that, this was a *Tosca* to remember, not only for the sparks generated by Tebaldi and Gobbi and Cleva, but also for their communication to Justino Diaz in his first, excellent Angelotti and Mariano Caruso's accomplished Spoletta. The theater capable of such first-class results cannot in justice be measured by any other.

There was, fleetingly, a comparable quality in the performance of Verdi's *Macbeth* that rounded out the trinity of operas on Shakespearean texts produced to mark the quatercentenary of the playwright's birth. It had the most to do with Birgit Nilsson's impersonation for the first time of Lady Macbeth, and particularly with her treatment of the Sleepwalking Scene. From its first moments, when she appeared *en negligée*, candle in hand and hair streaming down her back, this was another order of effort from that which had proceeded. The carefully shaded vocal colorations, gradations of volume and finesse in the delivery of a soft D-flat above the staff (gliding down an octave to the final pianissimo) made one forget she had ever sung Isolde, Turandot, or even Aïda.

Unfortunately for those who cheer silently, in print, the audience response was measurably less than to the steely thrust and security of her singing earlier, which had less affinity with Verdi and practically none with Shakespeare. By comparison with the well-dramatized sleepwalking scene, this remained singing for singing's sake, more ladylike than a Lady Macbeth should be. Considering how well she does what is by far the most difficult part of the role, it would be a pity if she didn't amend the beginning to make it worthy of the end.

More's the pity, too, that so much good sound from Cornell MacNeil was applied with so limited dramatic resource to the requirements of Macbeth. Granted that Verdi didn't make it easy, vis-à-vis the more compelling music he wrote for Lady Macbeth, and granted, too, that MacNeil made more of his effort as the evening progressed, there was much more within his grasp than he reached out to touch. By contrast, Jerome Hines as Banquo was as outstanding, vocally, as he was physically, with a brooding sense of impending disaster in everything he did. As MacDuff, George Shirley performed with admirable seriousness and musicality, though without the vocal striking power to meet "Ah! la paterna mano" on equal terms. Somewhat similar in the disparity of intention and achievement was the conducting of Nello Santi, which takes too much of the score at face value and does too little to lift it from a commonplace level.

George Szell proved that a baton can also be a magic wand when he converted the New York Philharmonic into an orchestra of greatness for the time in which it performed Strauss's *Don Quixote* last week with Pierre Fournier in the title role and William Lincer as Sancho Panza. This was an outcome compounded of penetrating knowledge, thorough preparation, and complete capability by all the first-desk players as well as the nominal soloists. There was quality, if not quite the same glow of re-creation, in the preceding performance of the Shostakovitch Cello Concerto, its first appearance on a program in New York. What is lacking here, as in other Shostakovitch works of recent years on a similar scale, is the impulse to resolve, either in affirmation or negation, what he has set in motion. Thus the familiar ostinatos, the rather superficial jesting in the Finale, which is more evasion than solution. Fournier performed it as well, probably, as it can be performed. The program began with a tidy, rather dry playing of Mozart's *Kleine Nachtmusik*.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Neurotic in a Community of Madmen

Jubb, by Keith Waterhouse (Putnam. 246 pp. $3.95), records the fantasy life of an aberrant young man in suburban London. Burling Lowrey edited "Twentieth Century Parody."

By BURLING LOWREY

WAGS and cynics may be inclined to change the title of *Jubb*, Keith Waterhouse's new novel, to *Bon Voyeur, or, How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love My Neurosis*, for, like Stanley Kubrick's film, it succeeds in creating comedy out of a horrifying human predicament.

Humbert Humbert, J. Alfred Prufrock, Walter Mitty—those tortured souls—all come to mind as one becomes engrossed in *Jubb*. As in his previous book, *Billy Liar*, Waterhouse focuses his attention on a young man whose tragic flaw is an irresistible urge to fantasy away his inner and outer misery. But where Billy Liar's fantasies were an escape from a hopelessly drab environment and hence relatively harmless, Jubb's are distinctly Freudian, the product of a warped sexual life. (His Bible and comforter is a study of abnormal sex behavior entitled *Freud: The Columbus of Sex.*)

C. L. Jubb tells his own story, a pathetic one indeed. As a boy he experienced two traumas: his parents were burned to death in a fire, and his initiation into sex was a failure when he proved impotent with a girl named Ruth; the resulting sense of inadequacy has made him a sexual infant at the age of thirty-six. When the story opens he is a rent collector and a member of the town council in one of those government-planned suburbs on the outskirts of London. A respectable member of the community, he is obsessed with the idea of substitute sexual gratification through voyeurism, fetishism, and arson. The pattern of the novel follows his search for Ruth, the gradual exposure of his aberrations, the subsequent loss of his job and status, and finally his succumbing to a desperately lonely state of unfulfilled sexuality.

One's immediate reaction may be to write off such a character as nasty and repugnant, which is exactly what most of Jubb's fellow townsmen do; but Keith Waterhouse has pulled the greatest coup since *Lolita* by making the reader, against his will, not only accept the character but understand him and feel compassion for his plight. How does Waterhouse do it? Simply by being deadly accurate and unflinchingly honest, and by portraying Jubb as a human being instead of a psychiatric case study. The first-person-narrator method is especially appropriate here, for we are able to appreciate the amusement with which Jubb regards his tormentors and the wry manner with which, at times, he looks at his pitiful aberrations.

Contrasted with the fantasy world of Jubb is the suburban milieu, which Waterhouse lambastes with every comic device at his command. The satiric objects here are certainly familiar to American readers: overplanning, do-goodism, conformity, juvenile delinquency, and sexual hypocrisy. Waterhouse's forte, as was demonstrated in *Billy Liar*, is mimicry and caricature, along with a superb sense of timing which he appears to have learned from British music-hall comedy. Like Sinclair Lewis he has a wonderful ear for clichés and platitudes, and simply lets his characters parody themselves. Included in his chamber of horrors are a religious crank, who spies on Peeping Toms and distributes pamphlets with titles like *The Armageddon Way* and *Sons and Daughters of Armageddon;* a Jamaican nymphomaniac; a sexual athlete who acts out what Jubb merely fantasies, and one of the most horrendous collections of juvenile delinquents ever to appear between the covers of a book.

Keith Waterhouse—"an original."

Waterhouse defies classification. He is not visibly anti-Establishmentarian, nor pro-Red Brick, nor a prole. He is himself, an original with a talent for exposing hypocrisy, stupidity, and corruption with comic detachment. And incidentally he demonstrates that there is enough erotic provocation in our midst to make voyeurs of us all.

From Nowhere to the End of Night

***The Crossing**, by Alain Albert (Braziller. 214 pp. $4), views on many levels a young Negro's journey from nowhere to hell. Lillian Smith is the author of "Killers of the Dream."*

By LILLIAN SMITH

ALAIN ALBERT is twenty years old, a Frenchman born of Jewish parents during the Resistance. He wrote this book in English and, although he has never been to the United States, he has handled Southern colloquialisms remarkably well. There are a few errors, yes—much too heavy emphasis on Southern-rural forms of speech (used, but not as often as he uses them). These are annoying trivia to a Southern-bred eye and ear; and I must confess I built up a bit of irritation as I read. Why did Albert try so hard? How could his young Negro, Dan Peebles, be guilty of such awful rural speech when he seemed familiar with the twists and turnings of Sartrian existentialism, with the nuances of the subterranean view of the human condition and the beat neo-nihilism so popular with the young; and with the James Baldwin racist rage that even Baldwin himself is not wholly convinced he actually feels, being too much the artist not to have qualms about his fiercely inaccurate generalizations on the "white man" and the "white Southerner"?

Then on page 27 there appears a searing portrait of a certain kind of white man that shakes you to the pit of your stomach. Suddenly the small faults of *The Crossing* don't matter; suddenly one sees that it cannot be looked at, listened to as a representational or impressionist novel. This book

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is different; as different as de Kooning is from Degas; as Emilio Vedova is from Monet. It is perhaps a kind of abstract expressionism, but I find no label that seems relevant to the novel. The criteria ordinarily used won't do. To analyze the book adequately one needs the space of an essay.

Let me say this: Albert's Dan Peebles is not one individual Negro but an abstract of "the young Negro" in an airtight contemporary world whose doors are sealed. Albert views him on every level of existence as he himself knows it. One moment, he lets him talk like a field hand and writhe in memories of farm peonage, and the next has him thinking like a sophisticated exile in a Montmartre café; he lets him speak as a hater and immediately has him understanding with coolness his own hate; he gives him the knowledge sociologists and anthropologists have collected, and Dan filters it out in beatnik vocabulary. Albert shows him ready to tear down the whole structure of civilization, seeing its sins so large that he can find no excellence anywhere; then the fist relaxes, and "the young Negro" is gravely thinking about the meaning of truth and freedom; he lets him behave like a madman; then in sudden transformation this Dan illuminates for the reader the meaning of sanity.

The book is a brilliant, mind-smacking account of a young man's journey from nowhere to hell. One thinks of Céline's *Journey to the End of Night*, but this is not Céline. Nor is it Richard Wright: it is twenty years after Dick Wright. It is a fresh way of looking at the multileveled agony of the walled-in young. And it is full of faults. But it is worth your reading. It will hurt—but why not? Our suffering may be the only route to an invisible door that must somehow be opened.

The Author: "I was born," writes Allain Albert, "in a post office which the French Resistance used to hide weapons and people who were threatened. There were two good reasons for my being born there. In the first place, both my parents were Jews, or considered as such, which didn't make any difference in 1943 fascist France. A few hours after I was born, and a few minutes after my mother had gone away to some other hiding place carrying her newborn baby in her arms, the Gestapo came; an anonymous benefactor among our neighbors had called them. They did not find my mother, nor me, and they took the postman along with his nineteen-year-old son.

"I have always been very brown (I look something like a Yemenite Jew), and in the small Norman village where I grew up there was nobody and there hadn't ever been anybody that brown or close to it, except my own father and my older brother. It must have been the reason why, in school, the kids would spit upon us—that is, my brother and me—and throw stones our way, calling us 'Moricauds,' which is the French equivalent for 'darkies.'

"I became a jazz musician when I was fourteen, because I liked and knew that music, which had been the backsound of all my childhood, and also maybe because I thought I could find in it something of myself, some kind of reflection of my relationship to the world. I met American musicians, writers, painters, black beatniks or students, upper-class Negroes from California and illiterate G.I.s from Alabama. I played in American military bases in Europe, and I reacted to the kind of life and the human relationship it involved as I had reacted to jazz: as to something I would already know a little, as though it were, to a much graver extent, the same modality of life as mine. This I could feel, because I was very young, and therefore capable of adapting myself anywhere and to anybody, and also because my own background had made me something like a boy from nowhere."

This Is the Way to Capitol Hill

***Convention,** by Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey, II (Harper & Row. 343 pp. $4.95), **'68: A Novel of Presidential Politics,** by Peter Scaevola (Norton. 287 pp. $4.50), and **The Big Man,** by Henry J. Taylor (Random House. 311 pp. $4.95), turning on the race for the White House, are variations on the theme of political innocence. Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., is an editorial writer for the Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News.*

By EDWIN M. YODER, JR.

LIKE the whodunit, the contemporary novel of politics is a vagrant subclass of the novel proper. Detective-story readers will feel comfortable with it once they learn that, like its congenial cousin, it has its standard props—its corpses, so to speak—and its stock figures who are expected to behave according to certain conventions and usually do. In early 1964 it is no surprise to have a crop of novels turning on the race for the White House, in which the conventional pattern is exploited with varying degrees of success.

All of the novels at hand may be read conveniently as variations on the theme of political innocence. Fletcher Knebel and Charles Bailey, II, fresh from the success of the chair-edge *Seven Days in May*, give us in *Convention* the most competent and workmanlike of the three: a study of that patrician innocence in politics which assumes that the democratic process, though volatile, is ultimately rational and responsive to pleas of principle.

The authors' central character is Charles Manchester, banker turned Treasury Secretary in the Cabinet of the ailing Fred Stuart, and the latter's heir apparent. Manchester comes to the GOP convention with the nomination all but bagged; the governor of California is running a feeble second. But at a press conference, just before the convention opens, the blunt-spoken Secretary is led by reporters into an inexpedient pronouncement that a $10-billion missile-development project, designed to add mere seconds of striking speed to nuclear delivery, verges on the idiotic. Instantly, powerful contractors and unions (in collusion, incidentally) rise in arms. The situation is clinically explored with striking verisimilitude to the present grip of the defense industries upon the American political process. Suspense is skilfully sustained and subplots are used to maximum advantage. Messrs. Knebel and Bailey's book represents the novel of politics, new style, at its best.

In contrast to Charles Manchester, the innocent-as-patrician, we have the ironically named Billy "The Man" Reason, candidate for President in Peter Scaevola's *'68*. Again, the plot is breathlessly topical: Reason becomes the first Presidential candidate to play upon the nativist herd-mindedness that propels the so-called Radical Right. Of the three Presidential candidates dissected in these novels, Reason is the most complex—a blend of sense and messianism, vulgarity and nobility—and the question interestingly but inconclusively probed is the proportion of cynicism to innocence in his strategy. Mr. Scaevola's novel is perhaps a little uncertain in conception; it hovers between documentary realism ("Minute Man" drills, Communist smears, and nuclear crises) and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*ish surrealism. An additional flaw is the lack of real dialogue with the opposition: the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reason campaign is unilateral, and to that extent unreal—as though the candidate were campaigning uncontested. But, though it is a failure, the book has successful moments.

Finally, we have the classic Garden of Eden innocence of Henry J. Taylor's old-fashioned tale, *The Big Man*. In this parable of the political Fall, Frank Killory, a young, Lincolnesque plainsman-lawyer from Illinois, comes to the big city of New York, where he ultimately succumbs to various kinds of forbidden fruit. Killory becomes, in fact, "a 'Morning Glory' . . . a race horse that looks very good and runs very fast in the early morning trials [but] in the actual race . . . turns out to be just another horse." The "Morning Glory" begins to wilt soon after Killory is transplanted from pastoral Illinois to a big, downtown New York law firm. His successful presentation of the Constitutional case against a President's seizure of the nation's coal mines catapults him toward a Presidential nomination. Killory's corruption may strike one as mild enough: he makes "campaign promises" and traffics with ghost writers and political managers. But his senior partner and creator, Philip Allen Winston, who once shunned a Supreme Court plum from the tempting hand of Teddy Roosevelt, is a paragon of merciless political rectitude. ("You could see in his blue eyes, clear as Alpine lakes, that he had . . . won the inner battle . . . of those men who are committed to convictions.") Having pulled strings to get convention votes for Killory, Winston in the end cuts them with Olympian anger. Winston gives and Winston takes away; he is a man of conviction.

After enduring missile politics with Manchester and nativisit reaction with Reason, one is tempted to advise Mr. Taylor to be of good cheer. Corruption can be worse.

FRAZER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1078

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1078 will be found in the next issue.

DGGN XTCH, CKZ FGBATFM, KFR MSVFB. CYHHOA XKC MTWHF BG OGFOHKD BAGVMAB. GCDHS

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1077

Life is not a spectacle or a feast; it is a predicament.

—SANTAYANA.

Western Designs for Destiny

The Politics of Hysteria: The Sources of Twentieth-Century Conflict, *by Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff (Harper & Row. 273 pp. $4.95), denounces American foreign policy of the Fifties and Sixties, proposing a federation of the U.S., Great Britain, Australia, Canada, and New Zealand. Robert Strausz-Hupé is co-author of "Building the Atlantic World," "Forward Strategy for America," and "Protracted Conflict."*

By ROBERT STRAUSZ-HUPE

EDMUND STILLMAN and William Pfaff, true philosophers of history, contemplate history in the round. Individual events matter only in so far as they are part of the whole. The authors are haunted by the Manichaean vision of the West's idealism and corruptive power, the "peculiar relationship between Faustian violence and ideology in Western history, . . . an extravagant cruelty and the pursuit of an illimitable, and unattainable, *idea*." If other peoples have found the West both a wonderfully stimulating and a savagely destructive party to live with, the West has found it even more difficult to live with itself.

The most moving chapter of this book tells how, in 1914, the West, surfeited by the tranquil glories of the Victorian Age, proceeded to tear itself apart in the most unnecessary and, until then, bloodiest war of history, and in the process revealed to the non-Western peoples the brittleness of its dominance. Here, the authors' style flows smoothly, unmuddied by the compound academic jargon and stertorous indignation that impinge increasingly upon the exposition in the subsequent chapters. Here, the sense of the tragic, which has permeated European thought since the beginning of the twentieth century and only now shadows the American scene, lends power and dignity to their prose.

Then Messrs. Stillman and Pfaff trail off into an angry denunciation of U.S. foreign policies of the 1950s and 1960s. Their consideration of American conduct is not so much a pondered critique of individual policies and programs as a collage of the most diverse polemics, right, left and center, against whoever has been on the ship of state.

A number of the windmills against which the authors point their lances are no longer in business; others never were. For some years American foreign economic policies have not been based, if they ever were, on the assumption that the economic development and ideological comradeship of the underdeveloped nations can be bought by mere money. Nor have our alliance policies been informed by quite so naïve a trust in mere numbers and good fellowship as this book tells us. Our alliances have been formed with a shrewd eye on the geographical requirements of that very policy of containment which the authors commend elsewhere for its quiet efficiency.

Messrs. Stillman and Pfaff believe that the Cold War has abated. They note various symptoms, real and hypothetical, of decay eating away at communist power. Contrary to their assumption, the Soviet hegemony within the communist world has been weakened not so much by the ideological fatigue of the second-generation Soviet Man and the "mellowing" of a well-heeled managerial elite as by the resistance of the West to Soviet expansion, the principal safety valve for communism's besetting internal tensions.

In the concluding chapters the authors' intellectual vigor, which enlivens many a page of this remarkable and stimulating book, ebbs away in irritable pessimism. Stillman and Pfaff prescribe for U.S. foreign policy a retreat into Anglo-Saxondom, a federation of the U.S., Great Britain, Australia, Canada, and New Zealand that might "interact" with a European Union. This scheme, though it might enchant de Gaulle, satisfies neither the economic requirements of "les Anglo-Saxons," notably the British, nor those of collective Western security. It could be realized only by dissolving the Western Alliance, which still represents the West's greatest unitary achievement. If the non-Western peoples really resent the West and all its works as deeply as Stillman and Pfaff seem to think, the best the West can do is to hang together.

The principal target of the author's polemic is the irrationality of Western politics in general and of American

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foreign policy in particular. Yet it would be difficult to conceive of an act more irrational than the abdication of the United States from its place as the leader of the Atlantic Alliance. There are excellent reasons for adjusting the Grand Design to changing circumstances. But to scrap it altogether in a fit of pique is conduct befitting a hysterical not a poised people.

World Laws for a War of Words

Propaganda, *by John B. Whitton and Arthur Larson (Oceana. 305 pp. $8.50), published for The World Rule of Law Center at Duke University, calls for the suppression both here and abroad of propaganda that imperils the peace. George V. Allen was director of the United States Information Agency from 1957-1960.*

By GEORGE V. ALLEN

ALTHOUGH entitled *Propaganda*, this book deals chiefly with bad propaganda. John B. Whitton and Arthur Larson take the view not only that there ought to be a law against warmongering, subversive, or defamatory propaganda, but that such a law, or indeed laws, already exist. They conclude that the chief need today is not so much a new international legal code or another multilateral treaty, banning such propaganda, as machinery to aid in the enforcement of the laws the nations already, by and large, recognize.

This useful and expensive book includes a running account of propaganda from the earliest days, with natural emphasis on later years. Particular stress is given to the Nuremberg trials. The authors hold that there is as much need for "the disarmament of propaganda" as of military hardware. On page 67 we find the sentence: "If an aggressive war is an international crime, as declared at Nuremberg, then propaganda directed to the provocation, promotion or incitement of such a war must likewise be considered to be a criminal act, and it was indeed held to be a criminal act at Nuremberg." This reviewer agrees, but he is afraid that he, along with Professor Larson and all other former directors of USIA, would be stood up against the wall if the United States ever lost a war.

While the authors think propaganda that imperils the peace should be suppressed, they wrestle long with the age-old problem of how to combine such suppression with the maintenance of free speech and a free press. They say, flatly, that speeches in one country calling for invasion of another should be banned. They do not say, specifically, that Senator Goldwater should be threatened with fine or imprisonment for calling for an invasion of Cuba, but the implication is there.

The chief remedy suggested, however, is not punishment for wrongdoing but a combination of wider dissemination of opposing views; an international right of reply, perhaps enforced by U.N. monitoring and use of U.N. radio (soon TV) facilities; lessening of radio jamming; a stronger U.N. broadcasting service, and private action, such as voluntary codes of ethics among journalists and other international communicators. Additional treaties and international agreements banning the kind of propaganda that calls for violent action, assassinations, or military intervention are envisaged but not stressed.

FOUR basic legal systems are quoted sufficiently to demonstrate that the Anglo-Saxon, Civil, Islamic, and Soviet codes all contain provisions guaranteeing freedom of speech. Vyshinsky is quoted, however, as saying: "In our state, naturally, there is and can be no place for freedom of speech, press, and so on for the foes of socialism." Averill Harriman is quoted, in a contrary vein, as stating to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in hearings on his confirmation, that while criticism of the Soviet Union was justified, "I do not think that a policy of calling names is a useful one." He also said, "I do know and I do believe that we command the respect of the people of the free world more if we deal with our conflict with the Soviet Union in sober, serious terms, not in exaggeration or of vindictive expressions."

Examples of bad U.S. propaganda are given, along with that of other countries. "Captive Nations Week," commemorated in a joint resolution in the U.S. Congress, is viewed as an example of subversive propaganda, since the resolution incites the peoples of Eastern Europe to overthrow their present governments.

The volume was evidently wrapped up before the Soviet Union discontinued jamming the Voice of America, since no mention is made of this important development, which occurred on June 19, 1963. The Soviets have given evidence for several years of growing tired of the burden, expense, and embarrassment involved and have not jammed the VOA at all for the past nine months. Other Eastern European countries are gradually giving up their jamming efforts, Hungary being the latest to do so.

THIS volume does not refer to the visit of Khrushchev to the U.S. in 1958, which was a propaganda tour de force. At the end of the visit President Eisenhower invited Khrushchev and his party to Camp David for quiet talks. Gromyko, obviously with the jamming question in mind, suggested that the U.S. and the USSR agree, as a starter, to limit their broadcasts to each other to three hours a day. It was a tempting offer since we were programming only three hours a day to Russia at the time, and there was good reason to believe that the Soviets might stop jamming then, if we went along with Gromyko's suggestion. However, we replied that we were not interested in limiting the free flow of information but in increasing it. We said we were indifferent to the number of hours the Soviets broadcast to us since we were not afraid for our people to listen and we had confidence in our institutions. Gromyko showed embarrassment and dropped the subject.

Five years later Soviet jammers of VOA and BBC programs quietly went silent, without any discussion or prior notice. Perhaps our patient persistence, along with increased Soviet maturity, are beginning to show results.

Whitton and Larson are undoubtedly on the right track. Warmongering or subversive propaganda is bad. Machinery should be developed for bringing it to light, and perhaps judicial institutions established to punish certain excesses, but primary dependence must be on what Justice Holmes referred to as the free competition of the market place of ideas. If censorship, jamming, and other barriers to the unhampered flow of information are removed, bad propaganda will fall by its own weight and common sense and common decency will eventually prevail.

Meanwhile, this is little consolation to Nuri Es Said, whose murder followed intensive radio campaigns against him by Nasser, or to Betancourt, whose government in Venezuela had to combat for four years a bitter civil strife stirred up by Castro. Propaganda disarmament, with monitoring machinery and facilities for exposure and reply, would go far towards producing a climate for the world rule of law.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wyndham Lewis

Continued from page 29

killing its prey. He swam about in the stormy seas of the Modern Age, and induced liveliness even in those whose only desire was to avoid him. One does not love such an animal, but one can be grateful for some of its deadly work. If his victims are strong enough, they will survive, as do most of the "revolutionary simpletons" he attacked in *Time and Western Man*. His contempt for D. H. Lawrence was total and, indeed, it is difficult to find in his writings generous appreciation of his more eminent contemporaries.

THE editing of this volume should be praised; it is adequate and unobtrusive, and I have been able to discover only one inaccuracy (it relates to myself). Moreover the volume has sixteen well-chosen illustrations, some of them of great interest.

A Credit to Old Ireland

The Times I've Seen: Oliver St. John Gogarty, A Biography, *by Ulick O'Connor (Obolensky. 365 pp. $6.95), pictures the prototype of Buck Mulligan in James Joyce's "Ulysses." A poet and critic, Padraic Colum knows at firsthand the subject and scene of the book.*

By PADRAIC COLUM

ULICK O'CONNOR is a man young enough to look back with nostalgia to a Dublin where the spoken word—bawdy, learned, or visionary—had more effect than the headlines in the newspapers. The city itself, its appearance and its history, is integrated into his biography of one who might be called the last of the great Dubliners. And now and then O'Connor picks out of history a bit that is really illuminating. For example, he notes that Dublin University, Trinity College, unlike the great English universities, is post-Reformation; it has no lingering Catholic tradition, and consequently, although its annals exhibit notable Latin scholars, it has in classical studies favored Greek rather than Latin. Certainly two of Trinity's scholars whose instruction came from Professor John Penland Mahaffy were more Greek than Latin in their outlooks, Oscar Wilde and Oliver St. John Gogarty. Gogarty exists and will continue to exist in a book, as Buck Mulligan in Joyce's *Ulysses*. Now with the observation about Trinity in our memories we can hear the discourse in the opening as dialogue between the Greek and the Scholastic Latin minds.

But if any reader believes that the witty, blasphemous Buck is the whole of Oliver St. John Gogarty, *The Times I've Seen* is here to correct him: the physician, the public man is not in Joyce's incomparable portrait; the athlete is but referred to, and the poet is shown only in the man of quotations. To his biographer Gogarty is a hero, and a hero in the antique mold, not the least of whose virtues was that he could get his experience of the bawdy houses into memorable verse. A wonderful character, as anyone who knew him up to his decline in his sixties could testify.

He had a tragic flaw, and Ulick O'Connor goes lightly on it. In this Achilles there was a Thersites. Oliver Gogarty was under compulsion to be wittily derisive, even about men whom he greatly admired. Yeats was one. Indeed, in the small community that was the Dublin round which he orbited, to have it said, "Gogarty said nothing against you," was a distinction. Ulick O'Connor singles out Arthur Griffith, the founder of the Sinn Fein movement, as a man whom he never used his wit to demean. The marvel is that Gogarty kept so many friends and admirers. To those who disparaged him he was unforgiving. What has his biographer to say about his relations with the one whom he named "Kinch the knife-blade"?

> Gogarty's acts towards Joyce were those of a generous and faithful friend. He rejoiced in Joyce's creative gifts, and for this reason he gave him and lent him clothes so that he might practice his art undisturbed. One of the reasons he conceived the idea of living in the Martello Tower in Sandycove was that Joyce told him he wanted a year to write his novel, and the Tower seemed the best place to house his friend for the task.

Yes, but included in this support (and Joyce was not destitute at the time; he was teaching in the nearby town of Dalkey) there was patronage and mockery that the proud and, at the time, afflicted Stephen Dedalus could not take.

There were two climaxes in Oliver Gogarty's extraordinary life, one heroic, the other dismal. This second climax came in his later life, but I should like to get it out of the way for the sake of the grand first one. A libel action provoked by a scurrilous passage in his autobiographical novel *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street* cost him a large sum of money, and this, added to some difficulty with his medical practice, as well as with the political situation, determined him to begin a new career outside Ireland. He crossed to the States heralded by the publication of a collection of poems which, in an introduction, Yeats acclaimed as the work of one of the great poets of our time. But the Gogarty whom New York came to know was a Gogarty in decline—a sought-for conversationalist who was apt to be repetitious in his reminiscences, a lecturer lacking in continuity, an unequal writer.

The heroic climax was earlier, and his biographer tells the story as it deserves to be told. Appointed by Griffith's successor, President Cosgrave, Oliver Gogarty became one of the senators of the Free State. But a dissenting minority was striving desperately to prevent the new government from functioning, and Senator Gogarty was kidnapped by gunmen. It wasn't at all a joke. Gogarty was a hostage, and if anyone in arms against the government was executed, he was in line to be shot. The athlete saved the public man. Making a characteristically Gogartian excuse ("My bowels are loosened with the fright you've given me") he got off the car, flung his overcoat over the head of one of his captors, vaulted over a parapet, and plunged into the Liffey. "It was a night of extreme cold. Swept onward by the flood he thought he had a heart attack; he found himself unable to breathe; some of the floating foam entered his nostrils and prevented him from drawing breath. . . . An overhanging branch enabled him to haul himself out of the racing torrent." This was the great moment in the hero's life. When he, with Yeats standing by, presented a pair of swans to the Liffey and thereafter published the book of poems with the title *An Offering of Swans*, Oliver St. John Gogarty, poet, athlete, and public man, had his triumph.

Here and there I find a mistake in the record: amongst the epistles Gogarty addressed to Joyce is one in the form of a parody of a poem attributed to Yeats. It is not by him; the poem parodied is by Æ and is the dedication of his *Homeward* to Yeats. Moreover, the hero of *The Times I've Seen* is overly eulogized. But what matter? Oliver St. John Gogarty was a man whose like we'll never see again.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Archeology

PREHISTORIC TECHNOLOGY. By S. A. Semenov. Barnes & Noble. $12.50.

TEMPLES, TOMBS AND HIEROGLYPHS. By Barbara Mertz. Coward-McCann. $6.95.

Art

AMERICAN PRIMITIVE WATERCOLORS. Edited by Mary C. Black. McGraw-Hill. $29.50.

THE CERAMIC ART OF JAPAN: A Book for Collectors. By Hugo Munsterberg. Tuttle. $12.50.

EARLY ITALIAN PAINTING. (Color Slide Books of the World's Art.) By Giovanni Previtali. McGraw-Hill. $8.95.

Business

MARKETING PRACTICES IN THE TV SET INDUSTRY. By Alfred R. Oxenfeldt. Columbia Univ. Press. $10.

Crime, Suspense

DEATH OF A TOM. By Douglas Warner. Macmillan. $3.95.

THE YELLOW VILLA. By Suzanne Blanc. Doubleday. $3.50.

Essays

JOHN DEWEY AND THE WORLD VIEW. Edited by Douglas and Arthur E. Lean. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $6.

Fiction

DIARY OF A CANDID LADY. By Francis M. Arroway. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE HAND OF MARY CONSTABLE. By Paul Gallico. Doubleday. $4.95.

MANGROVE TOWN. By Yael Lotan. Doubleday. $4.95.

ONE OF THE CASUALTIES. By Weldon Hill. Doubleday. $4.95.

History

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By George Otto Trevelyan. Edited and abridged by Richard B. Morris. McKay. $10.

COMINTERN AND WORLD REVOLUTION 1928-43: The Shaping of a Doctrine. By Kermit E. McKenzie. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.50.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S GENERALS. Edited by George A. Billias. Morrow. $6.

FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH: The Peoples of Israel. By Howard M. Sachar. World. $7.95.

THE PRESIDENTS ON THE PRESIDENCY. By Arthur Bernon Tourtellot. Doubleday. $5.95.

Literary Criticism

A GUIDE TO ORIENTAL CLASSICS. By William De Bary and Ainslie Embree. Columbia Univ. Press. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $2.

HAMLET'S DIVINITY AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Christopher Devlin. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $5.

THE LITERARY CRITICS: A Study of English Descriptive Criticism. By George Watson. Barnes & Noble. $4.50.

VIDA'S CHRISTIAD AND VERGILIAN EPIC. By Mario A. Di Cesare. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.50.

Miscellany

. . . I NEVER SAW ANOTHER BUTTERFLY: Children's Drawings and Poems from Theresienstadt Concentration Camp, 1942-1944. Edited by Hana Volavkova. McGraw-Hill. $4.50.

THE LOW FAT COOKBOOK FOR GOURMETS. By Helen Belinkie. McKay. $4.95.

MANUAL OF SAILBOAT RACING: An Encyclopedic Treatise for Small-Boat Sailors. By Thomas J. McDermott. Macmillan. $8.75.

MAPPING. By David Greenwood. Univ. of Chicago Press. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $2.95.

RACIAL PROVERBS. By Selwyn Gurney Champion. Barnes & Noble. $12.50.

REDUCE AND STAY REDUCED ON THE PRUDENT DIET. By Norman Jolliffe, M.D. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

STAY WELL EVERY YEAR OF YOUR LIFE: Dr. Molner's Guide to Total Health. By Joseph Molner. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

THE WISDOM OF YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND. By John K. Williams. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

Music

GLUCK AND THE BIRTH OF MODERN OPERA. By Patricia Howard. St. Martin's. $7.50.

Personal History

CHARLES DARWIN. By Gavin de Beer. Doubleday. $4.95.

FOUR AGAINST EVEREST. By Woodrow Wilson Sayre. Prentice-Hall. $6.95.

GOOD EVENING! By Raymond Swing. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

A LIFE FULL OF HOLES. By Driss ben Hamid Charhadi. Recorded and translated by Paul Bowles. Grove. $5.

MAINE IS IN MY HEART. By William M. Clark. McKay. $4.50.

ON A SHOESTRING AND A PRAYER. By Raymond P. Sloan. Doubleday. $3.95.

WHAT'S PAST IS PROLOGUE. By Vincent Massey. St. Martin's. $7.50.

WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN, April 8 to September 14, 1889. By Horace

(*Continued on page* 58)

De Gaulle

Continued from page 28

warfare" techniques painfully learned in Indo-China; but he wholly accepts the fables that the FLN represented the Moslem masses (without any election and despite large-scale FLN atrocities against Moslems), that all Moslem pro-French demonstrations were staged in the manner of "Nazi and fascist rallies," and that a little FLN army valiantly held a mighty French army at bay.

Mr. Furniss invites a kick in the teeth because he is himself an angry thrower of low punches, for all his prim forest of footnotes and panoply of objective scholarship. He sneers at "politicians" like Jacques Soustelle who saw through de Gaulle's chicanery and stood up to it at risk of career and limb. He blackwashes every opponent of de Gaulle as intrinsically and totally a terrorist, and stigmatizes all the top anti-Gaullist brass as nothing better than "thugs, thieves, murderers." He hoots with derision at the Army's professed sense of commitment to the hundreds of thousands of Moslems who trustingly joined the French colors against a rebellion they despised, only to face massacre by the vengeful rebel leadership after de Gaulle handed them over. He even allows himself the obscenity of hinting that these *harki*—whose fate makes most of France blush with shame—were just foreign mercenaries who deserved what they got.

In sum, the Twentieth Century Fund's large contribution to this kind of "political science" makes small contribution to an understanding of military-civil tensions anywhere, particularly in a monarchy like de Gaulle's Fifth French Republic.

Your Literary I. Q.

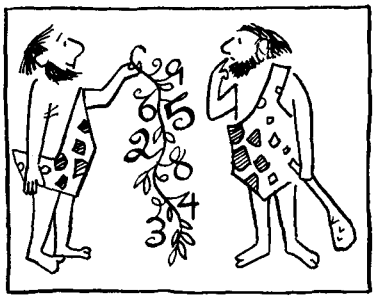
Conducted by John T. Winterich

EXERCISE IN SIBILATION

Here, presented by William R. Coleman, Jr., of Telluride, Colorado, is a clutch of shortish words to each of which you are required to add (or insert) *-ss* as a unit (but you may twist the basic words around any way you choose). (Example: lag, glass.) Class dismissed on page 58.

1. red
2. roam
3. mule
4. posse
5. arc
6. pare
7. rod
8. race
9. rag
10. rude
11. rut
12. aye
13. rest
14. rate
15. matter
16. prime

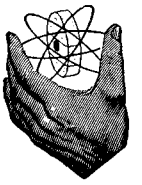
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—Doug Anderson.

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • Personality Portrait XCIV • Science in Books • Research Frontier

ARTICLE: Navigating the Gravity Wells of Interplanetary Space

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE ANTHROPOLOGY OF THE CREDIT CARD

IN the ancient book of Genesis it is written that man first appeared on earth in a garden abloom with trees. He lost the privilege of arboreal leisure because he took fruit from a tree tabooed and ate it. The fruit was the fruit of knowledge. He was punished for trying to learn too much. In other words, the original human experience was an act of carrying.

Modern books on evolution repeat the main line of this story. According to them, the ancestors of men—ancestors also of chimpanzees, gorillas, orang-utans, gibbons, and siamangs—were tree-dwellers. They swung through the branches on their arms by day, and slept through the night in nests aloft. They lived in bands of ten to thirty, bossed by one or a very few strong males, in segregated neighborhoods of the forest.

As time passed, the climate of the planet changed, shrinking the forests into scattered clusters of trees.

Ages before, these tree-living animals' ancestors, the lung-fish, native to the sea in which all life originated, had been stranded ashore by the tidal wash of violent storms. After the earliest such experience, the lung-fish must have got back to the water by rowing through the mud on their fins. Later, the distance to the sea apparently was too great to allow a return; by that time, the fins were strong enough to serve as walking sticks. And so the family of land-living mammals had emerged.

The tree-dwelling mammals faced a somewhat similar turnabout because of the dwindling forest. They could run on their hind feet alone, but could walk only on all fours. Yet they had to spend more and more time in the tall grass as the trees grew scarcer. Naturally the remaining trees were taken over by the strongest, most vigorous climbers. The weaklings had to amble along as best they could by holding themselves as upright as possible on the ground, finding their way by peering across the top of the grass.

That much of the tale has been repeated many times. What has been neglected is the act of carrying and its consequences.

Late in the month of March 1964 two anthropologists, Charles F. Hockett and Robert Ascher of Cornell University, published a review of man's flight from the trees in *Current Anthropology*. Their report was sufficiently entertaining and instructive to win simultaneous printing in *The American Scientist*. As they see it, the initial act of carrying was not a wilful seeking after forbidden wisdom but a simple striving to stay alive.

"We are speaking here of displacements and movements of whole bands, not of individual animals," the two professors stipulate. "There is one thing that surely accompanied any band whenever it moved: the essential geometry of its territoriality. At any halt, no matter how temporary, whether in the trees, under the trees, or in open country, some specific site became, for the nonce, 'home base'—a GHQ, a center, a focus, relative to which each member of the band oriented himself as he moved about. Headquarters was the safest place to be, if for no other reason than the safety of numbers. In a later epoch—though doubtless earlier than will ever be directly attested by archeology—headquarters among our own ancestors came to be crudely fortified, as perhaps by a piled ring of stones; it became the place where things were kept or stored; in due time it became house, village, fort, city. But earliest of all it was *home*."

Here the narrators pause for breath and ask us to accept that sometime in the interim the early animals we are talking about progressed from homonoids to hominids, from the pre-apes to the pre-men.

"This is also the appropriate point for a warning," they say. We must not visualize this transition "as a fierce, intense, tooth-and-nail struggle. That is assuredly wrong. The typical pace of evolution is extremely leisurely."

BUT it didn't seem leisurely to the pre-men.

"It is no joke to be thrown out of one's ancestral home," anthropologists Hockett and Ascher remind us. "If the next grove is only a few miles away, in sight, then one has something to aim for; but sooner or later movements must have taken place without any such visible target. Treeless country holds discomforts and dangers. There may not be much food, at least not of a familiar sort. There may be little available water, for the trees tend to cluster where the water is more abundant. And there are fleet four-footed predators, as well as herbivorous quadrupeds big and strong enough to be dangerous at close quarters. One cannot avoid these other animals altogether, since their presence often signals the location of water, or of food fit also for hominid consumption. The quest for food must be carried on constantly, no matter how pressing may be the drive to find a new grove of trees in which to settle. It is a wonder that any of the waifs of the Miocene savannah survived at all. Enormous numbers of them must have died out.

"The trick that made survival possible for some of them was the trick of *carrying*."

The pre-apes probably carried twigs and brush to make their nests, and certainly carried infants. But in the trees, they used their hands mostly for climbing. On the ground, bipedal locomotion freed the hands of the pre-men for car-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rying, and the survival value of carrying helped evolve a physical structure adapted to bipedal locomotion.

The Hockett-Ascher paper presumes that the earliest ground-carrying may have been "a sort of accident.

"Imagine an early hominid—perhaps even a prehominid hominoid—sitting on the ground and pounding something (a nut, say) with a handy stone. A predator approaches. Our hero jumps up and runs away as best he can on two legs—there are no trees nearby into which to escape—but keeps his grasp on the stone for no better reason than that he does not need his hand for anything else. Cornered, he turns, and either strikes out at the predator with the hand that holds the stone, or else throws it. The predator falls or runs off, and whatever in our hero's genes or life experience, or both, has contributed to his behavior stands a chance of being passed on.

"The first carrying of scavenged food back to headquarters (instead of consuming it on the spot) may also have been a sort of accident. A scavenging hominoid is eating the remains of a predator's kill where he has found it, and is surprised by the predator who is coming back to make another meal from the same kill. The hominoid runs off towards headquarters, still holding a piece of meat in his hand. In due time, he or his successors developed the habit of carrying the spoils off without waiting for the predator to turn up."

THE earliest carrying was done by single animals within the band's territory. The moving of things as the whole band moved came later. Unshaped defense weapons. Extra food. Water. Water especially—for primates in general have to drink daily.

Small quantities of water could have been cupped in the large leaves of tropical plants. From the leaves it would have been only a short reach to strands of vine, which might have been pulled from the trees and slung over the shoulders or around the waist as a carrying harness. Later, when the hominids were regularly killing small animals, the hides —useless as food—might have replaced the vines in the harness position.

"A hide cannot be eaten," the Hockett-Ascher study observes, "but if one is hungry enough there is some nourishment to be obtained by chewing at it. Almost as early as the first use of hides as harness, it may have been discovered that a hide that has been chewed is more flexible and comfortable to wear than one that has not. This way of processing hides was still widespread only yesterday. It is unlikely that any direct archeological evidence of these posited early clothing developments will ever turn up. But if clothing of sorts is actually that ancient, then it was already available, with only minor modifications, when it was first needed" to protect the slowly migrating human race in its exploration of territory characterized by cold. The invention of clothing is suspected of being older than the domestication of fire. It may even be old enough to explain the relative hairlessness of *Homo sapiens* today.

Anyhow, anthropologists Hockett and Ascher are persuaded that of the four modern functions of clothing—protection, modesty, vanity, and carrying—carrying was "the one of earliest relevance. If one's way of life rests on hand-carrying, and if the number and variety of things to be carried are increasing to the point of awkwardness, then the invention of a device that helps one carry things has the [most] conservative survival value. . . ."

The Hockett-Ascher account stops far short of the present day. But, given clothing as a vehicle of transportation, the logical and curious mind at once jumps from garments to pockets, from pockets to pocketbooks, from trade-by-barter to commerce through media of exchange, from exchange of coin carried in moneybags to exchange of paper money carried in purses and wallets, from paper money to symbolic money in checkbooks, from these symbols to symbols of them in the form of credit cards, and from credit cards to credit card numbers negotiable by telephone. In return for real or fancied convenience in carrying, men have subjected themselves to numbering, failing meanwhile to note that they, once active transferrers of coins and paper money from hand to hand, are now, as numbers, passively being handled and manipulated by computers. Since computers can do only what they are told to do, and since few people know how to tell a computer anything, a new power complex with built-in impersonality is fastening itself on humanity—who knows when for profit, when for curiosity, when for malice.

THE anthropological implications of the credit card could raise disconcerting questions about the direction of man's future. For the social side-effects of this carry-all invention are hardly likely to be less than the side effects of the more limited carrying of the past, and the Hockett-Ascher review characterizes the latter as "incalculable."

The first side effect of carrying was, as has already been noted, the encouragement of bipedal walking, which "in turn selected [for survival and reproduction those pre-men who were prepared] both for carrying and for an upright posture that makes bipedal walking mechanically more efficient.

"A less obvious consequence . . . [of] carrying . . . [was] . . . a kind of behavior that has all the outward earmarks of what we call 'memory' and 'foresight': One lugs around a heavy stick or stone despite the absence of any immediate need for it, as though one were remembering past experiences in which having it available was important and were planning for possible future encounters of the same kind. Taking scavenged meat back to headquarters without waiting for the predator to return to his kill also looks like foresight. We do not mean to deny the validity of the terms 'memory' and 'foresight.' The point is that the outward earmarks surely came first. . . .

"A third consequence of carrying and of wandering was a change in dietary balance. The first tools to be carried were defensive weapons. Often enough, no doubt, the use of these weapons against a predator, even if successful, would only scare him off. But sometimes the predator would be killed. Why waste the meat?"

Meat is compactly packaged energy, as compared with uncultivated plants. The packages were obtainable in large economy sizes, provided an efficient signaling system was available for collective hunting. The invention of carrying had freed the mouth for chattering. The upright posture encouraged by carrying devices had completed migration of the face from the front (the present location of the faces of dogs, cats, and cows, for example) to the ventral side of the head, turned the axis of the oral cavity to a position approximately at right angles to the pharynx, and introduced a marked separation of glottis from velum, thus enlarging the confines of the vocal cords. Generations of chattering had increased the nerve network associated with the vocal tract and enriched the representation of that region in the cortex of the brain. A mechanism was thus ready to take the call system of the pre-apes—in which each call had one explicit and limited meaning but no other—and transform it into a flexible language. The collective hunt for meat fortified the development of language because the hands of the hunters were occupied with weapons, hence unavailable for any complicated semaphor. The eyes of the hunters had to watch both the prey and the other hunters. Communication was necessarily left to the mouth and ears.

After the hunt, there was often more food than could possibly be consumed by the hunters. Sharing the kill with other members of the band must have come about almost automatically. Sharing led to a more complex social organization, which was still further complicated by another consequence of the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upright posture that the invention of carrying had encouraged. Here we enter the technology of sex.

The frontal approach for copulation first became anatomically possible because of the upright stance. This position for intercourse is almost exclusively human (recurring only in the pygmy chimpanzee, the porcupine, the hamster, and the two-toed sloth) and probably changed the relative roles of the adult male and of the infant so far as the female of the species was concerned. After the innovation, there was for her a much closer similarity between the reception of an infant and of a lover. Thus the warmth of mother-infant relationships could have been diffused among other interpersonal relationships.

Language and culture, the principal baggage carried by modern humanity, together selected for survival and reproduction those individuals equipped with bigger brains. Bigger brains meant bigger heads. Bigger heads meant more difficult childbirth. One way out of this difficulty was to expel the fetus earlier. Earlier birth extended the period of helpless infancy, which is also the period of greatest plasticity, during which the newcomer absorbs the extra-genetic heritage of his people. Helpless infants need longer and more elaborate care, which made it convenient for mothers to seek the help of adult males in nursery chores. Thus fathers were domesticated. Thus also was established the custom by which society sanctions reservation of a female by a male in advance provision for his sex hunger.

We come at last to the most sophisticated of all forms of carrying: the carrying of symbols inside the head. The pre-apes knew nothing of this. Their leaders always were the physically strongest adult males. Language altered the power structure by bestowing portable wisdom on receptive individuals, whether strong or feeble. As age permitted accumulation of knowledge, older men became repositories of information on which the band could call.

But what is to happen now that unprecedented stores of data are being filed away in the artificial memories of electronic computers? What now that older citizens are being retired from work by robots and consigned to sanataria by impatient offspring? What is to happen to judgment, which actually is more precious today than ever before because of the complex planning that can be done in an instant of time and the rapidity with which the plans can be executed? Men are already numbered, as individuals at their own instigation, for their own convenience. Are the future days of free men being numbered, too, without thought? —JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

On Fluoridation

NOW THAT THE NOISE has died, will *SR*'s science editor say whether he thinks anything constructive was accomplished by his reports on fluoridation of public drinking water [*SR*, Dec. 7, Jan. 4, Feb. 1, Feb. 15, Mar. 7]?

JOHN BENDER.
Paradise, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One consequence can be documented. Prior to the SR reports, pro-fluoridationists habitually made the claim that no scientific evidence had ever been produced anywhere in the world to support the notion that steady ingestion of one part of fluoride in a million parts of water could harm the human body. After the SR reports appeared, Dr. Fredrick Stare of Harvard, foremost spokesman for fluoridation in this country, wrote a letter in which he acknowledged that that claim should be abandoned. He pledged himself to say in future only that no such harm had been proved within the confines of the United States. Dr. Stare addressed this letter to Dr. Dyson Rose, of the National Research Council of Canada, and sent a carbon of it to SR's science editor. This tacit concession that the amount of fluoride in water pronounced safe for consumption in this country may not always have been safe in other countries could stimulate re-examination of past cases in the United States (reported in medical journals of good repute) in which physicians ascribed allergies and other unexplained ailments of their patients to chronic low-level fluoride poisoning.*

The Man-made Antenna

AS A STUDENT of the Loomis manuscripts and story, I am glad to see Mahlon Loomis's contributions recalled to the American public [*SR*, Mar. 7.].

Loomis used the principles of radio eighteen years before Hertz redemonstrated them (David Hughes first demonstrated them in 1879 before totally unbelieving friends—eleven years after Loomis used them) but Loomis's system, which he called "aerial telegraphy," would have required further development to be practical. Other inventions, such as Morse's telegraph, have shared this requirement. One of Loomis's contemporaries, who probably didn't understand the system proposed or its possibilities very well, doubted in print whether many people would journey to the top of the nearest high mountain to send messages; the writer did understand the need for further development.

Because of this aspect, I feel Dr. Otis Young has urged recognition for Loomis for an achievement that is more open to argument than another he might have noted. Loomis was the first to invent and use the antenna.

His kite contained all the basic components, which have since been elaborated on but not essentially changed; it functioned when put into use; it was patented as a clearly described element of the "aerial telegraphy" system. If Loomis had done nothing more, he would deserve to be remembered. Without the antenna, the new science of radio astronomy could not exist nor could our space probes collect data on the moon and the planets, to name only two fields in which it is a vital element.

PAULA M. STRAIN,
Technical Librarian,
IBM Space Guidance Center.
Owego, N.Y.

IN THE March 7 issue you published an article by Otis B. Young on Mahlon Loomis, who, Mr. Young states, is the true inventor of radio.

In February 1951, the *United States Naval Institute Proceedings* had an article entitled "Wireless in Warfare, 1885-1914," which started, "The first man to send a message through the air without wires was Sir Thomas Preece, in 1885." The article went on to discuss the activities of Heinrich Hertz in 1887 and Marconi in 1894. The article stirred up a small war of words. In the July 1951 issue of the *Proceedings*, page 763, Dr. Louis B. Amyot advanced the claims of Mahlon Loomis. In the September 1951 issue, page 989, Mr. Kenneth H. Condit made claim on behalf of Joseph Henry in 1842. The final comments appeared in the January 1952 issue at page 87 in a note by Professor Edwin H. Armstrong of Columbia (who is usually credited with discovering frequency modulation):

"An examination of Loomis's patent indicates that he proposed some form of *conduction* system (somewhat similar to Nikola Tesla's later proposal), one path between the two stations to be earth and the other path to be a conducting upper atmospheric layer, tapped into by means of elevated conductors. Sir William Preece made use of an induction system of the type used by Phelps, Edison and others in this country. While it was 'wireless' in the sense of there being no conducting wires between transmitter and receiver, it was not the 'wireless' or 'radio' of Marconi's discovery:

"Marconi's discovery of the grounded wave whereby high frequency energy could be effectively radiated from an antenna and guided around the curvature of the earth was the thing that brought into being the real radio art. Once this secret of Marconi's success became known, there were, of course, numerous inventors of rival 'systems.'"

As author of the February 1951 article which started the controversy, I suggest you look for a nearby fallout shelter.

ROBERT P. BIGELOW,
Attorney-at-Law.
Winchester, Mass

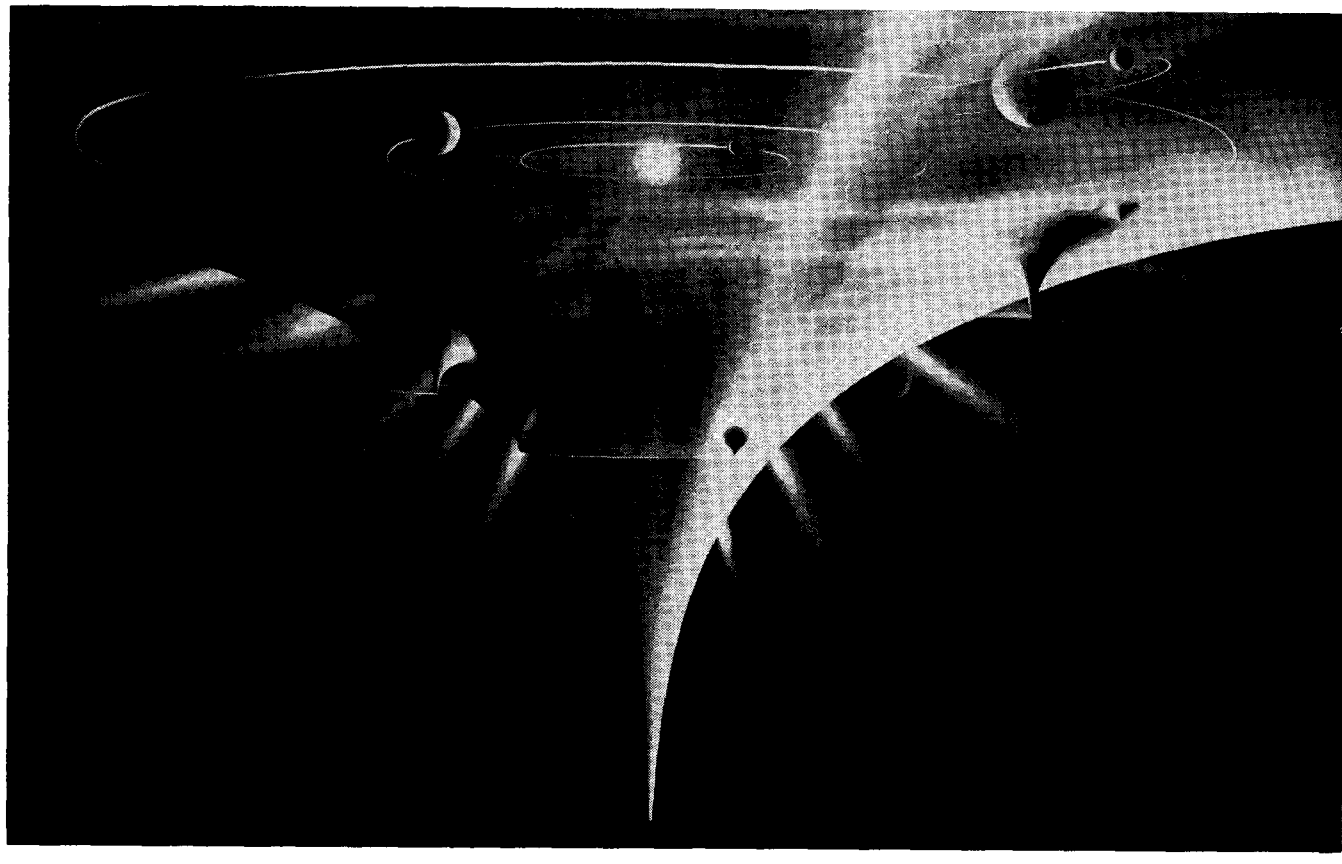
A Near Miss

I FEEL COMPELLED to take issue with Will Jonathan [*SR*, Feb. 1] over the matter of a preposition: specifically, the last one occurring in the sentence appearing on page 56, second column, twenty-first line, "History may remark it, for his subject was radioactive fallout from the first nuclear explosion at Alamogordo, New Mexico."

The explosion took place *near* Alamogordo, at "Trinity Site," approximately sixty miles from Alamogordo.

CLAIRE ANNE R. FARRER.
Alamogordo, N. M.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—Sketch by Helmut Wimmer, staff artist at American Museum of Natural History's Hayden Planetarium, originally published in "Natural History." Sun's gravity well drawn to approximate scale, depth relative to solar mass. From its walls hang wells of Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Earth's moon.

NAVIGATING THE GRAVITY WELLS

A primer on the guidance of spaceships

By JOHN P. HAGEN

WHEN we read or hear of the exploits of American and Russian astronauts, we are told a dramatic story. American astronauts are highly selected individuals, one of whose attributes is experience in piloting jet aircraft. In the public press great emphasis has been laid on the piloting aspects of the astronauts' activity during orbital flight. But the Russians sent into orbit a woman who, though undoubtedly an excellent physical specimen, was said to have no flying experience other than that of a parachute jumper. This raises the question of how much actual piloting of interplanetary space vehicles —how much maneuvering of the craft by the occupants as opposed to control of the craft from the earth—has been done up to now, and how much it is possible to do.

Let us first consider the celestial mechanics, or the laws of motion, of the problem.

Mass is the amount of matter in a body. Weight, as we know it, is the mutual attraction between the mass of the body and the mass of the earth. Extending out from any body possessing mass is a gravitational field, commonly known as the *force of gravity*. The strength of this field is proportional to the mass of the body and decreases in intensity with the square of the distance from the body.

For example, the earth's gravitational field, at a height of 4,000 miles above the surface of the earth (8,000 miles from the center of the planet) is one quarter as strong as the field at the earth's surface, since it is twice as far from the center of the earth. A 160-pound man at a height of 4,000 miles above the earth would weigh (be attracted toward the earth with a force of) forty pounds.

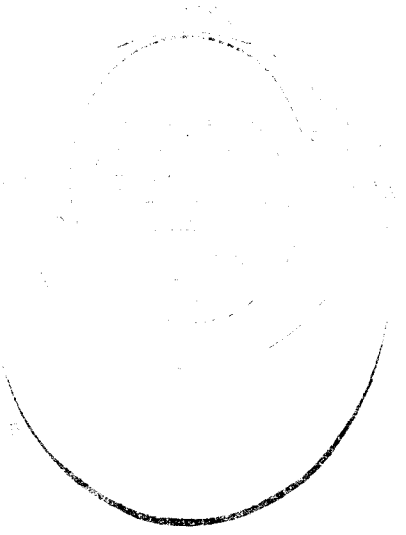
The second force involved in spaceship piloting is that due to motion on a curve, or *centrifugal force*. We are all familiar with the fact that a weight whirled around on a string exerts a force along the string. The longer the string the greater is the force, and the more rapidly the weight is whirled the greater is the force. All of us have had the experience, on a merry-go-round, of finding that as the platform on which we are riding revolves we have to lean toward the center in order to keep our balance.

Placing a body in orbit around the earth is a balancing act. The centrifugal force due to the speed of the body in its path around the earth must exactly balance the force of gravity at the height of the body. When such a balance is achieved, the body is in a stable, circular, orbit. The body and everything in it, or on it, or with it, in orbit is in a state of weightlessness. If the body were to stop moving, it would fall to the surface of the earth in response to earth's gravity.

Since orbiting is a balancing act, if the speed of injection of a body into orbit is raised, centrifugal force overcomes gravity and the body moves further from the earth, losing speed as it does so (arc A in sketch, page 49) until the force of gravity catches up with and begins to exceed the centrifugal force. On its way back down the returning curve of the orbit, the orbiting body falls

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spaceships gather speed
as they orbit near heavenly bodies,
slow as they swing away:
a phenomenon of gravity
illustrated in sketch at right
by thickening (slowing) and thinning (speeding)
of lines marking orbital paths.



—*Doug Anderson after author's sketch.*

OF INTERPLANETARY SPACE

through the great unknown ocean sky

closer to the earth (arc B in sketch above), gains speed by so doing, and passes through its point of injection at the speed of injection. Here the orbit is elliptical.

If the speed of the body's initial injection into orbit is too low to give a centrifugal force that balances the force of gravity, the object falls toward the earth (arc C in sketch), picking up speed in the process. Thus, although the object passes through the downward curve of its orbit at a lesser height, the centrifugal force operating on the object is greater than the force of gravity, causing the object to veer away from the earth (arc D in sketch) and again traverse the original point of injection. Again the orbit is elliptical.

IN this description of orbits, we have also described the two kinds of energy a spaceship always carries with it. The first is *potential energy*, measured by the work done in lifting the ship through the gravitational field to the orbiting height. The second kind of spaceship energy is *kinetic energy*—the energy of motion, proportional to the square of the velocity.

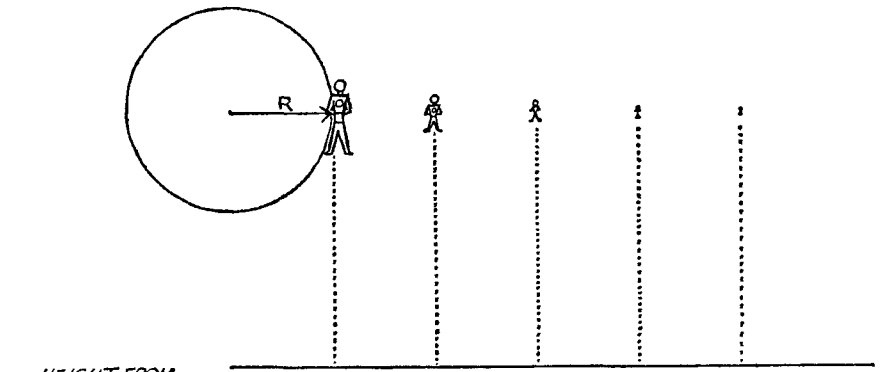
For the heights and velocities required of spaceships, both of these energies are tremendously large in quantity. A rocket must burn more than 100 tons of high-energy chemical fuel to lift a manned craft weighing more than a ton 100 miles above the earth's surface and accelerate this mass to a speed of five miles per second. All of this energy goes into the orbit. To change the orbit to any appreciable degree (that is, to maneuver the spaceship as pilots maneuver motorcars, boats, and airplanes) obviously requires the expenditure of comparably large amounts of energy.

We should look at one more property of orbiting vehicles. This deprives spaceship launchers of a free and independent choice of velocity and height. As has been pointed out, if the forward speed of a space vehicle is increased the vehicle moves out to a larger orbit and actually slows down. Conversely, if the speed is decreased the vehicle falls to a smaller orbit and speeds up. The second of these alternatives is used to return manned space vehicles from orbit to earth. "Retro" or braking rockets are fired. These, by slowing the motion of the vehicle, cause it to fall to a lower orbit, which passes through denser regions of the earth's atmosphere than the higher orbit did. The air drags the spaceship gradually lower, the ship picks up speed but cannot go back out because of the atmospheric drag, and the orbit shrinks progressively until it intersects the earth, bringing the spaceship down so forcibly that parachutes must be employed for a safe landing. The energy that originally drove the ship into orbit is now given off, during the descent, in the form of heat, which melts away the vehicle's noseshield.

It should be clear that all earth-circling spacecraft are in orbit about the earth. If too much kinetic energy is imparted to a vehicle at takeoff, the vehicle escapes from the earth. Does it then travel freely in interplanetary space? No, it goes into orbit about the sun.

To stay in orbit about the sun, an object must possess kinetic energy about

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—Doug Anderson after author's sketch and data.

sixteen times greater than the energy required to hold a satellite in orbit close to earth. The earth itself, to maintain its place in relation to the sun, travels at a speed of nineteen miles per second. Therefore, a sun-orbiting vehicle launched from earth starts off at nineteen miles per second plus the velocity of the spaceship launching rocket. Still, the amount of energy needed to break away from earth is greater than the energy required to put a satellite into orbit about the earth.

All this can be shown schematically in diagrams like the ones on page 51. At the top is shown the gravitational field near a massive body. Remember, the field strength lessens in ratio to the square of the radius as one moves away from the body. The radius is the distance out from the center of the body. If S represents the sun, then a body at A tends to slide down the curve and fall into the "well" containing the sun. A body at B is attracted with an even greater force, since the walls of the "well" are steeper there due to the nearness of B to the sun.

Now look at the lower curve. The gravitational field of the sun is seen to extend far beyond the earth. If it were not in orbit about the sun, the earth would fall down the curve toward the sun. The moon is within the gravity "well" of the earth but doesn't fall down the "well" toward the earth because of the energy in the moon's orbit.

Looking at the diagram, one can see that to take an object away from the earth he has to do work to lift it out of earth's gravity "well." To make the object stay in some position relative to the earth, one must also make the object spin about the earth so that centrifugal force will balance the force of gravity.

When an object is projected out of earth's gravity "well," the speed of the object upon leaving the "well" will be small relative to the earth's speed. However, the object will be moving along with the earth in orbit about the sun.

To make the object go closer to the sun—so that it will, for example, head toward Venus—the object's velocity about the sun must be reduced below the nineteen-miles-per-second speed of the earth. Then the force of the sun's gravity will be greater than the object's centrifugal force and the object will fall closer to the sun. If, however, the object is to be sent to Mars, which is further from the sun than the earth is, then the velocity of the object must be speeded above that of the earth so that the object will climb further out of the sun's "well."

NOW we are ready to consider the amount of piloting that can be done in spacecraft of several kinds.

1. Simple earth-circling satellites such as the Mercury capsule or the Vostok vehicles. These devices, the Mercury capsule certainly, were so limited in weight that large amounts of propellant could not be carried along. Therefore, there was no changing of the orbit except at the end. The only "maneuvering" done during orbital flight was that of changing the aspect of the capsule. This in itself did not modify the direction of travel. The one maneuver carried out was to fire the retro-rockets. As explained earlier, this slowed the forward motion of the capsule and put it in a condition where its velocity was not high enough to keep it going in its present orbit. It, therefore, had to fall to successively lower orbits, which ultimately intersected the earth's surface.

At the time of firing of the retro-rockets, the vehicle must be so oriented that the rocket nozzle points along the direction in which the capsule is travelling so that the thrust will be truly "retro." The retro-rocket must also be fired at a precise time in order for recovery to occur at a predetermined location. Each second of error results in a miss of about five miles in the landing.

In the Mercury vehicle these functions are normally controlled from the ground and from automatic equipment in the capsule. The astronaut in case of malfunction of equipment can take over, properly orient the vehicle, and ignite the retro-rockets. But the rockets are designed not to fire unless the orientation is correct. Despite contrary propaganda, that is the extent of what the pilot can do, except for controlling the roll, pitch, and yaw of the vehicle during the orbiting time. He cannot change the size or plane (direction) of the orbit.

2. Vehicles capable of rendezvous in earth orbit such as those planned in the Gemini project. In this type of operation two vehicles are launched so that they will be in orbit at the same time. The vehicles—or at least one of them—must be large enough to carry the fuel required to accelerate the craft, to change its position in orbit, to change the size of the orbit, and to change the plane of the orbit. Depending on the skill of the spaceship launch team, one or all of these maneuvers must be made.

The first attempts at rendezvous will certainly be made under conditions where the two capsules are in nearly identical orbits and quite close to each other. The Russians had a try at this and succeeded in placing two capsules within a few miles of each other at one point in their nearly common orbit; an intent to attempt actual rendezvous in the near future has been announced from Moscow. In this operation, an error of one minute in the time of launch would result in a separation of 300 miles, even if the orbits were identical.

Let us examine what would be involved here. In following this description, remember that the kinds of maneuver possible in an automobile or an airplane are not possible in space. An automobile, short of skidding, has positive traction with the ground. If the steering wheel is turned to change the aspect of the vehicle, forces exerted by the road on the tires allow the vehicle to turn, and the turn is executed without slippage. In an airplane, as the aspect of the vehicle is changed, forces exerted by the atmosphere on the wings and rudders allow the vehicle to turn—but there is slippage. In space there is no linkage to ground or atmosphere and therefore changes in aspect have no effect on direction of travel. The space ship is coupled to the gravitational field, however, and obeys Newton's laws of motion.

Suppose now that one space vehicle attempts to overtake another while both

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are in the same initial orbit some distance apart. If the following vehicle, B, accelerates by firing a rocket with the thrust vector pointed at the vehicle ahead, A, then B will overtake A. But B will rise to a higher orbit (since B now has more energy) and will fail to rendezvous. The thrust vector of B's rocket must clearly be pointed not directly at but somewhat downward from A to make the segment of the new orbit of B coincide with the orbit of A. This will shrink B's orbit and slow B down before impact with A. A great deal of judgment must be exercised (and the pilot, because of the new and strange dimensions, is not in the best position to exercise it) in applying these forces, which seem always to result in motion at right angles to the force. The greater the initial separation between ships A and B, the more difficult this maneuver becomes.

Suppose a launch error results in the injection of B directly below A and in a smaller orbit. If left alone, B, travelling faster than A, would rapidly separate from A. Exerting a force on B (firing a rocket) with the thrust pointed directly at A would be unsuccessful. B would rise to the higher orbit, but since its net velocity would still be greater than A, it would separate from A. The proper move is to direct the thrust upward but slightly backward. In this way B could be "lifted" and at the same time slowed to the speed of A. The adjustment of the angle of thrust would be delicate. Again it would be risky to assign the pilot alone to adjust his reflexes to this strange motion. Small corrections of a few miles of this type (size of orbit) would not be difficult but larger corrections would require not only great skill, but also the use of large amounts of fuel, since the energy of B in orbit must be increased.

Now suppose B is in an orbit not in the same plane as the orbit of A. This situation can be corrected by applying a force on B nearly at right angles to the direction of motion and toward the orbit of A. The thrust must therefore be made slightly "retro" in order to change the direction but not the speed in orbit. The amount of fuel (energy) required varies with the size of the correction and could be large for errors of more than a few degrees. This correction can be made conveniently only at the time when the orbit of B crosses the orbit of A. This crossing will occur twice in each revolution around the earth.

IF, as is most probable, at least two and possibly all three of these errors exist in practice, large amounts of fuel and great skill on the part of the pilot and ground crew will be required to effect a rendezvous. The pilot simply couldn't act alone with any real hope of success. There are too many factors in the situation that he couldn't possibly know about, much less evaluate wisely. Most of the judgments involved in space rendezvous will have to be made by men on the earth, who can quickly gather information from many sources, including the pilot of the ship.

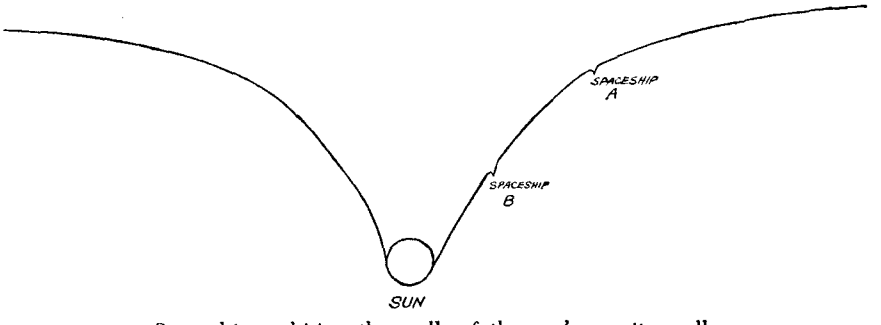
Rendezvous in earth orbit will require an extensive ground crew supported by a network of tracking stations and high speed computers. For the orbit of the vehicle that is launched first must be known with great accuracy, in order that the ground crew may launch the second vehicle at precisely the proper time and in the proper direction to put the second vehicle in orbit reasonably close to the first vehicle. Errors of seconds in launching time yield errors of miles in separation of the vehicles.

3. The Project Apollo vehicle, the moon landing craft. Since it is beyond present American capability to launch a single spaceship able to escape earth's gravity, go to the moon, slow down and "soft land" on the moon and then take off and return to earth, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration has chosen a mode of operation in Project Apollo, the success of which depends on rendezvous between a vehicle put into orbit about the moon and a vehicle launched from the surface of the moon.

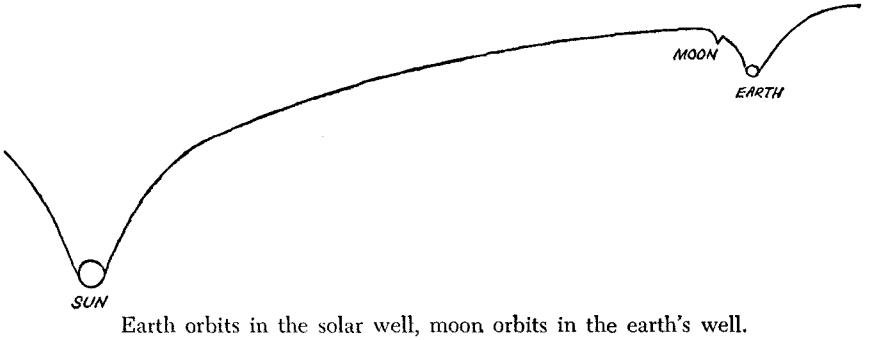
The Apollo crew will consist of three men who will take off from earth together in one spaceship to which a self-powered ferryboat is attached. After going into orbit about the moon, two of the three men will go down to the moon in the ferryboat while the third man continues in the lunar orbit until the first two men return.

The return of these three men will be dependent on tracking crews here on earth receiving information relayed back from the moon crew about its orbit and the precise position of the landing craft on the moon. Calculations of the orbits will then be made in giant computers here on earth. Instructions will have to be prepared for the timing and the angular direction of the take-off from the moon so that the ferry boat will put itself into the same orbit as the moon satellite and be close enough to it to make rendezvous and then a safe return to earth possible.

Ahead of us is a long and difficult period of test and experiment in piloting spacecraft in and out of the gravity "wells" of the earth and moon. Given our present means of chemical propulsion, such maneuvers are feasible only there. True interplanetary travel in solar orbit must await development of nuclear powered rockets. In spite of all the difficulties and problems, this will happen. The space craft will always be locked in orbits and changes in these orbits can only be intelligently made on the basis of precise and rapid calculations by men and machines on earth. These are the real pilots. The success of the missions will depend on the ability of the skilled operators in the ships to relay information and to follow the instructions of the ground crew in maneuvering the space craft.



Spaceships orbiting the walls of the sun's gravity well.



Earth orbits in the solar well, moon orbits in the earth's well.

—Doug Anderson after author's sketches.

Dr. John P. Hagen is famous for his guiding role in the design and launching of the Vanguard satellite. He is now professor of radioastronomy at Pennsylvania State University.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XCIV

THE FOREST FAMILY OF MRS. HELEN HOOVER

A Woman Scientist's Non-Conforming Brood

When, in its annual turning about the sun, earth tilts its face again in an attitude of hope and expectancy, a whole new set of experiments begins in the laboratory called Spring. Among this year's set are the words below, written by and about Mrs. Helen Hoover, a woman engineer-inventor who fled Chicago's paved jungle for the wild north woods of Minnesota. Her own likeness can be seen in what she sees and how she sees it, as reported in "The Long-Shadowed Forest," a Thomas Y. Crowell Co. book selling for $4.95. Sketches accompanying the text were drawn by Mrs. Hoover's husband, Ade.

A LITTLE TRAIL crosses the hill above our cabins, a barely discernible track, marked in the earth by the four-footed dwellers of the forest as they go silently about their business. It may have been used by Indians long ago, but no human footprints except mine and my husband's have been made there for years. On this trail —or nearby on our bit of virgin woodland that stretches north from the winding access road to border on a lake which laps both Minnesotan and Canadian shores—I have seen most of the things that I will tell about.

Between a pink granite boulder and a rotting stump, I see a spot of white. It is the cup of a calypso orchid, rising on a six-inch stem above its single plantain-like leaf, its five-petaled crown a delicate violet, its cup irregularly striped with red-brown, the whole translucent flower as fragile as foam, immobilized into loveliness. I drop to my knees to breathe its scent, and, while I watch, a minute insect creeps across the yellow pollen-bearing hairs and disappears into the cup.

At the brook I sit hastily on a stone and remain motionless. Less than fifty feet away a mother black bear is teaching her baby to lick the tasty mud beside the stream. She sees me and growls. I do not move until she has taken her cub away.

While I am breathing in the cool fragrance of earth and water, a red squirrel scampers across a fallen log and explodes into furious sound. Twitching his tail, stamping his hind feet, he chatters, moans, squeaks—tells all the forest that an intruder is here.

I stay a long time in the aspen grove, idly shooing away some hungry mosquitoes, because beyond it the path crosses our little road and goes into a cedar swamp, a place dangerous of footing when the ground water is high, so that it would be foolhardy for me to enter it alone without first telling Ade where I was going. Lovely as the scene looks to me, standing amid the sun-dappled flowers and listening to the song of a robin, I must not forget that I am in the midst of primeval forest.

There is movement ahead of me—a wide, bristly, frosted-black rear, swaying from side to side with its owner's plodding progress. A porcupine; a big, old, fat porky! He highlights my walk because porcupines are rare here and I had not known that any lived in my part of the woods.

His pace fits the fulfilled mood of the evening, so, matching my speed to his, I follow him down the road as the sunset copper-plates the spruce tops.

The road leads south to the world that my husband, Ade, and I left nine years ago to turn our faces northward toward the virgin forest. We have lived here ever since, though most of our few summer neighbors go south with the birds when the autumn chill begins to settle in. We merely close up our frame summer house and move into our snug log cabin to await eagerly the changes that winter will bring. Now, starting down the white road, I ask myself what we are doing here, so far from the busy, often engrossing life we used to lead in Chicago. The answer is not long in coming. Nowhere could Ade and I be more deeply involved with the world around us.

On a May morning some years ago, I was talking with Awbutch, the daughter of Netowance, both of whom are Chippewas, born and reared in the Canadian forest across the lake. It was a lovely day, soft with the earth-perfumed wind, tender with purple birch buds and new grass. Robins sang, and even the raven that spends the winter croaking dolefully around our cabin was making pleasant coaxing sounds for the enticement of a lady raven, sitting aloof in a nearby tree.

"Mother says snow—big snow," Awbutch mentioned, looking up at the clear blue, where puffy clouds like gold-edged roses drifted. "Did you see the northern lights last night?"

I said that I had, and very beautiful they were—mist-green banners tipped with pink.

"I never heard that lights in the spring meant snow. Did you?" Awbutch asked. When I shook my head she said, "Well—Mother says snow." And we both laughed.

The sun went down in a red sky, the "sailor's delight" kind of sunset. Netowance's snow looked very doubtful. In the morning the calling of blue jays woke me. I looked out through a curtain of feathery flakes so thick that I could hardly see the trees. The raspberry canes were buried and only the top half of a six-foot elder bush was visible.

Only once have I seen a big tree reach its natural end. It was the largest tree around here, a spruce from the old days, four feet thick and almost 140 feet tall, that stood some twenty feet from the summer-cabin porch. Ade and I were lunching out there on the day when a squall roared in and split the spruce a dozen feet up from its roots, so that with every gust of wind, the break opened and closed like a big spring. The tree leaned over the bedroom; we

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would get someone to cut it down the next day. Taking out a tree that size and so close to a building was no job for an amateur.

In the blackness before dawn, Ade shook me awake. There was a howling of wind—and the heavy, steady cracking of the spruce. We grabbed our robes and, barefoot and shaking, tumbled through the door and ran to a safe distance. Ade threw a beam of lantern light across the roof.

The gale from the west was so strong that my sleep-addled brain could not quite grasp why the beam of light did not bend before it. Everything else did. The sky was clear and bright with stars, and the aurora glowed faintly.

The snapping, cracking, yielding of the spruce's fibers sounded through the noise of the wind in the branches. The tree bent, swayed, leaned until its top was more than halfway down; but still it sprang back. Its fight was terrible and sad. The first faint rays of dawn were on its top when the lonely struggle ended. During a pause when the wind was gathering strength, the tree began to sway. Slowly, with the dignity of the gallant defeated, it tilted. Its battered trunk parted with a great splintering and the tree fell, tearing branches from its neighbors before it stretched out on the earth. And the whole forest stood silent and watchful.

It fell away from the house without destroying a single one of its smaller, close-grown neighbors, as though it had been guided. And who is to say that it was not?

THERE WAS MUCH excitement on our side road in the summer of 1955 when a moose track was seen. The next winter, as I stepped outside the cabin, I saw my first moose standing in lantern light not ten feet away. He still had his antlers, almost as wide as I am tall, and

he peered down at me over a nose so long and so high above me that it reminded me of a stub branch on a tall tree. His size so startled and overwhelmed me that I could not move. It was not until he snorted in a faintly contemptuous manner and trotted off that I realized that a snowpile he stood on had added three feet to his height. In the morning I measured his tracks, clear and sharp in the packed snow. The paired teardrop marks were nine inches long instead of the average seven, and they were spaced six feet apart.

HALFWAY DOWN the narrow path from the road to the cabin I met a wolf, a big fellow all of five feet long, with a might of power in his heavy muscles. His thick coat was shining gray, shading to lighter tints on his underparts and legs, with a beautiful wash of black flowing down his back and onto his bushy tail. His puffy cheeks gave the impression of a stifled grin as he looked at me steadily from interested, springwater-clear green eyes.

Apparently classifying me as harmless, he spread his forefeet, stretched his head up, and yawned. I saw his strong teeth and heard the snap as his powerful jaws came back together. Then this animal, whose kick could have knocked me senseless, whose jaws could have broken an arm or leg effortlessly, turned into the maple brush beside the path. While I walked past, he watched cautiously, then trotted away.

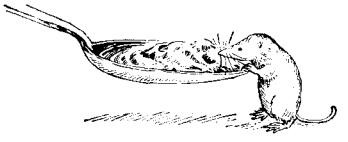
IN JANUARY, 1958, an enormous, wide-winged shadow slid across the snow in the clearing. An eagle glided down to light on a small storage shed twelve feet from the log cabin. It gripped the edge of the roof with its taloned yellow feet and sat, brown body tense, brown wings half-lifted, tail folded into a white strip, and snowy head thrust forward. The heavy yellow beak, with a powerful hook on the upper mandible, was almost as long as the head. Feathers grew low and straight across, like a scowling brow, above the fierce, golden eye. The mighty bird perched for some minutes, looking right and left, then sprang out and up on huge, lifting wings. It rose in a great spiral. Gradually it diminished in size until it seemed black and headless, then only a dot. Then, so high that it was a pinpoint, it disappeared in the sea of light.

SOMETIMES Ade and I hear a brisk pattering in the double roof, which may be followed by a cushioned plop as a mouse drops from the chimney bricks into the woodbox. Less often we glimpse a small figure streaking through the shadows. Very rarely, because deer mice are as timid as they are small and dainty, we have a tame mouse.

Little Brownie arrived on an evening before Christmas when our coffee table was covered with candy, cookies, and nuts mailed to us by faraway friends. When we heard the faint rustling near our feet, we sat motionless. Very slowly, looking from one of us to the other, the mouse climbed to my chair arm, crouched two inches from my hand, and jumped to the laden table. She nibbled the edge of a cookie, licked a small portion of filling from between its layers, and ate a crumb of milk chocolate. She jumped to the rug and was next heard rattling discarded nut shells in the wastebasket. We did not hear her go.

The next night we placed three hazelnut shells on the table, filled with bits of cookie, chocolate, and walnut kernel. Little Brownie arrived at about the same time as the night before, and continued to come to supper for five weeks. She chose her meal, sometimes leaving the cookie or chocolate but always eating the nut. She soon lost much of her timidity and groomed herself on the table after eating.

COMMON SHREWS sometimes check over the logs in our wood-box. I dig grubs from under the bark and sit on the floor to handfeed our minuscule visi-



tors. They dash at my hands, sniffing and bumping their noses against my fingers until each one locates and snatches a grub. I do not believe they are aware of me as anything more than background in their Brobdingnagian world.

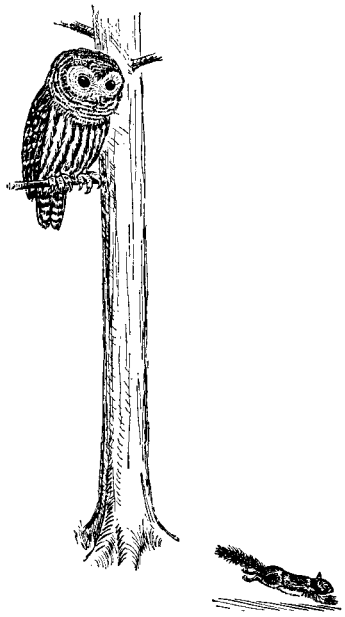
ON SUMMER DAYS the relatively large hoary bats hang upside down in small groups on high branches. Their frosted backs, yellow to mahogany, and their buffy throat patches are efficient camouflage, and the bats look like bits of sun-dappled bark to the unaided eye. One of them lighted on my shoulder while I was watching an August night's aurora. I flashed a light on it long enough to identify its distinctive coloring. By the faint glow from the sky, I watched it fasten itself firmly to my shirt by its left foot and work at one of its ears with the toes of the right. Once its all-important means of navigation was satisfactorily clean, it fluttered away.

I doubt that this bat mistook me for an inanimate object, because I was walking and carrying a light when it

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

settled on my shirt and it remained indifferent to the movements in my shoulder as I craned my neck to watch it. Nor was there any indication of an accidental collision, which might have resulted if its ear problem had seriously affected its echo-location. Perhaps, with its "sonar" needing attention, the bat had simply settled at the nearest emergency landing place.

BARRED OWLS SEE very well in the light and do much of their hunting by day. There was an October afternoon when an eighteen-inch individual settled on a branch overlooking the feeding yard and prepared to select its dinner from



the small visitors. Its brown eyes, encircled by pale feather disks, and its sweeping feather moustache gave it a look of amazed good-nature. The cross-barring of its breast extended upward to surround its head, which appeared as a large feather ball. As it leaned forward to watch the ground, its brown-and-white streaked belly feathers covered its downy white feet. The brown and gray and white patterning of its back blended perfectly into the tangle beyond.

To my surprise, neither the other birds nor the mammals paid any attention to the owl. It looked around in a leisurely fashion, then concentrated on the earth beneath, where something tasty might run out from under the woodpile. Then I noticed that, although most of the birds were still feeding, all the blue jays but one had withdrawn to high branches. This remaining jay flew from low branch to low branch, always keeping the owl in view. Abruptly the hunter launched itself toward an unwary young squirrel. As easily as though it had been rehearsed, the blue jays flew in an arc that just intersected the owl's flight and spoiled its aim. The squirrel hopped away, the jay preened on a branch, and the disgruntled owl stood flat-footed on the ground.

I SOMETIMES WONDER what would happen to warm-blooded animals if the spiders and forest insects that feed on biting winged things were suddenly to perish.

These pestiferous creatures are more numerous in wet years, because they pupate in water or moist ground. Yet wet years are the years of lush growth, of renewed strength for trees, of deep filling of the lakes, of freedom from the danger of fire. And in such years the need for these insects as pollinators is greater than in dry years of poor growth.

Many beautiful and harmless creatures depend on them, or on their larvae and eggs, for much of their food—warblers and woodpeckers, bats and shrews, fish and dragonflies.

Clearing out a substantial portion of our small trees and brush to permit more air movement would eliminate many of our bites—but the trees and brush are our winter windbreak. Mowing low growth that harbors insects would eliminate all things that shelter in it. Spraying with herbicide we do not consider, not only because of its potential danger to health, but because it is not selective in its destruction of life.

ONE MALE pileated woodpecker makes a tour of the yard at irregular intervals. Although he investigates trees within a dozen feet of the house, he has not approached nearer than fifty feet when we were outside. He starts at the big pine and follows a regular route from trunk to trunk, tapping and examining. If a tree passes his inspection, we know that it is insect-free and sound. It will withstand any ordinary wind, and we do not have to consider whether or not it may fall on the roof. If the pileated starts to work on a tree's roots, we wait. He will either save it or warn us that we must cut it, should it be dangerously located and unsound. He is not only a joy to see, but a very useful bird.

LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS makes one thing perfectly clear: man cannot combat nature. He may protect himself against its adversities and make the most of its favors, but that is the limit of his power. Whenever the blizzard-tossed heroes of Jack London's stories of the north managed to stay alive, they did it by cooperating with the elements, not by fighting them. If man is to survive on this planet as long as, say, the turtle, he will do it by adapting, not destroying.

—HELEN HOOVER.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

THE PAINSTAKING ROBOT

Semantics of Consciousness

THE purpose here is to demonstrate that states of consciousness can be produced artificially, *i.e.*, that consciousness can be produced in artificially constructed devices or robots. Also our purpose is to show how this consciousness can influence the robot's behavior.

We will use the term "consciousness" to mean mental events or experiences. Thus feelings of pain, color experiences, sensations of sound, taste, smell, etc., are states of consciousness. When any robot, animal, or human being is having mental experiences such as perceptions, memory images, or feelings, it is conscious. And when it is not having experiences it is not conscious, *no matter what response to stimuli or complex behavior it may be exhibiting.*

A cigarette vending machine is unconscious even though a coin elicits a response from it. In fact, take any animal (or human) behavior, however complex. Other researchers have already shown that this behavior may, at least in principle, be simulated. Moreover, this can always be done without incorporating any accompanying consciousness into the machine. For example, a dog, when we step on his tail, jumps up and yelps and is conscious—he not only jumps up and yelps but he feels the pain, *i.e.*, it hurts. But we could, in principle, construct a robot that looked just like a dog and jumped up and yelped when we stepped on its tail, and we could construct it so that it felt no pain and had no consciousness at all. On the other hand, we could use such circuitry within our artificial dog that it would be conscious and would feel the pain.

In the same way, intelligence is not necessarily connected with consciousness. Mathematical computers have no subjective experience and even the "intelligent machinery" now being developed has no "inner life," no feelings or sensations. Conversely a machine with a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very elaborate stream of consciousness could be quite stupid.

According to the theory to be developed, mental events are built up out of physical events; or better, mental events *consist* of certain sets of physical events. A house is a physical thing constructed out of certain physical things, *i.e.*, bricks, etc. A mental event, any state of consciousness, is a physical thing constructed out of certain physical things, *i.e.*, neuron impulses. The way neuron impulses can be arranged to form a state of consciousness is, however, very different from the way bricks can be arranged to form a house.

The network of impulses passing through an organism, to take a naturally occurring example, is a subspace of physical space-time in which it is embedded. We wish to show how this subspace is the psychological space experienced by the organism, and how under the different conditions of measurement in this subspace the physical events involved form what are experienced by the organism as sense data. Our analysis is not of actual organisms, for the neurology of these is, for all practical purposes, unknown. Instead, we will analyze constructable automata.

The ancients constructed simple automata in the form of mechanical devices to imitate spontaneously the movements of men and animals. Needless to say, no matter how they behaved, these were not believed to be alive or conscious by those who constructed them.

The first known automata were the human figures which announced the hours by means of bells and horns on Egyptian water clocks (1500 B.C.).

In 400 B.C. Archytas of Tarentum is said to have made a wooden pigeon that could take off, fly around, and then land. Surprising as this may be, it is well authenticated. According to *The Source Book in Greek Science*: "Many well-known Greeks and the philosopher Favorinus, a very assiduous antiquarian, have definitely asserted that Archytas constructed a wooden model of a dove according to certain mechanical principles, and that the dove actually flew, so delicately balanced was it with weights and propelled by a current of air enclosed and concealed within it."

Hero of Alexandria about 300 B.C. made a hydraulically powered figure of Hercules and the dragon. When activated, Hercules launched an arrow at the dragon, which rose with a scream and then fell.

During the Middle Ages the android butler of Albertus Magnus, which took thirty years to construct, advanced to the door when anyone knocked and then opened it and saluted the visitor. Some say that it was broken to pieces by Thomas Aquinas.

There were scattered cases of other ancient and medieval automata, but we skip over these to the great developments after the Renaissance.

The little iron fly of Regiomontanus would flutter around the room and return to his hand. He also made an eagle which flew before the emperor Maximilian when he entered Nuremberg.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Swiss and other Europeans made ingenious mechanical figures which announced the hours—such as those on the famous Nuremberg clock. The public clock at Strassburg, constructed in 1574, displayed a sequence of scenes, including processions of the apostles and other persons, and a crowing rooster; and a fifteenth-century Venetian clock still has two bronze giants that strike the hours.

Pierre Jaquet-Droz, the Swiss watchmaker, made a large clock and orrery with many attached automata run by it —a sheep that walked about bleating, a dog which snarled and barked, and human figures that moved about in a natural manner.

The wonderful duck made by Vaucanson, the famous eighteenth-century mechanician, waddled about and was able to eat and drink and exactly imitate the natural voice of that bird.

THERE were many other eighteenth-century automata. These, however complex, were merely automatic machines which functioned in a fixed way throughout their cycle of operation without the intervention of human effort. Disregarding all information except the throw of the starting switch, their behavior proceeds inexorably, regardless of further stimuli, until they are turned off, run down, jammed, or broken.

The new engineering emphasis, as is well known, is on the use of devices to supply corrective or negative feedback, so that during the performance of a machine, its behavior is modified according to the circumstances that arise. Two stock examples of such devices are thermostats and engine governors. Such automata have been constructed of many different kinds of components—cog wheels, pulleys, levers, and other mechanical parts, and batteries, condensers, relays, vacuum tubes, transistors, and other electrical and electronic equipment. Conceptually, however, we may think of them all as composed of the same kind of components: neurons.

In the field called mathematical biophysics of the nervous system, neurons are considered as relays in a model of the nervous system. The components of computers and other digital devices are special cases of these neurons. Any given behavior (set of stimulus-response relations) can be brought about by assemblages of them. Consciousness accompanies the behavior of suitably constructed automata.

JAMES T. CULBERTSON,
in *The Minds of Robots*
(U. of Illinois Press, $10).

—*Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna, Austria.*

DESPITE HER LIVELY LOOK, this lady lute player, put together by Italian clockmaker Gianello Torriano (ca. 1515-1585), is an unconscious robot. Silvio Bedini, of the Smithsonian Institution, pays respects to her in "The Role of Automata in the History of Technology," published in the winter 1964 issue of *Technology and Culture*, International Quarterly of the Society for the History of Technology.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Victor Barnaba.

Often, it seems, along paths narrowed and darkened by dogmatism rather than illuminated by broad and searching curiosity. Fortunately for society, the dusk brings out the gadflies, one of whom inflicts a sting below.

Dr. Richard Bellman, the Rand Corporation mathematician, plunges across the entire range of human affairs, trying to apply numbers wherever logic suggests they might be useful. The language of the computers has taken his time on occasion; so has the language of the stars. He is one of the few who have tried to adapt mathematical formulae to the vagaries and variants of life, from the level of the molecule to the level of the cell and to the composite creature. In his list of priorities the study of man stands foremost.

BY RICHARD BELLMAN
RAND Corporation

IT is perhaps premature to assert that the classical religions are moribund. That their influence upon contemporary cultural, social, economic, and political mores is slight is certainly a safe statement. We have seen other contenders for the role of a religion come and go within the last fifty years, to wit, Communism and Psychiatry.

The first of these, Communism, has exhibited a severe inability to transmit orthodoxy from one generation to the next. This weakens its claim. The second, Psychiatry, has come of age, sobered by an awareness of the real complexities of mental disorders.

A more serious contender than either of these is Science—note the capital S. Consider the chart below.

	Thirteenth Century Europe	1963 United States
Orthodoxy	Christianity	Science
Hierarchy	Priests	Scientists
Sacred Language	Latin	Mathematics
Sacrifices	Witches, albigensians, penitentes	40,000 dead a year in automobile accidents, joblessness through automation, astronauts, A-bomb fall-out
Enterprises	Crusades	Man - on - the - Moon project, billion dollar atom smashers
Emphasis	Next world	Non-human world

To predict medical statistics twenty-five to fifty years in the future is not an easy task, but let us try. On the basis of admittedly imprecise current figures, it seems reasonable to estimate that from one to two out of every three readers of this page will suffer, and most likely die, from some aspect of cancer.

In a society ruled by reason, or even by intimations of mortality, it might be assumed that a sizable proportion of scientifically trained individuals, aware of the statistics and the penalties, would be devoting a significant fraction of their thoughts and energies to preventive measures.

That this is not the case is a curious fact. We can perhaps understand on the grounds of a hypothesis that the average science baccalaureate has received so great an emotional and psychological warping in the process of becoming "educated" as to render it impossible for him to assign sensible priorities and utilities to his actions. The Scientist, Lunifex Maximus, transmits his attitudes to those citizens who, untrained in Science, cannot read the sacred books.

We, dwelling in more civilized times, look back with wonderment at such phenomena as the Children's Crusaders. Is there any reason why the world of the future should not regard our Space Race with equal astonishment?

Turn now to the atom-smashers. At a recent conference devoted to "Creativity in the Sciences," I challenged a brilliant and dedicated physicist from Brookhaven to justify spending so many hundreds of millions of dollars on nuclear physics at a time when so many pressing human problems existed all about us. His attitude was unequivocal. As long as a single question existed about the interior of the nucleus of the atom, it was necessary to pour unlimited amounts of men and money into the struggle for knowledge.

Some physicists cry out that it is a loss of national prestige to allow the ————'s to surpass us in ————. (Fill in the blanks according to the field and the competitor).

Recently, the Russians used cryptoanalytic techniques, together with digital computers, to make a significant breakthrough in the decipherment of an Aztec script. I have yet to hear any of the space race or nuclear physics exponents cry shame over this outstripping of American efforts in philology and plead for $10,000,000 or $100,000,000 to dig up Italy in an effort to find a Latin-Etruscan Rosetta stone.

According to the old syllogism, starting with Socrates, all men are mortal. Assuming that we avoid early mortality by way of motor traffic or cancer, we will certainly achieve late mortality by way of old age and various degenerative debilities. Even in middle age, we occasionally suffer ills that require sustained hospital care and nursing attention.

Yet we read constantly, in our local newspapers and in the national magazines, about the wretched conditions that abound in old-age homes, in sanitaria, in prisons. Cruelty, callousness, filth, negligence exist in so many institutions that await us.

Ironically, at a time when we so urgently need people in all areas of personal service, we are sacrificing a million jobholders a year to automation.

We cannot turn back the clock. But we can minimize the human suffering involved in transition from one type of society to another. By applying the manpower not required for agricultural or industrial production to the personal services required for adequate medical care of our population, we can relieve the crisis caused by automation. The people thus gainfully employed will have the great satisfaction of helping other people. This is the maximum gift that a society can give to its citizens.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shakespeare

Continued from page 17

as one of the Sharers, and it is worth noting that he is described as a player and not as playwright. Whether or not he was still constantly acting, he held his position on the board as an actor. Poets were men to be hired; the players held the purse and made the decisions. However much they valued Shakespeare's pen, it was his status as an Actor-Sharer and House-Sharer that gave him power and profit.

Cuthbert's letter was part of a plea, and he may have had reasons for stressing the load of these borrowings at interest; but the fact remains that the King's Men flourished. It seems plain that a Sharer had his portion of cares and responsibilities as well as of profits. Shakespeare's magnificent authorship did not issue from an ivory tower; he was in the thick of executive as well as literary work, casting, rehearsing, and probably directing while he wrote. New plays by other men had continually to be found and new boys trained for the superb women's parts—*e.g.*, Cleopatra—that he created for them.

It in no way diminishes the supremacy of Shakespeare as a poet to envisage him also as a man of affairs, coping with front-of-the-house duties and backstage policies and disputes as well as with the provision of a play, frequently a masterpiece, when needed. When he had become the principal playwright of the town, his companions may have paid him twice the usual petty fee for a script. There are no available facts about that. But all allusions to his character speak of him as "gentle," and one cannot see him insisting brusquely on his primary claims. The picture is of a smooth wit and a smooth temper. His investments prove him thrifty and cautious. He bought land that could not vanish like a merchant vessel in a storm and actually rose in value, but he was never accused of putting money first.

HE wrote to express what he thought and felt and when in anguish, "to raze out the rooted troubles of the brain." He was emptying the emotions and reflections of a strenuous life when he entered on his greatest work at the age of thirty-six. But he was also and always a professional servant of the playgoing public, seeking to please it with a story and characters that gripped and held those who paid for their seats, and determined to keep his own company ahead of the others in receipts as well as renown. Much has been said about the profundity and symbolism of *The Tempest*, generally accepted as a tentative farewell to his work. (He was, however, to write more thereafter). In the epilogue, a summing-up of philosophy and purpose, he said quite simply, using the business term for any kind of enterprise, "My project was to please." It was no vain assertion. He had pleased.

"Wait—that's not the *sacred* crocodile!"

Chess Corner No. 89

THE Steinitz Gambit, an eccentric offshoot of the King's Gambit, in which White allows his King to be pushed into the middle of the board by . . . Q-R5ch, has long been considered too primitive and therefore thoroughly discredited in sophisticated circles. In the 1960 Leningrad championship, however, S. Strogovitch, having reached the semifinals, decided to shock the chess world and demonstrate that with nerve you can get away with almost anything —even against powerful opposition. Perhaps Strogovitch's audacity was backed up by familiarity with Paul Keres's early correspondence games, in which he often experimented with this curiosity.

Black's 6 . . . N-QB3 is the correct tack, accenting development even at the cost of material. And White's 7PQ4 is the correct continuation.

But Black's 7 . . . P-B4 is not the best. Better was 7 . . . 0-0-0.

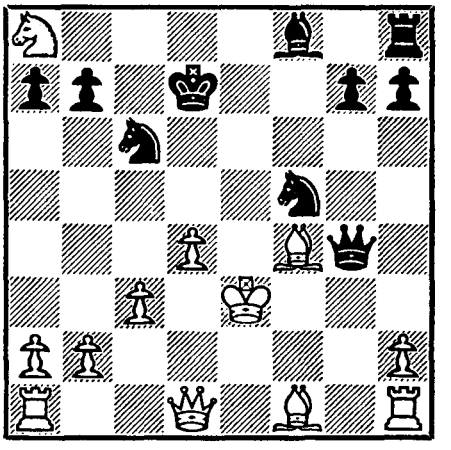
White now takes the plunge, grabbing a rook despite the loss of time involved and the seemingly suicidal position of his King.

White's 10 P-B3 is played with the knowledge that after 10 . . . PxNch 11 PxP, BxPch 12 KxB, Q-R4ch 13 K-B2, his Queen is indirectly protected by 14 B-R3ch.

Curiously, Black has nothing better than 15 . . . N-Q3ch. 15 . . . Q-N3 is met by 16 B-R3.

After 16 . . . N-B4ch, White has to keep defending the Bishop. It is a deadlock.

Strogovitch White	Solonkovitch Black	Strogovitch White	Solonkovitch Black
1 P-K4	P-K4	8 NxPch	K-Q2
2 P-KB4	PxP	9 NxR	PxP
3 N-QB3	Q-R5ch	10 P-B3	N-R3
4 K-K2	P-Q4	11 BxP	PxNch
5 NxP	B-N5ch	12 PxP	BxPch
6 N-B3	N-QB3	13 KxB	Q-N5ch
7 P-Q4	P-B4	14 K-K3	N-B4ch



15 K-K4	N-Q3ch	17 K-K4	Drawn
16 K-K3	N-B4ch		

—AL HOROWITZ.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Checklist

Continued from page 44

Traubel. Edited by Gertrude Traubel. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $12.50.

Poetry

COLLECTED POEMS OF HENRY THOREAU. New enlarged edition. Edited by Carl Bode. Johns Hopkins. $6.95.

POEMS OF DOUBT AND BELIEF: An Anthology of Modern Religious Poetry. Edited by Tom F. Driver and Robert Pack. Macmillan. $5.95.

Religion, Philosophy

ANGEL AT HER SHOULDER. By Kenneth L. Wilson. Harper & Row. $3.95.

COUNTDOWN: The Launching of Prayer in the Space Age. By David Head. Macmillan. $2.75.

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION. By V. H. H. Green. Putnam. $5.95.

MODERN MAN AND MORTALITY. By Jacques Choron. Macmillan. $6.50.

ON BEGINNING FROM WITHIN/ON LISTENING TO ANOTHER. By Douglas V. Steere. Harper & Row. $4.

SYMBOLISM IN THE DURA SYNAGOGUE. (Volumes 9-11 of *Jewish Symbols in the Greco-Roman Period.*) By Erwin R. Goodenough. Bollingen Foundation-Pantheon. Three volumes, $25.

Science

THE REVOLUTION IN PSYCHIATRY: The New Understanding of Man. By Ernest Becker. Free Press. $5.50.

SCIENTIST: Opportunities for Careers in Science. By Robert S. Morison. Macmillan. $3.95.

Sociology

CHALLENGES IN MENTAL RETARDATION. By Gunnar Dybwad. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.

TECHNOLOGY AND SOCIAL CHANGE. By Eli Ginzberg. Columbia Univ. Press. $4.50.

THE WALL STREET LAWYER: Professional Organization Man? By Erwin O. Smigel. Free Press. $6.95.

WEDNESDAY'S CHILDREN: A Study of Child Neglect and Abuse. By Leontyne Young. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

Theater

THE LONDON STAGE, 1660-1800. Part I: 1660-1700. Edited by William Van Lennep. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $25.

THE PERSONAL VISION OF INGMAR BERGMAN. By Jörn Donner. Indiana Univ. Press. $5.95.

SEAN O'CASEY. By Saros Cowasjee. St. Martin's. $7.50.

Travel

MYRA WALDO'S TRAVEL GUIDE TO EUROPE. Revised and enlarged edition. Macmillan. $5.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. dress. 2. morass. 3. mussel. 4. possess. 5. crass. 6. repass. 7. dross. 8. caress. 9. grass. 10. duress. 11. truss. 12. essay. 13. stress. 14. assert. 15. mattress. 16. impress.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 60¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 52¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 54¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 56¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 58¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

RESEARCH, WRITING, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box G-138.

RUSSIAN TRANSLATIONS expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Box 83, New Marlborough, Massachusetts.

BOOKS

THE PAPERBACK SELLER—"If it's bound in paper —we're bound to have it." 148 Front Street, Hempstead, N.Y. We pay postage.

FREE CATALOGUE listing paperbacks, hardbounds, records. Publishers' clearance. Save up to 84%. New York Book Shoppe, 4 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN books. The Mail Order Library, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Matawan 2, New Jersey.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 5435 Upland Way, Philadelphia 31, Pa.

BOOKS ABOUT ASIA — ORIENTALIA. 11 East 12th Street, New York 3, New York. Free Catalogue S.

FOYLES FAMOUS BOOKSHOP. New, secondhand and rare books at low English prices. Stock of over 4 million volumes. You may pay by check in dollars. W. & G. Foyle, 119-125 Charing Cross Road, London W.C.2, England.

FROM CHINA (mainland) 500 imported publications in English. Free Catalogue. China Books & Periodicals, 292 Gough Street, San Francisco, California 94102.

PAPERBACK EXCHANGE SERVICE, 18/$1.00 postpaid, details 10¢. Bruce Clark, Dept. S, 115 McGavock Pike, Nashville, Tennessee 37214.

BOOK BARGAINS! Send for list. Bookshop, 227½-S Montford, Asheville, N.C.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE — Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 21, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 70¢.

OUT-OF-PRINT

BAER'S BOOK SEARCH. 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee 38127. Book finders.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS FOUND. Extensive contacts — wide experience—quick action. Old Colony Bookfinders, 129 S. Botolph Street, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

BIBLIOPHILES: Extensive Research, no obligation. Free Search Service. Try me first! John Friend, Bookfinder, Box 2570-S, Long Beach 1, California.

TRANSATLANTIC BOOKSEARCHERS. Wants actively sought in England and America. Matawan, New Jersey.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

LOCATE BOOKS! California Booksearchers, Box 668, San Diego 12, California.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE. Any book located. Thousands successfully found. Paul Revere Bookshop, 4 Brattle Street, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

FROM STOCK! Good Books—At Fair Prices—With Quick Service. Kendall Gaisser, 1242 Broadway, Toledo 9, Ohio 43609.

OUT-OF-PRINT? Hard to find? We specialize in locating the difficult. Fast, reasonable. Ardsley Books, Box 4308, Sunnyside 4, N. Y.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Your satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

CAN'T GET IT, WE'LL FIND IT and fast. Free experienced service reaches 5,500 dealers weekly, if not in our large stock. Beacon Hill Booksellers, 84 Charles Street, Boston 14, Massachusetts.

ART

BRITISH MEDIEVAL BRASS RUBBINGS—1,000 original Elizabethan, armored knights, religious, noble couples, families. Sizes to 10'. $5 to $25. Picture House, 86-01 Northern Boulevard, Jackson Heights 72, N.Y. Catalogue.

SPRING CATALOGUE available. Drawings and sculpture: Bellows, Burchfield, Klee, Matisse, Manzu, Rodin. James Goodman Gallery, The Park Lane, Buffalo, New York.

GANDY BRODIE School of Fine Arts, Newfane, Vermont —Summer Session.

FREE—ART WORKSHOP. June 19th-27th. Paint, vacation by the ocean. Artists: Muench, Ritter, Fitzgerald, Neil, Betts, Dahlberg. Information: Hillcrest Inn, Ogunquit, Maine.

LA POSADA ART WORKSHOP—at the beautiful La Posada Inn, Vero Beach, Florida. Directly on the ocean. Pool and patio, shaded courtyards and balconies, spacious work areas. Continous extensive workshops held from May 1st through June 30th by well-known artists. $110 by the week includes room, breakfast, instructions, basic art equipment. Write for details: J. R. Chamberlain, 3016 Brownwood Drive, *Chattanooga, Tennessee.*

RECORD MART

TOSCA, Puccini, complete, Deutsche Grammophon, with *famous German cast: Konya, Staatsoper Berlin,* and others, 2 LP set, German textbook, Hi-Fi $9.95, Stereo $11.95. Bremen House, 218 East 86th St., NYC 28, REgent 4-2500.

COLLECTORS OR DEALERS—Hundreds early operatics, imports, reissues. Request special lists. Penn Courtney, *4817 Gilbert Drive, Shreveport, Louisiana.*

COLOR SLIDES

SENT ON APPROVAL! Complete your collection with the scenes you missed. Select from thousands of colorful 35 mm slides from 88 countries—all as beautiful as your best originals. You name it, we have it—restricted interiors—Holy Land narrations with new slides—Oberammergau 1960—Tahiti—exciting peoples of the Far East! Send 25¢ for the big 88-page, 8th edition Wolfe Catalogue of Hi-Fi *slides in true, living color. For more than* 10 years Wolfe slides have been sent on approval—they have to be good! Wolfe Worldwide Films, Dept. 744, Los Angeles 90025.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, POLISH periodicals, newspapers. European Publishers Representatives, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 36.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to German, Austrian, Swiss magazines make thoughtful gifts. Request catalogue. German News Company, 200 East 86th Street, NYC 28, BUtterfield 8-5500.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

GUITAR KIT $24.95 (F.O.B. NYC). Fine spruce and maple wood. All materials and detailed assembling instructions supplied. DO IT YOURSELF and save (Extraordinary Value!). Hargail, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

HARPSICHORDS, double and single manuals; virginals and spinets. For brochure: William Hyman, Harpsichord Builder, 61-29 170th Street, Flushing 65, N.Y.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N. Y.

HARPSICHORD—ZUCKERMANN, five octave, two register, three pedals. $1,150. 516-AN 1-8123.

MUSICAL DELIGHT for a lifetime: a Sabathil harpsichord from Vancouver, Canada.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

RUTH SLENCZYNSKA—NYC piano teaching studio. ENright 9-1093.

SCHOOLS

MATH AND ENGLISH for high school credit. Specializing in fundamentals. Boys boarding. $650. Near Tanglewood in the Berkshires. Write Alan Winslow, Stockbridge Summer School, West Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

RIM ROCK SCHOOL—College preparatory, coed. Foreign trip, skiing. Catalogue. Box X, Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

COLLEGES

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 430 Cuyahoga Savings Building, Cleveland 15, Ohio.

FOR THE GOURMET

VOLUPTUOUS VICTUALS! "Look's Atlantic" Maine Lobster Newburg! Impetrate your purveyor ineluctably! Norton Delicacies, New Milford, Connecticut.

APPLES — "CRISP-AIRE" McINTOSH — Large, crisp, juicy. Our Controlled Atmosphere Storage will open April 1st. Order for April and May delivery. Prices, express charges included, delivery guaranteed: Carton of 24 east of Mississippi, $6.00; west, $7.00. Carton of 50 east of Mississippi, $8.00; west, $10.00. Meadowbrook Orchards, Sterling Junction, Massachusetts.

FLAVOR-FRAGRANCE-BEGUILING BEAUTY. Culinary Herb plants—well rooted in peat pots. Free brochure. Shaker Maid Herbs, Box 2145-SR, Terre Haute, Indiana 47802.

GOURMET FOODS for your table and gift giving. Exquisite selections. Request mail order catalogue. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 28, REgent 4-2500.

SUBTLE HUMOR on "food" labels. Connoisseur Rumdum Plums, Hairy Mold Spores, etc. 7 different gummed labels, 3 colors, imprinted "contents," standard sizes, $1.00. Funlabels, 11005 Arbuckle, Mission Hills, California.

HOBBIES

SPERM WHALE TOOTH, 4", $3.95. Free brochure. Peter Dirlam, Southbridge, Massachusetts.

25 LARGE AMERICAN COMMEMORATIVES 10¢. Accompanying approvals. Free Perforation Gauge, Linstamps, St. Catharine's 114, Ontario.

PERSONALS

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue, New York 10021. REgent 4-3902. Established 1887.

AT BENNINGTON COLLEGE, April 14th, you can see a collection of interesting capes, coats, dresses, fabrics, Irish sweaters, etc., etc. from Carol Brown's, Putney, Vermont.

B.A. DEGREE PROGRAM FOR ADULTS. Six months independent study cycles begin and end with week on campus. College experience required. New admissions accepted in August and February. Write Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Employers provide transportation and liberal vacations. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities in sixty countries, all occupations. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions, English-language newspapers overseas, social work. Send $1.00. Airmail 30¢ extra. Money-back guarantee. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS. CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free Catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut.

BLUE GLASS LINERS for silver saltcellars and condiment holders. Glass inserts replaced. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 16.

TAILOR-MADE-RECORD — Send 4-minute tape, $3. Mail-a-Disc, 225 West 46th, NYC.

PERSONAL AND GROUP STUDY. Education, Business, New Frontiers of Thought. Conferences to fifty. Windsor Institute, Windsor, Massachusetts.

MEDITATION? Practice produces understanding and insight. A one-year bimonthly meditation training course without fee. Write: MEDITATIONS, Box 1244, Greenwich, Connecticut.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 35,000 summer jobs (also 7,000 permanent) open right NOW in U.S. and Overseas. Gives specific job data, salaries, addresses, etc. Hurry! Jobs are filled early. Used and approved since 1952. Regular price $5.00. Special—rush $4.00 now for "Summer Jobs." Resume manual $1.00 or FREE with order. Summer Institute, 173 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y. (Add 25¢ regular mail, add $1.00 first class.) Also "Summer Opportunities for Teenagers" (includes jobs; part-time work; travel, sports, special interest, foreign camps, etc.), $3.00. Supply limited.

HARPSICHORD — Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA VICTOR. In kit form for home workshop assembly, $150. Clavichord kit, $100. Free brochure. Write Zuckermann Harpsichords, Dept. S, 115 Christopher Street, NYC 14.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464-5-6.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

FOOT COMFORT, free all-seasons catalogue. 50 styles double deerskin, sheepskin moccasins, casuals, other slippers, shoes, boots. Also extra large sizes. Cottage Crafts Shop, Rutland, Vermont.

IMPORTED, HANDWOVEN, wool carry-all bags. Tapestry reds, naturals, blues, greens, blacks—$5.00 postpaid. The Village Idiots, 11 Cornelia, NYC 14.

PERSONALS

FEMALE, 28, SINGLE, 3 years wire service experience including bureau managership; B.A. University of Wisconsin, history major, math minor, courses beyond calculus; honors B.A. University of Cambridge, mathematical logic; extensive European travel; some French and German; seeks stimulating editorial job. Box G-361.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $1.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $7.00. Manual, "Teaching Opportunities in San Francisco," $1.00 or FREE, with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN, at a fraction of their American retail prices. $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

"HE WHO SPEAKS WELL does well" ● Social ● Business ● Private ● Class. Call for brochure. After 6 p.m. Mr. Wethington. LT 1-3472 NYC.

DESIGNER: Bookplates, stationery, Christmas cards. Handprinted, selected stock. Box G-351.

IMPORTED SHETLAND HANDKNITS, tartans, English merino blankets. Scotland, 6531 Earl, Seattle, Washington.

BOOKS FOR MEXICO: College-community library. Literary, scientific periodicals. Postage refunded. Valle Bravo, Estado Mexico.

THOSE WONDERFUL LITTLE BLANKETS from Avoca, Ireland, make perfect baby and wedding gifts; also charming shifts, ponchos, capes. About 54" x 38", fringed. Circular. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont 05346.

PERFUME BY MOZART? Well, no . . . yet our pure flower fragrances play on air with something of that heavenly touch. Circular A, May Cove, Mathews, Virginia 23109.

"I HAVE A TREMOR-CORDIS on me; my heart dances." I have discovered the British Book Centre, 122 East 55th Street, NYC.

KUVASZ—Dog of Distinction—the perfect estate dog—guardian for children, property. Photographs furnished; males; available April 22nd. Box 247, Concordville, Pennsylvania.

POLITICAL AMERICANA—"Democratic Rooster," 10" x 14" quality print reproduced from antique woodcut resurrected in birthplace of party emblem. $1 print. Rooster Originals, P.O. Box 88004, Indianapolis, Indiana 46208.

OIL PORTRAITS hand painted on canvas from your photo. Information: Maldeau, Franklin, Pennsylvania.

31ST WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains, July 19th-July 31st. Outstanding staff: George Lanning, Short Story; John Frederick Nims, Poetry; William O. Steele, Juvenile; Leonard Gross, Nonfiction; Novel, William Lederer. Write John H. Wrenn, Director, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

FRENCH LESSONS by qualified French lady. TYrone 3-5581, MElrose 5-2706, NYC.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS Import. Dolmetsch, Purcell, $5, $7.95 up! Student Special, Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music. Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue, 4-4-A, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

565 CURRENT ACRONYMS Booklet: You know NATO but ELSIE, ALF, GUM, PAPA? Be informed. $1.00 and self-addressed stamped envelope, P.O. Box R1878, Grand Central Station, NYC 17.

YOUNG ARTIST, art teacher, seeks interesting summer opportunity teaching children. Experienced teacher, camp counselor. Excellent references. Box G-81.

MALE STENOGRAPHER, B.A., linguist-tutor desires travel employment. Box G-9.

(Continued on page 60)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 59)

ART BACKGROUND—Woman, 30s, seeks two day week employment NYC. Box G-193.

INTELLIGENT MATURE LADY, leaving active life, seeks interesting living situation with some duties. Country with urban overtones preferred. Box G-191.

LADY, over 60, desires position. Excellent health, drives, types, experienced older people. Resides NYC. Will travel. Box G-197.

MALE TEACHER, 25, seeks summer employment. Elementary, secondary experience. Box G-319.

EXPERIENCED TRANSLATOR—German into English—desires work at home. NYC. Box G-198.

LADY DESIRES POSITION with woman writer or one associated with arts. Versatile. From menial to responsible tasks. Not averse traveling. Box G-318.

TRAVELED YOUNG TEACHER will care for, tutor children, entire summer, exchange expenses Europe. Box G-307.

NEW YORK Public Relations Consultant available for colleges seeking national recognition. Box G-200.

HELPFUL, LITERATE young man wishes travel overseas. Secretary-aide, nurse. Anything considered. Box G-301.

LADY LIVING ALONE, country, vicinity New York, desires mature gentlewoman for driving and part-time assistance. Maid kept. Permanent position. Owner, 65 Knollwood Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

YOUNG MAN, Ph.D. history, diplomacy, college teacher, seeks demanding position foundation or publishing. Box G-310.

MOUNT HOLYOKE SOPHOMORE, 19, seeks summer travel position with children. German, some French. Box G-321.

PERSONABLE YOUNG TEACHER desires position as tutor or governess for traveling family. Write to: C. Pedlikin, 40 Arnold Street, Hartford, Connecticut.

HARVARD DEAN'S LIST JUNIOR, graduate Phillips Exeter, fluent French, Red Cross certificated swimming instructor, seeks summer job, any capacity, European country or countries. Salary unimportant. Willing provide own transportation. Box G-327.

YOUNG ATTORNEY with extensive knowledge of classical music would like position connected with music. Not necessarily legal. Box G-320.

COED, 22, seeks summer employment. Experienced secretary, area public contact. Will relocate. 3124A North Marietta, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

RUTGERS SENIOR desires summer work abroad. Will be in Europe July-August. Excellent recommendations. Box G-314.

BASSET HOUND seeks summer governess jobs East coast. Brings female teacher. Write Caesar, Box 717, Manhattan Beach, California.

AMBITIOUS YOUNG MAN, 22, seeks interesting and worthwhile career. B.A. philosophy, with distinction. Box G-332.

GRADUATING COLLEGE June. Female seeks interesting summer employment Saint Louis, Missouri, area. Box G-345.

WOMAN, 40, athletic, college graduate, seeks interesting outdoor vacation, trip, job, project or what-have-you, July or August. Box G-333.

AMERICAN MALE, 25, single, European university education, languages, desires challenging position in Europe. Reply Box G-340.

MALE, M.A. English, PBK, teaching experience, seeks employment. Box G-336.

ENGLISH TEACHER, female, 21, desires summer employment abroad. Box G-342.

NAVIGATOR CARGO VESSEL, B.A. Columbia, English literature, fluent Spanish, some French, Greek, newspaper writing experience, good driver. Summer job or longer, NYC. Box G-329.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

WANTED: Ph.D.s interested in teaching college level courses in mathematics, business administration, economics, humanities; 8 three hour evening courses annually in Cape Kennedy area. No committee work or other administrative duties. Write: Resident Director, P.O. Box 4393, Patrick A.F.B., Florida.

PERSONAL ASSISTANT, 19 to 28, single, for young executive. Midwest location. Box G-186.

WANTED: Young French girl to play with and teach French to 5 year old daughter of prominent film writer, Sutton Place, NYC, 2:00-4:30 p.m., Monday through Saturday. $1.50 an hour. References. Box G-181.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

LOVELADIES HARBOR, Long Beach Island, N.J. Ideal community of summer and year-round lagoon-front homes; adjacent to community music and art center. Private ocean and bay beaches. Close to New York and Philadelphia. Moderate prices. Write Loveladies Harbor, Harvey Cedars, N.J. Telephone: Area Code 609-494-5400.

CONNECTICUT. Rebuilt sawmill with guest suite near New Haven. Particulars from Box G-103.

VERMONT — Pure Colonial architecture dated 1799. "Pink House" on edge of village, proximity of famous golf courses. Wide halls, paneling, 3 fireplaces, small paned windows, slate roof, 10 rooms, 3 baths. Hot water oil furnace, village water, completely winterized. New 2 car garage, woodshed. Approximately 1 acre. Trees, lilacs. Immediate occupancy. $35,000. Snare Associates, Realtors, Dorset, Vermont.

MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT. Large sea captain's house, overlooking Fishers Island Sound. Best residential area. Box G-339.

SAVE $5,000! Have moved and will sacrifice delightful 3 bedroom ranch house adjoining Candlewood Lake, Connecticut. Attractive, comfortable year-round house, 2 baths, paneled den and bar, screened porch, all appliances including dishwasher, 2 car garage with electric door. A good lot, good place for summer and weekends or year round. An exceptional buy at $27,500. Will consider trade for home Silver Spring, Chevy Chase or Bethesda, Maryland. Bell, PLaza 1-4400 NYC.

BUCKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA. Charming 3 bedroom house with 2 fireplaces. Beautifully landscaped. 500 feet frontage on Delaware Canal. Bus to New York. Asking $33,000. Elizabeth James, "Country Real Estate," New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2430.

***TUXEDO* PARK, N.Y.** *Renewed, modern, immaculate* country house. Ten plus rooms, all amenities. $47,500. Freda Buchanan, Realtor. 914-EL 8-1025.

For Sale—Furnished

HAWAIIAN HILLTOP STUDIO. Secluded, quiet retreat. View. Jenkins, Anahola, Kauai.

For Rent—Furnished

TWO HOURS NYC. Weekend and vacation cabin in 220 acres of spring foliage in Connecticut. 3 bedrooms, kitchen, large living room with fireplace. Electric range and refrigerator. On spring-fed, bass-stocked lake. Rowboat, private dock. Nice people who enjoy the challenges and satisfaction of rustic living will like this—not for city slickers. Yearly rent $1,000. Call Association Secretary, WHite Plains 6-9382.

SAN SAN, JAMAICA. Beautifully appointed 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, on superb beach. Resident maid, handyman, rowboat. $450 monthly till December, $650 December to April. Kelly, 30 Munroe Road, Kingston 6, Jamaica.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Sleeps 5. 2 baths, all utilities, dock, beetleboat. Till August 1st. Box G-337.

SECLUDED VERMONT FARMHOUSE, 120 acres meadow and forest, half hour drive from Bread Loaf. Season $300, year $600. Box G-184.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

TROPICAL ISLAND. Delightful all year comfort. Cool tradewinds July. Patio breakfasts February. Enjoy privacy, peace, quiet. Extremely modern home. Caretaker cottage. 2 boats. Write, brochure. Rhodes, Summerland Key, Florida.

For Summer Rental

SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET—Charming, spacious rose-covered cottage: 5 rooms, 2 baths, washer, fireplace, lovely garden, patio, moor view, garage. Includes guest cottage: 2 bedrooms, kitchenette, bath. Seclusion, but only 5 minute walk to stores, beach, tennis, golf. June 15th-August 7th, $1,350, plus gardener and utilities. Also available May and September. References. UNiversity 5-8853 NYC or Box G-312.

WASHINGTON, CONNECTICUT, 1770 house. Woods, fields, streams. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, 4 fireplaces, terrace. $1,200 season. 212-RH 4-5982, Box G-100.

BUCKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA. Artist's 13 acre estate. Small private lake. Beautiful house. 2 story living room, large studio, 2½ bedrooms, 1½ baths, workshop. June-October. $1,800. TEmpleton 8-3561 NYC.

HISTORIC LITCHFIELD, CONNECTICUT. Showplace—5 bedrooms, 3 baths. Furnished. 90 acres. $1,200. Box G-72.

COMFORT AND PRIVACY—Owner's comfortably furnished cottage on Casco Bay, Maine. Ideal for writer/artist. June-July. Box G-343.

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS, COLORADO. Mountain paradise. Seclusion with accessibility. Charming, modern, 2 bedrooms, sleeping porch, bath, all-electric house, terrace, acreage. Spectacular views. July and August $1,000. References exchanged. Box G-341.

BUCKS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA. Rural cottage 7 miles from New Hope. Air-conditioned. 3 bedrooms, living rcom, laundry, kitchen, bath, garage, huge illuminated porch. Charmingly furnished. Season $650. Box G-352.

VERMONT—WESTON. New home. Spacious living room with deck, 5 bedrooms, playroom, 2 baths. Acreage with stream and Green Mountain views. Seasonal or monthly. Box G-348.

BERKSHIRES. Quiet retreat. 4 bedrooms. 200 acres. $650. May-October. Box G-357.

SHORE COTTAGE, Manset, Maine. Well equipped. 7 rooms, bath and lavatory. $1,800 season. Box G-331.

MOUNT PLEASANT, New York. Two bungalows, 4 and 5 rooms, fully equipped. Exceptional view, secluded. Extended season. Reasonable. Box G-353.

ON SMALL GREEK ISLAND in Aegean. 11 rooms (6 bedrooms), terraces, fantastic view. Available May to October or part of. Box G-354.

LONG ISLAND NORTH SHORE. Attractive, furnished, year-round ranch. Wooded 2 acres. 5 minutes to private Sound beach. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Beautiful, dignified community. References. Time essential. Box G-356.

VERMONT—CENTRAL. Old tavern, all modern conveniences, linens. 4 bedrooms. Beautiful, quiet country. Recreation nearby. $250 monthly. Box G-328.

CAPE COD—WAREHAM. Cottage for 6, all coveniences. $800 season; monthly. Box G-326.

GRANVILLE, VERMONT. 6 rooms, view—Bread Loaf area. July-August. $600. Box G-309.

CAPE MAY, N.J. Large, quiet, comfortably furnished house. $700 season. Box G-313.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

VACATION TRAD-A-HOME. Accommodations available between responsible people. Write Box 3323, San Bernardino, California.

WILL TRADE house in suburban Philadelphia for same in Mexico City. One summer month. Rental considered. Box G-325.

AMERICAN FAMILY will trade lovely home in Caracas, with maid, for Long Island home during July. Box G-305.

APARTMENT FOR SALE

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS corner co-op. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace, 24 hour doorman. $25,000. Maintenance $252. Box G-180.

APARTMENT WANTED

BUSINESSWOMAN wants to return to Manhattan. Small, livable apartment East Side between 50th and 80th Streets would be nice. Reasonable. Box F-671.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen acres bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for summer, winter or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

HIGH BAR HARBOR. Private Club Plan Development. Large waterfront lots $2,800. Homes start at $6,950. $350,000 Yacht Club under construction. Renters have Club privileges. Box 73, Barnegat Light, N.J. Phone 494-2785.

CAMDEN, MAINE, AREA. 11 rooms, U.S. #1, ocean at front door. Other buildings suitable for business. Furnished/unfurnished. Box G-335.

UNIQUE: Wilderness Corporation, controlling 2,200 acres mountain, forest, unspoiled lake, offers 20 nondivisible one acre lots in Community of Friends and like-minded people behind 100 foot "Common Land" along shore. Charter to "preserve wilderness" insures uncrowded lake for all time. Almost no motor boats. Several cottage rentals, '64 season. Write or phone Kenneth S. Webb, Woodstock, Vermont.

5 ACRES right on Battenkill River, excellent trout stream. 2 miles from Vermont, in New York state. $2,000. Herbert Douglas, Arlington, Vermont.

CUERNAVACA, situated in world's finest semitropical climate. Group of 10 attractive houses, 8 completely furnished, everything in fine condition, each place completely private. Total of 17 bedrooms and baths. 5 servants' rooms. Two acres of beautiful gardens, additional land available. Large solar heated pool, cabana. Substantial steady income. American owners and clientele. $130,000. Terms. Robert Chapman, P.O. Box 200, Cuernavaca, Morelos, Mexico.

CAMPS

THRESHOLD. Summer therapeutic living experience on college campus for emotionally disturbed children. Box G-11.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Fun and adventure for boys 7-18. Six age groups. 2 private lakes near Old Forge. Pack-horse trips. Adirondack, Canadian canoe trips. Riding, forestry, riflery, fishing. Tutoring. Mature councilors. 3 nurses. 39th year. Booklet. William H. Abbott, Director, Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y.

THE ASHCROFTERS, Mountain Camp for Boys. Rugged program of Mountaineering, Wilderness Survival, White Water Trips and extensive Pack Tripping. Ages 13-17 in 4 and 5 week terms. Dave and Sherry Farny, Box 4, Aspen, Colorado.

CAMP ANNISQUAM FOR BOYS. In historic Gloucester, Massachusetts. Unique saltwater sailing camp. Excitement, adventure, open-sea fishing, swimming, boating, all land sports, exploring trips. Mature leadership. Superior accommodations. Abram Resnick, 161 Waban Hill Road, North, Newton, Massachusetts.

CAMPS

D-ARROW CANOE TRIPS. 36 boys, 10-16. Three age groups. On Grand Lake, Maine. Seven weeks. Lake, white water trips: Maine, Canada. Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, New York.

FOR THE TALENTED: Music, Dance, Arts, Drama, Folk Dance, Folk Music. Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 22, New Jersey.

NATURAL SCIENCE FOR GIFTED. Camp Biota offers 36 boys, 9-14, six weeks joyful camping on 400 acres with private lake. Knowledgeable leadership in mineralogy (1964), wilderness survival, swimming, archery, riflery, canoe tripping, trail riding, campfires, games and creative crafts. Member ACA. Phone: Nashville, 766-2494. Write: Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee.

FOR THE BOY AND GIRL who love Sports or Horseback Riding—Windham Sports Camp-Diamond J Ranch. Also Diamond Village for Teenagers—clinic approach to athletics, riding, aviation, languages, typing, art. 2110 Barnes Avenue, New York 62, New York. TAlmadge 8-4440.

MAINE SAILING SCHOOL—summer camp, coed, 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Roy and Emily Hilburn, Box 174, Lakeport, California.

FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS. Boys 9-16, two groups. Flagship trips, forty-two land, water activities. Olympic size outdoor pool. Gyms. Approved summer school available. Catalogue. Box SRC, Toms River, New Jersey.

LES CHALETS FRANCAIS, Deer Isle, Maine. "Where French is Fun." Imaginative program. Girls 5-18 learn fluent French the conversational way. Swiss chalets. Riding. Sports. Ballet, art, drama, music. Elsa S. James, 1024 Westview Avenue, Philadelphia 19, Pennsylvania.

A CAMP OF NOTE: All instruments, Voice, Concerts, Recitals, Trips, Swimming, Sports. Accredited Music Teachers and Counselors. Empire State Music Camp, Hurleyville 3, N.Y., Joseph LaRuffa, Music Director.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities. Gifted boys-girls, 14-18. Cultural history, English, drama, choral music. Hiking, swimming; carpentry, forestry, farm gardening. June 28th-August 9th. 275 acres. B. S. de Frees, North Rumford, Maine.

RAMBLERNY Camp for the performing arts, New Hope, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Ballet, modern dance, music, sports, theatre trips, dormitories. Coed 8-20, June 28th-August 22nd, $695. Ruth and Charles Woodford.

SCIENCE & ARTS, CAMP MINNOWBROOK, Lake Placid, N.Y. 'The modern concept in camping.' • Since 1949. Science • Electronics • Astronomy • Music • Dance • Drama • Art • All Land and Water Sports. 440 West End Avenue, NYC 24, 212-EN 2-4340.

HILLINGDON MUSIC WORKSHOP—on beautiful English-style estate. Professional instruction; modern, medieval instruments; informal. Teenager-adult. New Marlborough, Massachusetts.

A CHANCE TO "LIVE LIKE INDIANS." The Farm and Wilderness Camps are starting an Indian encampment on their 2,200 acre tract of mountain land, with forest, lake, and a stream to dam up. Groups of boys from Timberlake will live in authentic Sioux tipis, building a village, cooking as the Indians did, learning Indian crafts, dances, stories, and Indian lore under the guidance of Indian and white American counselors, with daily supervision from Timberlake by Kenneth Webb and/or Jackson Bailey. A dozen boys, ages 11 through 15, are invited to join these groups for the four weeks from July 10th to August 7th. Cost will not exceed $250. This will be a rugged but challenging, gay and valuable experience. For details, write: Kenneth S. Webb, Woodstock, Vermont.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE CAMPS for children. Language instruction in simulated cultural settings. Typical sports, songs, dances, food, money. Next best thing to being there! Language Camps, Concordia College, Moorhead, Minnesota.

REVEL IN REDWOODS—Discerning camp program—lads and lasses. Write: Bob Mathias, Yorkville, California.

GIRLS' PRIVATE CAMP. Ages 8-12. 85 acre farm, western New York. Excellent introduction to camp life. Professional guidance. Individual instruction in swimming, western riding, canoeing, pioneer camping. Brochure: Miss Sarah Brinsmaid, Camp Brin-Lyn, Lyndonville, N.Y.

RETIREMENT LIVING

COURTLAND HALL. Place of distinction for discriminating, elderly people. Attractive single rooms, balanced meals, spacious grounds. Rates from $35 to $55 per week, room and meals. Telephone 947-0637. Middleboro, Massachusetts.

HAWLEY MANOR INN — Comfortable country living. Completely modernized. Newtown, Connecticut.

THE MANOR HOTEL—Asheville, N.C. Ideal for year-round living. Perfect for a vacation.

RETIRE: Best climate this hemisphere. Romantic city; culture and beauty abound; low living costs; medical plan. Modern, functional 1-bedroom brick homes $5,495 with 10 year terms. Box G-3.

VACATIONS

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $9.60 each, double occupancy, A. P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

MEMORABLE MEALS and associations. Gregg Hill Lodge, Box 277, Stowe, Vermont. 244-8459.

CANADA VACATION? Wooded island in beautiful lake. Eastern Ontario housekeeping cottages, $35-$45 weekly. Electricity. Quiet, refined. Box G-128.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Pussywillows! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

READY TO RELAX and enjoy Spring on eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay? Land of pleasant living, 150 acre farm on water, family style meals. American plan $45.00-$52.00, $8.00-$10.00. Real estate available. Harpers, The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD. Large, private sandy beach —ideal for children. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River in quiet pine woods—each with kitchenette and fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages for 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $6 to $10 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrick, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Phone 398-2821.

GASCON: The Famous Old Guest and Cattle Ranch in the high Rockies—with scenery, isolation and charm. Rociada, New Mexico.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

BACK LOG CAMP, on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness and actively welcome escape from civilization's noises and "advantages." July 3rd to September 8th. Reductions for families and longer visits. Brochure: Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL . . . congenial White Mountain resort. Swimming pool, golf, tennis. Picturesque inn, charming Colonial cottages, modern motel units. Excellent meals. New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

PRIVACY of lakeshore cottages, pines, delicious meals, informality, extensive recreation program. June 20th to September 10th. Color folder. AAA. Chute Homestead and Cottages, Box 10, Naples, Maine.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Comfortable country living.

(Continued on page 62)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

(Continued from page 61)

NEW YORK CITY—Special Vacation package. Write: SCHOLA, 353 West 57th, NYC 19.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

LOVELADIES HARBOR, Long Beach Island, N.J. Houses for sale and for rent; summer and year-round. See our ad under "Houses for Sale."

WINDHAM HILL FARM, West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

THE ARTS COME TO LIFE summers on the Goddard campus. Low-pressure life, professional staff to work with and learn from, Green Mountain scenery, weekly concerts. For amateur musicians, painters, craftsmen. Stay one week or more from July 1st to August 26th. ARS Recorder Seminar from July 19th to August 1st. Write Music and Art Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open June to September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

JAMAICA REASONABLY. 2, 3, and 4 bedroom villas; studio and 2 bedroom apartments. Pool. Daily, weekly, monthly rates. Corniche. P.O. Box 91. Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I. NYC Office: MUrray Hill 4-6823.

18-HOLE GOLF, surf bathing, appetizing meals feature fun-filled vacations. ATLANTIS HOTEL, Kennebunk Beach 13, Maine. Brochure.

SNOWMASS LODGE, ASPEN, COLORADO. Relaxed ranch living in the incomparable beauty of the Colorado Rockies. Write Snowmass Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

HOW TO HAVE A BETTER VACATION—Try Florida's Distinctive Resort Area: Sarasota County. Literate, informal. Send for FREE fact-filled brochure. Color photographs of our beaches, fishing, golf, music, art, theatre, attractions. Answers your questions. Helps you plan. Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 308D, Sarasota, Florida.

SEASHORE: Choice oceanside cottages or apartments. Season, half season, month, two weeks. Priestley, Real Estate, 3908 Long Beach Boulevard, Brant Beach, N.J.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical Isle. Duncan Hunter, Owner, Islamorada. Phone 664-2811.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton, P.O., New Hampshire.

HERITAGE HILL—Holland (RFD Southbridge), Massachusetts. Lake breezes, shaded lawns, spacious rooms, food aplenty. Brochure.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios; 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

VACATION LODGE for writer or artist on private estate. By week or month. Box 83, New Marlborough, Massachusetts.

SHAWMUT INN. AAA. Oceanfront resort. Secluded, restful, informal. 40 rooms, 16 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 22nd. Kennebunkport 19, Maine.

SURREY DOWNS. In pleasant private home, most comfortable accommodation offered one or two visitors to England. Excellent food, convenient trains London (½ hour), adjacent lovely country. Write Box G-316.

VACATIONS

GOLFING APLENTY . . . at Sky Lodge and Motel, informal, complete resort. Swimming pool, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Two miles north of Jackman on picturesque Arnold Trail. Ed Landgraf, Moose River, Maine.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION? New answers to problems old and new. Vacation, education, cogitation. IRAAS, 280 Newton Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02146.

FAMILY VACATIONS! Aloha Manor on Vermont lake near White Mountains. Informal resort, also "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Water sports. Pony. Crafts. Tennis. Trips. Golf and summer theatre near. Bungalows. Excellent food or housekeeping units. Booklet: Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10.

VACATION IN NEWFOUNDLAND? Write Highlands Lodge, Highlands, Newfoundland, Canada.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

CARIBBEAN, TRADE WINDS SUMMER SCHOOL—July 6th-August 7th. On beautiful St. Vincent. Stimulating courses: Art, Consumer Economics, Literature, Writers' Workshop. Bruce Pannier, Buena Vista Road, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

PUTNEY SCHOOL is sponsoring three study trips: Alaska, a Drama Trip to the British Isles, and Egypt-East Africa. Write Putney School, Putney, Vermont.

LIVE AND STUDY art in a Florentine villa! Meet top political and economic leaders in Europe, Latin America, or Around the World! Live with French family and study at the Sorbonne! In Madrid, learn the language and culture! Teenagers, improve your French while living in Switzerland! For free brochure write: U.S. National Student Association, Department SRC, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

ITALY FOR SUMMER STUDY AND TRAVEL for girls 17-20. Individually tailored programs, relaxed living, careful supervision. Six weeks study in Florence living in stately private home with American widow, fluent in Italian, special background in helping adolescents. Two weeks relaxed, private tour. Limit 4 girls: $1,500, Europe fare extra. Write: Casa Fiorenza, 40 East Elm, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

STUDY AND TRAVEL. Live with private families 30-60 days in either France, England, Germany, Italy, or Spain—ages 11-22; from $1,050. Older students 17-27 special study programs and tour of Europe, $1,585 to $1,875. Paris France Europe Association for Study & Travel, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. Circle 5-3560.

MEXICO, Summer Conference on Contemporary Arts. Leading artists participating. Write Centro Mexicano de Escritores, Valle-Arizpe 23, Mexico 12, D.F.

TRAVEL

SHAKESPEARE QUATERCENTENARY TOURS. Five summer departures visiting Shakespeare sites in U.K. Festival performances, Elizabethan dinner included. Some groups include Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Copenhagen. Folder "S". Alliance Travel, 366 Fifth Avenue, NYC 1, CHickering 4-7100.

MAUPINTOUR'S TOUR DIGEST. Describes Maupintour's complete selection of 1964 escorted tours and Host Holidays: Western Europe, 3, 5, and 8 weeks; Scandinavia, 3 weeks; Middle East/Holy Land, 24 days; Greece/Mediterranean, 15 to 30 days; Spain, 15 to 22 days; Morocco, 22 days; Around the World, 3, 4, and 7 weeks; South Pacific de-luxe cruise, 44 days; Cities of Central Asia, 50 days; Alps of Europe, 27 days; Russia by Motor Coach, 17 days; Eastern Europe Adventure, 53 days; Companion Economy USSR/Scandinavia, 28 days; Balkans/Southeast Europe, 29 days. For your free copy, see your nearest Maupintour office or write Maupintour, Box 612, Lawrence, Kansas.

BACHELOR PARTY®—Escorted Cruises and Tours—for single men and women. Travel with your own age group to Europe, Mexico, Caribbean, Hawaii, California, World's Fair, Orient, Around-the-World. Free 32 page catalogue. Contact Department SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22.

PLANNING A VISIT to New York . . . on a budget? Then Beekman Tower Hotel is for you—because it offers everything you'll want and more! In the heart of midtown Manhattan's East Side—bright and cheerful guest rooms and suites overlooking the East River and near everything of interest. Two excellent but moderate priced restaurants plus famous Top O' The Tower Cocktail Lounge with its spectacular views of the city's fascinating skyline. Best of all are the attractive rates. Color folder on request. Dept. SR-5, Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street, at First Avenue, New York 17, Tel. 212-EI 5-7300.

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

TRAVEL

EUROPE—Leisurely escorted summer tour, 9 countries, 14th season. Group limited. First class hotels, bath throughout. Air-conditioned motor coach. Choice of transatlantic steamer or air. $1,370 complete—no hidden extras. Pieper Tours, Brisbane Building, Buffalo 3, N.Y.

STAY IN EUROPE'S CASTLES! New illustrated guidebook, "Castles of the Old World," describes castle-hotels. Over 200 medieval castles, abbeys, palaces, baronial manors, chateaux listed, described. Over 100 photos. $2.00. Robert Long, Dept. S, 634 Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y.

CITIES OF CENTRAL ASIA TOUR, July 5th to August 23rd, 1964. Visit Samarkand, Bukhara, Ashkhabad, Dushanbe, Alma-Ata, Tashkent, Baku, Erevan, Tbilisi, Sochi, Kabul, Tehran, Isfahan, Shiraz, Persepolis, Istanbul, plus Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Irkutsk. $2,788 from New York by Sabena jet. For folder, see your Travel Agent or Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

EUROPE—1964 SUMMER TOURS: 42 to 67 days in Europe, $1,235 to $1,599. Write Prof. Loring Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (sr), Northfield, Minnesota.

GOING ABROAD?—Store your car safely in New York. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Bronx 62, N. Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL. 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Singles daily $8 up, doubles $13 up. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to New York World's Fair, Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

ALPS OF EUROPE TOUR. See the resorts, magnificent vistas, cosmopolitan cities, hidden valleys, international spas of the 7 Alpine nations. 27 days. Departures: June 17th, July 15th, and August 12th. $810.60, beginning Geneva. A few of the places you will visit include Chamonix, Courmayeur, Sion, Brig, Locarno, Lenzerheide, St. Moritz, Tarasp, St. Anton, Lindau, Garmisch, Innsbruck, Zell-Am-See, Cortina, Villach, Bled, Graz, Vienna. For folder, see your Travel Agent or Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, all with private bath, television and air-conditioning. Singles from $7, doubles from $10. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. The modernized and gracious Tudor offers special family rooms featuring two baths. Write Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street. Phone 212-YU 6-8800.

LOW COST STUDENT TRAVEL that college and pre-college students can afford. Itineraries include Western and Central Europe, Scandinavia, Israel, Greece, Spain and Around-the-World. Write: U.S. National Student Association, Dept. SRA, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016, or 1355 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90024.

FLY TO EUROPE AND TOUR RUSSIA by motor coach—eighteen days—New York and return—$595. EMPIRE STATE TRAVEL, 201 West 46th Street, New York 36. LT 1-1400.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet, friendly hotel right in the midst of town, near all shopping and entertainment. Just 1 block from the express subway to the World's Fair. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites, all with private bath, air-conditioning, TV and fully equipped kitchenettes. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. D-1, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath: free swimming pool: family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

FJORDS AND CITIES of Scandinavia, plus Switzerland, Germany, England and France. 42 days, $1,165. Departs July 8th. Nonprofit. Escorted by Professor Rudasill. Northland Tours, Box 7151, Baltimore 18, Maryland.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1565

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Russia's autonomous peninsula republic.	46 89 134 120 2 15
B. Wolflike wild dogs of Australia.	126 142 52 85 109 66
C. Amer. physician, specialist in preventive medicine, introduced diphtheria antitoxin, 1894.	21 93 59 3 129
D. See WORD R (2 wds.).	101 69 77 24 114 5 29 94
E. Certain regular routes for travel, esp. rivers or canals.	64 128 145 79 57 112 90 14 148
F. Cupids.	149 135 58 19 98 45
G. Name of desert region of Palestine, bordering on Egypt.	84 139 23 123 155
H. Capable of the greatest speed.	133 116 9 141 125 32 10
I. Male performer of the early movies, the "mortgage-lifter", known as the only performer besides Garbo who did not take singing and dancing lessons when "Hollywood went musical-crazy" in 1929 (comp.).	18 70 106 96 43 119 137 33 159
J. Physically harsh, rough, stormy.	20 104 30 78 156 170 61 16 92
K. Controversial.	26 60 113 136 37 83 44
L. Explosive-sounding town in W. Virginia named for important local industry.	34 36 68 11 76
M. Scene of a national tragedy, November, 1963.	53 107 75 150 121 62

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Jewish word for *peace*, used in salutations.	42 131 38 102 48 146
O. Omnipotent.	65 153 111 152 35 97 7 55
P. Food.	117 41 130 81 105 73 158 110 1
Q. Poet who pledged a qualified allegiance to Cynara (19th cent.).	166 169 127 140 87 82
R. Followed by WORD D, poetic Indian epithet for the Mississippi river.	151 17 86 115 95 167
S. Incentive.	103 54 88 12 4 63 165
T. Member of the large order comprising housefly, mosquito, gnat, etc.	157 100 56 164 28 71
U. German concentration camp from which U.S. soldiers liberated 32,000 prisoners, April 1945.	122 80 91 47 160 144
V. Inspiring devoted affection.	50 168 99 51 124 13 162
W. Describing that which may be or has been spit out.	22 27 74 143 118 138 49 161 147
X. Family name of one Italian lady who didn't behave, but has served as subject of poetry, plays, music, from Dante to Tchaikovsky (15th cent.).	108 31 40 154 25 8
Y. Word for a straight line that cuts a curve, which may be altered to mean one's posture in golf, or makes into law.	72 132 6 67 163 39

DIRECTIONS

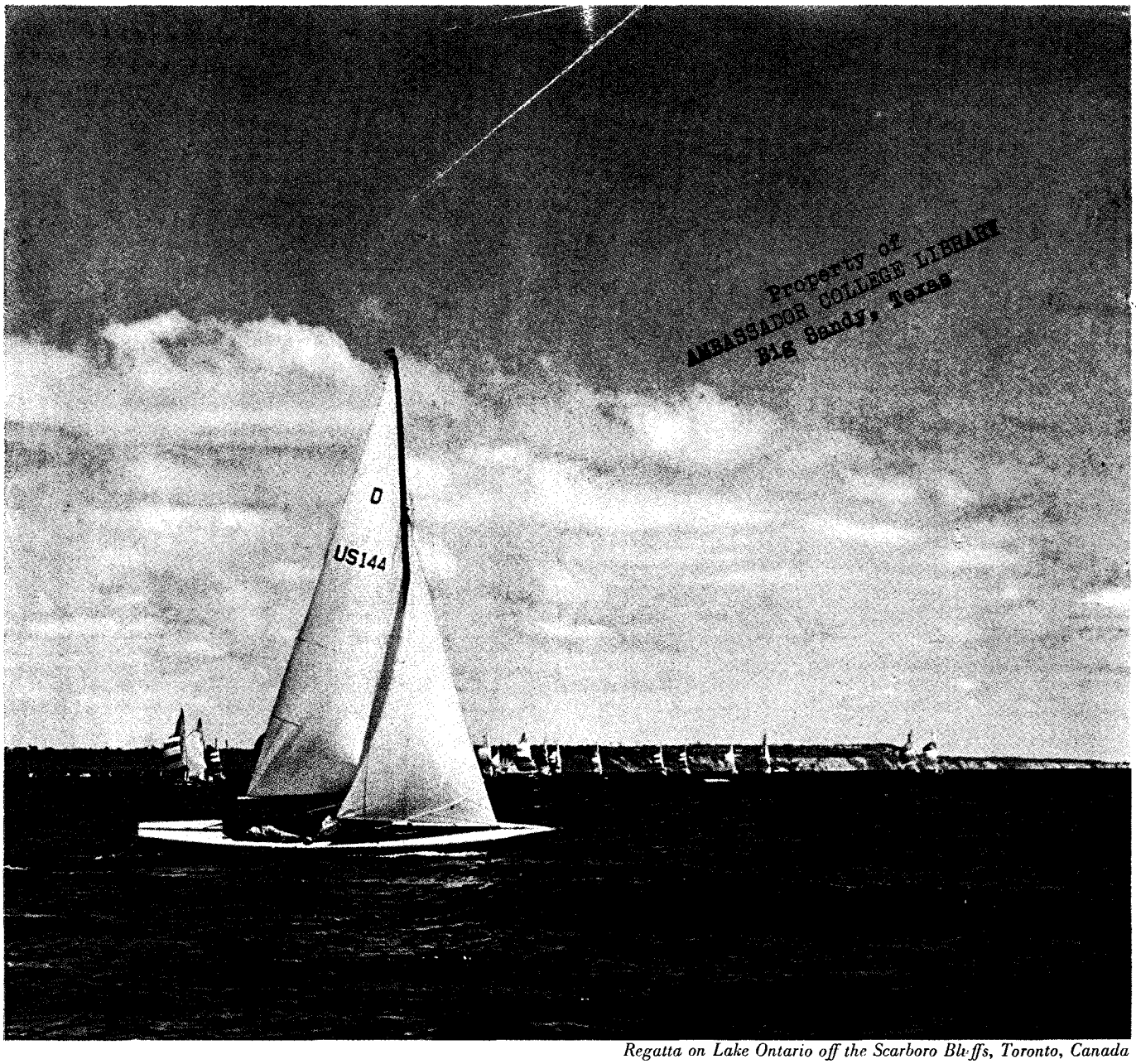
To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 P	2 A	3 C	4 S	5 D	6 Y	7 O		8 X	9 H		10 H	11 L
12 S	13 V	14 E		15 A	16 J		17 R	18 I	19 F		20 J		21 C	22 W	23 G	24 D
25 X		26 K	27 W	28 T	29 D	30 J	31 X	32 H	33 I	34 L	35 O		36 L	37 K		38 N
39 Y		40 X	41 P	42 N	43 I	44 K		45 F	46 A	47 U	48 N	49 W	50 V		51 V	52 B
53 M		54 S	55 O		56 T	57 E	58 F	59 C	60 K	61 J	62 M	63 S		64 E	65 O	66 B
	67 Y	68 L		69 D	70 I	71 T	72 Y	73 P		74 W	75 M	76 L	77 D		78 J	79 E
80 U	81 P	82 Q	83 K	84 G	85 B		86 R	87 Q		88 S	89 A	90 E	91 U	92 J	93 C	94 D
95 R		96 I	97 O	98 F		99 V	100 T	101 D	102 N	103 S	104 J		105 P	106 I		107 M
	108 X	109 B	110 P	111 O		112 E	113 K	114 D	115 R		116 H	117 P		118 W	119 I	120 A
121 M	122 U	123 G		124 V	125 H	126 B		127 Q	128 E	129 C		130 P	131 N	132 Y		133 H
134 A	135 F	136 K	137 I		138 W	139 G	140 Q	141 H		142 B		143 W	144 U	145 E		146 N
147 W	148 E	149 F	150 M	151 R		152 O		153 O	154 X	155 G	156 J	157 T		158 P	159 I	
160 U		161 W	162 V	163 Y	164 T	165 S	166 Q		167 R	168 V	169 Q	170 J				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas



Regatta on Lake Ontario off the Scarboro Bluffs, Toronto, Canada

Name your pleasure—you'll find it in Canada

Sports loving Canadians have a ready welcome for fellow enthusiasts be it sailing, skin diving, swimming, or water skiing on warm Canadian lakes. Golf on championship courses, fish, hike, there's great sport everywhere in Canada. You'll enjoy fine restaurants in modern cities, featuring international cuisine and top entertainment. The only difficult thing about a Canadian Holiday is deciding what you want to do most. To help you plan send for your Canadian Holiday Kit listing many events to add spice to your vacation.

Fireworks at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, Canada.

TRAVEL BONUS Your dollar goes further in Canada

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
TRAVEL BUREAU
OTTAWA, CANADA

Please Send the Invitation
to Canada Vacation Kit to:—

Name_____
(please print)

19 C-09-02

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Zip Code_____

HOLIDAY IN CANADA

the wonderful world at your doorstep

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED